Académie royale des Sciences coloniales--Devroey, E.-J

Filed: Belgian Congo

November 23, 1955

Air Letter

Académie royale des Sciences coloniales
Institut Royal Colonial Belge
Avenue Marnix, 25
Bruxelles, Belgium

Attn. Mr. E.-J. Devroey

Dear Mr. Devroey:

Just a word to acknowledge the safe arrival of the maps noted in your letter of October 27 to me. I am most pleased with them and find them exceedingly helpful and informative regarding matters concerning the Belgian Congo.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:vb

INSTITUT ROYAL COLONIAL BELGE

KONINKLIJK BELGISCH KOLONIAAL INSTITUUT

BRUXELLES. LE 27 octobre 1955
BRUSSEL, DE

AVENUE MARNIX, 25
MARNIXLAAN, 25

PAR AVION

Monsieur,

Me référant à votre commande du 5 octobre 1955 ainsi que de votre "Express Money Order" d'un montant de 13 dollars dont je vous remercie, j'ai l'honneur de vous faire parvenir par courrier séparé les fascicules suivants de notre Atlas Général du Congo :

R. Cambier - Carte des explorations (avec notice)
W. Coxill - Carte des Missions Protestantes (avec notice)
J. GILLET - Carte nosologique (avec notice)
F. Bultot - Carte des zones climatiques (avec notice).

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée et de mes sentiments dévoués.

Le Secrétaire Perpétuel,

E.-J. DEVROEY.

Monsieur Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology
Smithsonian Institution
U.S.A. National Museum
WASHINGTON 25 D.C

U.S.A.

Académie Royale des Sciences Coloniales

Filed Belgian Congo Follow-Up

October 5, 1955

Air Mail

Académie Royale des Sciences Coloniales
Avenue Marnix, 25
Bruxelles, Belgium

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find an American Express Company draft for 650 francs. For it I would like to have the following of your publications:

1. Carte des explorations (R. Cambier) (11 pp., 1 carte h.t., index no. 410.1, 1948).....100 F

2. Carte des missions protestantes (H. Wakelin Coxill) (6 pp., 1 carte h. t., index no. 652, 1954).....150 F

3. Carte nosologique (Dr. J. Gillet) (6 pp., 1 carte h.t., index no. 662, 1954).....200 F

4. Carte des zones climatiques (F. Bultot) (8 pp., 1 carte h. t., index no. 33, 1955).....200 F

Dr. Van Straelen was kind enough to send me your price list.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:vb
Enc.

ACADÉMIE ROYALE DES SCIENCES COLONIALES

SECRÉTARIAT : Avenue Marnix, 25, BRUXELLES
C. C. P. : 244.01

ATLAS GÉNÉRAL DU CONGO

LISTE DES FASCICULES PUBLIÉS AU 15 MAI 1955

RELIURE MOBILE ... ... F 120 »

Avant-propos (30 pp., 1 carte h. t., 1948) ... ... 240 »

Carte des explorations (R. CAMBIER) (11 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 13, 1948)... ... ... 100 »

Carte des territoires phytogéographiques (W. ROBYNS) (10 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 410.1, 1948) ... ... 130 »

Carte des Parcs Nationaux (W. ROBYNS) (9 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 43, 1948) ... ... 130 »

Carte administrative (A. MASSART) (14 pp., 2 cartes h. t., index n° 61, 1950)... ... ... 270 »

Carte géologique (L. CAHEN et J. LEPERSONNE) (27 pp., 2 cartes h. t., index n° 31, 1951) ... ... 300 »

Carte des missions catholiques (R. P. J. VAN WING) (8 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 651, 1951) ... ... 150 »

Carte des productions animales (L. TOBBACK et J. GILLARDIN) (15 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 723, 1951) ... ... 200 »

Carte de la densité des populations (P. GOUROU) (7 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 624, 1951) ... ... 200 »

Carte des eaux superficielles (E.-J. DEVROEY) (7 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 340.1, 1951) ... ... 200 »

Carte des tsé-tsés (C. HENRARD) (4 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 663.2, 1952)... ... ... 250 »

Carte des campagnes antiesclavagistes (R. CAMBIER) (7 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 141, 1952) ... ... 200 »

Carte des productions végétales (J. HENRARD) (12 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 722, 1953)... ... ... 250 »

Carte des frontières (P. JENTGEN) (7 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 15, 1953) 200 »

Avant-propos (2e édition, corrigée et mise à jour, 28 pp., 3 cartes h. t., index nos 01, 021, 022, 1954) ... ... 250 »

Carte des missions protestantes (H. WAKELIN COXILL) (6 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 652, 1954) ... ... 150 »

Carte linguistique (R. P. G. VAN BULCK) (8 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 522, 1954)... ... ... 200 »

Carte géodésique (A. LETROYE, en coll. avec A. MASSART) (8 pp., 1 carte h. t.. index n° 2, 1954) ... ... 200 »

Carte nosologique (Dr J. GILLET) (6 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 662, 1954) ... ... 200 »

Carte des télécommunications (R. GEULETTE) (7 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 742, 1954)... ... ... 200 »

Carte des zones climatiques (F. BULTOT) (8 pp., 1 carte h. t., index n° 33, 1955) ... ... 200 »

EN PRÉPARATION

Carte ethnologique (R. P. G. VAN BULCK).
Carte des concessions minières (F. GILSOUL et A. MASSART).
Carte des transports (E.-J. DEVROEY).
Carte gravimétrique (L. JONES).
Carte de l'art indigène (F. OLBRECHTS).

KONINKLIJKE ACADEMIE VOOR KOLONIALE WETENSCHAPPEN
SECRETARIE : Marnixlaan, 25, BRUSSEL
P. C. R. : 244.01

ALGEMENE ATLAS VAN CONGO

LIJST
DER AFLEVERINGEN UITGEGEVEN OP 15 MEI 1955

MOBIELE INBINDING ... ... F 120 »
Inleiding (30 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, 1948) ... ... 240 »
Kaart van de Ontdekkingsreizen (R. CAMBIER) (11 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 13, 1948) ... ... 100 »
Kaart van de Phytogeografische Streken (W. ROBYNS) (10 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 410.1, 1948) ... ... 130 »
Kaart van de Nationale Parken (W. ROBYNS) (9 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 43, 1948) ... ... 130 »
Administratieve kaart (A. MASSART) (14 blz., 2 buitentekstkaarten, index nr 61, 1950) ... ... 270 »
Geologische kaart (L. CAHEN en J. LEPERSONNE) (27 blz., 2 buitentekstkaarten, index nr 31, 1951) ... ... 300 »
Kaart der Katholieke Missies (E. P. J. VAN WING) (8 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 651, 1951) ... ... 150 »
Kaart van de Dierlijke Producties (L. TOBBACK en J. GILLARDIN) (15 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 723, 1951) ... ... 200 »
Kaart van de Bevolkingsdichtheid (P. GOUROU) (7 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 624, 1951) ... ... 200 »
Kaart der Oppervlaktewaters (E.-J. DEVROEY) (7 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 340.1, 1951) ... ... 200 »
Kaart van de Tsetsevliegen (C. HENRARD) (4 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 663.2) ... ... 250 »
Kaart van de Veldtochten tegen de Slavenhandel (R. CAMBIER) (8 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 141, 1952) ... ... 200 »
Kaart van de Plantaardige Producties (J. HENRARD) (13 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 722, 1953) ... ... 250 »
Kaart van de Grenzen (P. JENTGEN) (7 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 15, 1953) ... ... 200 »
Inleiding (2e uitg., verbeterd en aangevuld) (28 blz., 3 buitentekstkaarten, index nr 01, 021, 022, 1954) ... ... 250 »
Kaart van de Protestantse Missies (H. WAKELIN COXILL) (6 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 652, 1954) ... ... 150 »
Talenkaart (E. P. G. VAN BULCK) (8 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 522, 1954) ... ... 200 »
Geodetische kaart (A. LETROYE, met medew. van A. MASSART) (8 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 2, 1954) ... ... 200 »
Nosologische kaart (Dr J. GILLET) (7 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 662, 1954) ... ... 200 »
Kaart van de Verreberichtgevingen (P. GEULETTE) (7 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 742, 1954) ... ... 200 »
Kaart der Klimatische Zonen (F. BULTOT) (8 blz., 1 buitentekstkaart, index nr 33, 1955) ... ... 200 »

IN VOORBEREIDING

Ethnologische Kaart (E. P. G. VAN BULCK).
Kaart van de Mijnconcessies (F. GILSOUL en A. MASSART).
Kaart van het Vervoer (E.-J. DEVROEY).
Gravimetrische Kaart (L. JONES).
Kaart van de Inlandse Kunst (F. OLBRECHTS).

March 13, 1956

U. S. Department of Agriculture
Court 5, South Building
Washington 25, D. C.

Attn: Shipping Room

Gentlemen:

Please deliver to bearer, Mr. N. L. Livingston, film on Order 21-784.

Very truly yours,

Secretary to Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
Dept. of Zoology

EK

International Travel Department

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT 17TH ST., N. W.,
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.,
TELEPHONE: METROPOLITAN 4000

When You Travel
"Let AAA Arrange It"

November 21, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
Room 301, Smithsonian Institution
Washington, D. C.

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

Riggs Bank No. 2787 Nov. 18/55

We are enclosing our check in the amount of $230.05 representing refund due you on air tickets for the members of the Smithsonian Expedition last spring. Breakdown follows:

	Refund on Fare	Tax	Total
Dr. Sexton, Sr.	37.80	4.20	$ 42.00
Mr. Sexton, Jr.	37.80	4.20	42.00
Dr. Baker	37.80	4.20	42.00
Dr. Schmitt	93.64	10.41	104.05
	$ 207.04	$ 23.01	230.05

Under separate cover we are returning your old ticket covers which you said you wanted to keep.

As soon as we hear from Belgian Line and also from AAA, New York, we'll advise.

Very truly yours,

Mary M. Paddy

(Mrs.) Mary M. Paddy
International Travel Dept.

Encl.

Cowan, James H.

Filed: Belgian Congo Details

November 8, 1955

Mr. James H. Cowan, Manager
International Travel Department
American Automobile Association
1712 G Street, N. W.

Dear Mr. Cowan:

Enclosed is the third communication I have received from the Belgian Lines regarding the charges against our expedition. I have already delivered the first two to your office, one to Mrs. Paddy before her departure to Europe and the second recently to one of your young ladies in Mrs. Paddy's absence and while you were busy with some other folks. I asked her to see that your office acknowledged this letter to the Belgian Lines so that they would know it was under consideration by your organization and I requested a copy of your letter for my files.

Apparently you have not been able to get around to posting the Belgian Lines on what is being done meanwhile. Please give them some interim acknowledgment. A carbon of my note of today to Mr. Haberle is enclosed.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:vb
Enc.

November 8, 1955

Mr. M. L. Haberle
Belgian Line Incorporated
63 Broad Street
New York 4, New York

Dear Mr. Haberle:

Your two previous letters to me,regarding charges against me or the expedition which I headed to the Belgian Congo,were turned over to the local International Travel Office of the A.A.A., 1712 G Street, N. W. Mr. James H. Cowan is the manager of our Washington branch. I have no doubt but what they are looking into the matter but I regret that you have had no acknowledgment from them covering the receipt of your correspondence.

I am sorry that the matter is so long delayed but I fear that it is quite an involved affair. Our automobile travel and lodgings in Africa were all handled by a Mr. Eric Thornton. Transportation throughout the trip was purchased through Sabena Air Lines in Washington. I do not know just where matters might be stalled but hope that an explanation will soon be forthcoming.

May I ask here a personal question? Your name stirs memories for it is that of a former American Consul in Chile who wrote a rather interesting article about Juan Fernandez, the Robinson Crusoe Island in the Pacific. I, too, visited the same place and had some correspondence with Mr. Haberle about copies of some of his photographs. Before he died I was not able to obtain them and I do not know what became of his effects. If you are his son or related to him you may know.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:vb

International Travel Department

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT 17TH ST., N. W.,
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.,
TELEPHONE: METROPOLITAN 4000

When You Travel
"Let AAA Arrange It"

AIRMAIL

April 27, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
c/o Dr. Louis van den Bergh
Director, IRSAC, Lwiro (Katana)
D.S. Bukavu, Belgian Congo

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

I was delighted to have your letter of April 18, to know that your trip seems to be working out so well, and certainly hope it continues to do so.

Our New York office advises that vouchers 15878 covers the trip to May 28 and 15880 from May 29 thru the end. On your arrival in Juba at 10:45 a.m., on Saturday, May 28, you are to be met by a courier who will take you to your hotel, and also present the Nile steamer tickets, which are made up over there.

I'm sure Mr. Thornton-Dailey must be familiar with the different tour operators in that area, and would have a good suggestion on a contact. The name of the Nile steamer company is "Sudan Government Steamers" which, I am sure, will have a record of your reservations, and you may even want to call them on your arrival in Juba, on Saturday.

I had written to you, care Sabena in Brussels, and was surprised to have the letter returned today. I'm enclosing it with this letter.

Trusting that the balance of the trip will be as pleasant, and that you all continue to have good health, I am,

Sincerely,

Mary M. Paddy

(Mrs.) Mary M. Paddy
International Travel Dept.

Encl

International Travel Department

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT 17TH ST., N. W.,
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.,
TELEPHONE: METROPOLITAN 4000

When You Travel
"Let AAA Arrange It"

AIRMAIL

April 4, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
c/o Dr. V. Van Straelen, President
Institut des Parcs Nationaux
du Congo Belge
Rue Montoyer 21
Brussels, Belgium

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

Have been meaning to write you a note to wish you good health and success with your Congo trip, - everything was in such a rush just before your departure, there was no time to say goodbye to you.

Dr. Sexton came in to pick up his tickets, and I asked if he had any message for you - he said to tell you to "look up 612 insect preventive or similar material to rub on skin if you haven't already packed it".

I hope the weather is pleasant in Europe now, and that you are enjoying your stop-overs prior to leaving for Leopoldville.

My very best regards, and I hope to hear from you on your return to Washington.

Sincerely,

Mary M Paddy

P.S. As you will note from the above address, I planned to write this last week, - and on looking at your itinerary, thought it best to send it care Sabena, at the Brussels Airport.

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

International Travel Department

250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

OFFICE MEMORANDUM:

TO: ITD, Washington **DATE:** Feb. 17, 1955

ATT.: James Cowan **RE:** Dr. Waldo Schmitt & party

This will confirm our telephone conversation of yesterday in connection with the forthcoming Belgian Congo trip of Dr. Waldo Schmitt and party.

Based on the 45-day itinerary submitted, the selling price will be $1,785 for each member of the party. This price includes all hotel accommodations and meals as well as rail transportation from Matabi to Leopoldsville, air transportation from Leopoldsville to Stanleyville, and from Bukavu to Juba, and steamship transportation from Juba to Kosti. and rail, Juba to Kosti.

The selling price for the 30-day itinerary amounts to $1,297 for each member of the party, also including the rail from Matabi to Leopoldsville, the air as above and steamer from Juba to Kosti.

If a European guide is desired for the party, the additional amount will be $25 per day. This amount, of course, will be shared by the members of the party.

Mr. Thornton Dailly strongly recommends making all hotel reservations in advance as hotels are sometimes only small places and the party will be arriving with 6 people.

The air connection from Bukavu to Juba will be via Entebbe where the party has to change planes. The flight from Bukavu to Entebbe operates every Monday, while from Entebbe to Juba flights are operated every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Please let us have final acceptance of the itinerary at your earliest possible convenience so that we may go ahead with the necessary reservations.

Hans G. Baumann

HGB/mt

International Travel Department

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT 17TH ST., N. W.,
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.,
TELEPHONE: METROPOLITAN 4000

When You Travel
"Let AAA Arrange It"

1 November 1954

Mr. Waldo L. Schmitt
National Museum
Room # 301
10th Street & Constitution Avenue, N.W.
Washington
District of Columbia

Dear Mr. Schmitt:

Pursuant to our telephone conversation of this date, we take pleasure in enclosing herewith copies of your suggested Itinerary.

The rate for the northern route would be :

Double basis - hotel	$2398.00 each
Single basis - hotel	$2497.00 each

The rate for the southern route would be:

Double basis - hotel	$2878.00 each
Single basis - hotel	$3015.00 each

We trust when you have had an opportunity to study these Itineraries that they will meet with your approval. If there are any changes, or further suggestions on your part, we will be very happy to make the necessary changes.

Looking forward to hearing from you at the earliest possible time, I remain,

Mr. Cowan called from the AAA. He has had an answer to the cable to the Congo:

The inclusive rate for five people for the trip you asked about is $2969.

Daily rate for the car and chauffeur, allowing 50 Km per day is $88. Extra Km over 50 would be at 10 franks or 20¢ per Km.

International Travel Department

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT 17TH ST., N. W.,
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.,
TELEPHONE: METROPOLITAN 4000

When You Travel
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Looking forward to hearing from you at the earliest possible time, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

James H. Cowan, Manager
International Travel Department

JHC/bh
Encl: ✓

Me 8-3596

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

The orign. letter prepared in C+R, but which I revised into one actually sent

March 9, 1955

AIR MAIL

American Consul
Matadi
Belgian Congo

Dear Sir:

The Smithsonian Institution is sponsoring an expedition to the Belgian Congo under the leadership of Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt, our head curator of Zoology. The party plans to include in its itinerary Uganda, Tanganyika, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Egypt via Kano, Nigeria and Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa, and is organized for the purpose of collecting and studying invertebrate life of the region as well as the smaller mammals.

In connection with this proposed trip, we have taken the liberty of forwarding the collecting outfit in your care at Matadi for re-forwarding to the Smithsonian-Bredin Expedition at Leopoldville, Belgian Congo. The shipment will leave New York March 12 on the SS STEENSTRAATE Belgian Line. May I ask your kind services in accepting the shipment and forwarding it to Leopoldville by the earliest possible steamer. Dr. Schmitt and his party will be in Leopoldville April 8 to 11 and plan to pick up the equipment at that time. Of course you will be reimbursed for any expenses in handling this shipment. Dr. Schmitt will plan to take care of this personally with you.

May I ask that you please date, sign, and return the white copy of the enclosed shipping invoice when the equipment has arrived at Matadi.

Please be assured of my appreciation of your services.

Very truly yours,

Remington Kellogg
Director

Enclosure

222

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

PAUL R. ROSS
VICE PRESIDENT & COMPTROLLER

TRAVELERS CHEQUES
MONEY ORDERS FOREIGN REMITTANCES
TRAVEL AND FOREIGN SHIPPING

65 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 4-2000

November 25, 1955
T/C #6

Mr. Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator, Dept. of Zoology
Smithsonian Institution
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Sir:

In response to your request of November 15th, we list below the desired information:

Serial No.	Date Cashed	Endorsements
R 28,892,492	7/7/55	Roy F. Sexton, Jr. A.M.C. Fac.
N 11,571,009	6/8/55	Barclays Bank, Khartoum
N 11,571,014	6/16/55	Banque Belge, Cairo
E 95,431,479	6/20/55	Banque Belge, Cairo
480	6/20/55	Banque Belge, Cairo
481	6/20/55	Banque Belge, Cairo
482	6/20/55	Banque Belge, Cairo
483	6/20/55	Banque Belge, Cairo
484	6/20/55	Banque Belge, Cairo

Since you did not fill in the name of the city or date cashed on the face ofthe cheque, withthe sole exception of N 11,571,009, the dates and institutions processing the cheque are taken from the back of the cheque.

We trust that the above information will serve your purpose.

Yours very truly,

T.M. Sixsmith
Travelers Cheque Accountant

American Express Co.

Filed: Belgian Congo

November 15, 1955

American Express Company
624 Fourteenth Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

I hope that it is not too late for you to give me some information regarding 8 travelers checks I purchased from the Washington office at 14th and G. this past March 25, 1955. I failed to note down the places I cashed them but below have indicated where I think it occurred:

$100.	check	R. 28. 892. 492	Entebbe, Uganda, or Cairo, Egypt ?
$20.	check	N. 11. 571. 009	Khartoum, Sudan ?
$20.	check	N. 11. 571. 014	Cairo, Egypt ?
$10.	checks	E. 95. 431. 479	Of these $10. checks, 1 or 2 may
		" 480	have been cashed in Bukavu, Belgian
		" 481	Congo or Assuan, Egypt; 1 or 2
		" 482	others may have been cashed in the
		" 483	Sudan, and the last few in Cairo.
		" 484	

Any information regarding the place where the one $100. check; the two $20. checks; and the six $10. checks were first cashed, date, and if possible, by whom, would be keenly appreciated.

If any charge is entailed kindly bill me for it.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:vb

Letter sent to 65 Broadway, NY

Michá, Marc

September 8, 1955

Miss Ruth Tyler, Editor
American Museum of Natural History
Central Park West at 79th Street
New York, New York

Dear Miss Tyler:

I wish to express my appreciation to you for your great kindness in letting me have three reprints of an early paper of mine, published in your Bulletin, on some of the crustaceans collected by the American Museum Congo Expedition, 1909-1915. These papers are going where they will do the most good and one of them is on its way to Marc Michá, the superintendent of the Garamba [Belgium] National Park. As with our National Park Service there is a museum in this particular park with a series of your publications, lacking this paper on Crustacea which I promised to supply. I thank you for this assistance.

Again with my best thanks and kind regards.

Sincerely yours,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:vb

FOURNISSEURS DE LA COUR

AU BON MARCHÉ

VAXELAIRE - CLAES

Le premier des Grands Magasins

Service : Direction

N/réf. H. B.
V/réf.
(à rappeler dans toute correspondance)

Monsieur et Madame,

Permettez-nous de saluer votre arrivée à Bruxelles, et de vous présenter nos meilleurs voeux d'heureux séjour dans notre bonne ville

Nous sommes prêts, pour notre part, à contribuer de notre mieux, à vous rendre ce séjour aussi agréable que vous pouvez l'espérer, en mettant à votre disposition notre organisation qui comporte 120 rayons et de nombreux services.

Nous serons heureux de vous accueillir en nos Etablissements, - si vous voulez nous faire l'honneur de votre visite. Pour vous procurer toute facilité, nous vous invitons à vous adresser, dès l'entrée, à l'un de nos Inspecteurs, qui vous recevra avec le plus grand empressement.

Notre désir, croyez bien, est que vous emportiez et gardiez, de notre pays, un souvenir excellent.

Vos dévoués,

Filed: Bel. Congo

Mr. P. Baert

September 9, 1955

Air Mail

Mr. P. Baert
Parc National Albert
Rwindi par Goma
Kivu - Congo Belge

Dear Mr. Baert:

With this I send you a Smithsonian news release which deals with some of Dr. Schneirla's studies at Barro Colorado Island in the Canal Zone. I hope that before too long he will send you copies of his publications.

We are checking through the available Museum publications to see if there is anything on ants that would be of interest to you. Whatever we find will be sent to you.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

WLS:vb
Enc.

U. S. National Museum
Washington 25, D. C. U.S.A.
September 2, 1955

AIR MAIL

Dr. P. Baert
Parc National Albert
Rwindi par Goma
Kivu - Congo Belge

Dear Dr. Baert:

Dr. Waldo Schmitt, Head Curator of the Department of Zoology of the Smithsonian Institute here has referred to me your letter of August 14. I am glad to learn of your interest in ants, a field in which I am a specialist with the United States Department of Agriculture. Although I have not worked to any extent on African ants I am familiar with many of the more common forms, especially the species treated by Wheeler in "Ants of the Belgian Congo".

Will you kindly write me in detail concerning your special interests? I should like to exchange ants and reprints with you, if this appeals to you.

Hoping to hear further from you, I am with best wishes

Very sincerely yours

Marion R. Smith
Insect Identification and
Parasite Introduction Section

Forwarded:

Foreign Agricultural Service

cc:Dr. Waldo Schmitt
MRSmith:fm

INSTITUT DES PARCS NATIONAUX
DU CONGO BELGE

PARC NATIONAL ALBERT

STATION DE RWINDI

N° .....

Rwindi, le 14 août *1955*
GOMA (KIVU)

Return to
Waldo L. Schmitt

Cher Monsieur Smith,

Je vous remercie de votre lettre du 1er août, que je viens de recevoir, et je me réjouis avec vous du succès de votre première mission en Afrique. Je vous avoue que j'ai eu un très réel plaisir à pouvoir vous aider et je regrette encore de n'avoir pu le faire mieux par suite de mes connaissances limitées de votre langue.

Croyez que je serai très heureux de vous recevoir à l'occasion d'une prochaine mission, car je ne doute pas que vous songez déjà à refaire un voyage plein d'intérêt pour votre institution, et que je ferai tout ce qui est en mon pouvoir pour faciliter vos travaux.

Je vous suis reconnaissant de bien vouloir m'expédier de la documentation concernant les fourmis, qui sera la bienvenue. Si je puis, de mon côté, vous etre utile en quoi que ce soit, n'hésitez pas à me mettre à contribution.

Je vous prie de croire, cher Monsieur Smith, en l'expression de mes sentiments bien cordialement dévoués.

P. BAERT
Parc National Albert
RWINDI par GOMA—
Kivu - Congo Belge

Monsieur Waldo SCHMITT
Head Curator
Dept of Zoology
Smithsonian Institution
WASHINGTON 25 D.C.

AUG 24 1955

Bailey, Reeve
Filed: Belgian Congo
Re: Attempt to Secure Light Traps

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

MUSEUM OF ZOOLOGY

March 16, 1955

Dr. Waldo Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology
Smithsonian Institution
United States National Museum
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

On my desk I find your note of February 21, inquiring about Ted Baylor. On the day that your letter came in I saw him and he told me that he also had received your letter and would give you any possible assistance with the light trap.

All good wishes for success in your forth coming trip to the Belgian Congo.

Very sincerely,

Reeve

Reeve M. Bailey
Curator of Fishes

RMB:ms

Finneran, Lee
Filed: ~~Schmixxxxxxxx~~-Belgian Congo Exped

March 3, 1955

Mr. Lee Finneran
Detroit Aquarium
Belle Isle, Michigan

Dear Mr. Finneran:

My secretary has told me of your kindness and courtesy during your telephone conversation with her this afternoon. She informs me that you will make every effort to find someone to undertake the construction of the physiological light traps which we so desperately need. It so happens that our own shops are working on other equipment for the expedition, as well as carrying on their regular assignments for the institution. For these reasons they cannot undertake the construction of the light traps in time for our departure.

If you are so fortunate as to be able to find some person to do the job for us and can ship any or all of the four light traps (minus batteries) to us by March 18, we will be most grateful. Feel free to send them by air if necessary. We will pay all expenses as soon as you bill us.

Thank you again for your consideration.

Sincerely yours,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

WLS:vb

Finneran, Lee
Filed: Belgian Congo Exped.

March 3, 1955

Finneran

Mr. Lee Finnigan
Detroit Aquarium
Detroit, Michigan

Airmail Special Delivery

Dear Mr. Finnigan:

Your name was given me by Dr. Edward R. Baylor of the University of Michigan in connection with my desire to obtain four of the physiological light traps which he designed. He tells me that you make them.

Can you send me four of them by special delivery parcel post or any other medium which is as rapid? I had hoped to get these traps by March 15 but I may be too late. The urgency is caused by the immediate needs of the Smithsonian-Bredin Expedition to the Belgian Congo, which leaves here in about two weeks. I certainly hope that you can help us by furnishing any number,that you have ready to ship, up to four. If you can supply the four at once, please ship them immediately, if not, we will be happy to have the ones on hand now and you can ship the remainder of the four later.

As soon as you let me know the price I will mail you a check but please do not delay sending the traps. I am very well known to Bob Miller, Reeve Bailey, and van der Schalie.

Thanking you for any assistance you can render, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

WLS:vb

Baylor, Edward R.
Filed: Belgian Congo Exped

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR
DEPARTMENT OF ZOOLOGY

3/3/55

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology
Smithsonian Inst.

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

Dr. Smith and I have no traps on hand at this time and are busily writing up our results of the past two years experiments, however, Mr. Lee Finnigan of the Detroit Aquarium, Detroit,Michigan has been fabricating the traps for the past two years. I am sure that he would make as many as you require.

It is worth while pointing out that the trap catches only those organisms which respond with a positive phototaxis to long wavelengths of light and with a positive geotaxis to short wavelengths of light. Therefore there are many organism which it fails to catch. We tried it last summer in Florida for inshore planktors and it was conspicuously unsuccessful except for crab larvae.

Wishing you every success on your proposed expedition I remain.

Sincerely yours,

E. R. Baylor

Edward R. Baylor
Asst. Prof. Zool.

Baylor, E. R.
Filed: Belgian Congo

February 21, 1955

Professor E. R. Baylor or Dr. J. E. Smith
Department of Zoology
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Dear Professor Baylor:

I have read your description of a physiological light trap, in"Ecology" for January 1953 (pp. 223-224), with a great deal of interest. It so happens that I will have an opportunity of visiting the Belgian Congo this coming April and May and,in order to increase my collecting coverage for crustacea, I would like to have two, three, or four of the traps that you design. Frankly, I haven't the time to either build or experiment with one prior to going and I am hoping that you can either build or lend me several of these light traps. I will be glad to pay both cost and labor in their construction. The batteries would not need to be provided but I would like to have the tubes, corks, funnels, light bulbs, and so forth, fitted and ready for use as soon as batteries are attached. Any help that you could give me in this connection would be keenly appreciated. I can either pay in advance for material and labor or upon the submission of a bill.

If it is possible for you to accommodate me with the traps I would like to have them not later than March 15. Pardon my haste with this order but it is one of the most promising collecting devices for fresh water plankton that I have seen in many a day.

Sincerely yours,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

WLS:vb

February 21, 1955

Dr. Reeve M. Bailey
Dept. of Zoology
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Dear Dr. Bailey:

Enclosed is a copy of a letter addressed to Dr. Baylor. I have been unable to locate his present address and take it that it is still the University of Michigan; although, the American Men of Science for '49 placed him at Princeton. I am anxious to get a few of the traps which I have mentioned and any way that you could assist me in their acquisition would be keenly appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

Enc.
W.S:vb

P. W. Oman, Head, Insect Identification and Parasite Introduction Section, Beltsville, Md.

Edward W. Baker, Insect Identification and Parasite Introduction Section, Washington, D. C.

August 2, 1955

A report on a trip to Belgian Congo to study plant feeding mites.

For a number of years tropical spider mites have been found infesting plants in Florida and other states along the Gulf. Some of the species involved had no record of being pests, while others had been taken from such crops as cotton in Central America, but without information as to type of injury, if any. Because of the infestations in this country, possibly of recent origin, it was felt that a knowledge of the mites in the tropics might be of help in determining their potentials as pests in this country. Lack of funds in our agency and lack of interest in outside agencies prevented any such type of survey being made. When the opportunity was offered to accompany Dr. Waldo Schmitt of the Smithsonian Institution through the Belgian Congo to collect mites, it was believed that the Congo area might give a mite picture which would enable us to understand other similar areas. Likewise the trip gave an opportunity to visit most of the mite workers in Western Europe, and to study their collections. I left Washington March 26 and returned June 24. Travel expenses were paid out of Smithsonian Funds except for stopovers where I studied with the acarologists.

In London I visited with Dr. O. G. Evans and Mr. E. Browning of the British Museum (Natural History), and both of them were most cooperative. Several types were studied and arrangements were made to exchange material. Dr. Evans is interested in the free living mites and has recently acquired an assistant to work on the plant feeding mites of Britain and the colonies. Mr. Browning is in charge of the Arachnida section of the Zoological Record.

In Amsterdam I talked with Mr. van Eyndhoven at the Zoological Museum. He is interested in speciation in the Bryobia praetiosa complex, as are many other workers throughout the world. Because of host specificities and reactions to controls, this problem is an important one, but as yet little has been accomplished. Although Bryobia praetiosa is an important pest around the world, very little biological information concerning it has been published. In Leiden I worked two days with Dr. L. van der Hammen, who is mostly interested in soil mites--oribatids. He has had more than two thousand unpublished mite figures of Oudemans (a prolific Dutch mite worker, now dead) photographed and made available to anyone who needs them, and has made the types accessible to workers throughout the world.

In Brussels much of the time was spent with Dr. Schmitt making arrangements with the Park authorities to visit and collect in the Parks in the Congo. I spent a short time with Dr. Jean Cooreman at the Royal Museum. He is interested primarily in mites associated with beetles. A visit was also made to the Belgian Congo Museum in Tervuren where the taxonomists were given names of American workers who were working on the same groups.

In the Congo ten days were spent in Leopoldville, and collections were made locally, mostly from shade trees in the city. These consisted of both native and imported varieties of trees. About seven days were spent in Stanleyville and the local area was collected extensively. Two days were spent at the INEAC station (Institute National Etude Agriculture Congo) in Yangambi west of Stanleyville. I spent the entire time there with their soil ecologist, Dr. M. E. Maldague, who was having difficulty with the mites he was finding in his soil samples. These will be shipped to me later for distribution to the proper specialists. The entomologist, Dr. J. E. Decelle, had no mite problems except for a few coffee plants in the greenhouse which had been sprayed just before I arrived.

From Stanleyville we drove to the northwest corner of the Congo, collecting on both native and ornamental plants, and then turned south to the lake region and Bukavu. Because a large amount of the time was spent in traveling and there were only one- or two-night stopovers, the collecting was rather haphazard, but as many environments and hosts were sampled as could be handled. Nine days were spent in the vicinity of Bukavu where we used the facilities of the INEAC and IRSAC (Institute Research Scientific Africa Central) and Public Health laboratories. Dr. van den Berghe (IRSAC), Mr. Hendriks (INEAC), and Dr. Jadin of the Public Health laboratories gave us all the facilities we desired. Because of pre-arranged plans, too much time was spent at the IRSAC station where the general interest lies in parasitology, and too little at the INEAC station where they were working on agricultural problems and quite willing to help. Mites were found on almost all the crops in this area (quinine, coffee, tea, etc.), but they were not causing damage; carnations were badly damaged by mites and had to be sprayed every two weeks; the few grapes we saw were heavily infested; but as a whole, the mite problems were not serious. Both the IRSAC and INEAC people would like to have the loan of an acarologist for a year or two. No mention was made as to who would pay for this! Collections of parasitic mites made by the IRSAC personnel are to be sent to the Museum in the near future, and members of the INEAC staff will send spider mites when they are encountered.

Two days were spent in Astrida, Ruanda-Urindi, with Dr. A. Fain, at the Public Health Laboratory. He is interested in parasitology in general, and is publishing on the internal parasitic mites of birds and mammals.

From Astrida we drove to Entebbe, Uganda, and then to Juba in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and then took the boat to Khartoum. I left the other members of the expedition in Khartoum, and flew to Cairo.

I spent two days in Cairo, most of the time with the entomologists at the Agriculture College in Giza--the head of the department is Dr. A. Hassan who is doing some work on plant feeding mites. I also spent some time with Dr. M. T. Sayed of the Ibrahim University who is also working on the plant feeding mites. In both cases the heavy teaching load prevents much research being done.

Four days were spent in Italy to see the Berlese Collection of mites at the Agricultural Experiment Station in Florence. The collection is so carefully guarded that few people have been allowed to work on it. Dr. G. Lombardini, who is in charge of Business School, takes care of the collection and has done a nice job of cataloguing, etc., and has done a little work on the mites.

A short time was spent in Paris with Dr. Marc Andre, Assistant Director of the Natural History Museum. He is one of the two French acarologists but is doing little research now because of administrative duties.

A stopover was made in London on the return trip to meet Dr. June Collyer and Mr. Chant who are working on the spider mite-predatory mite problem in Kent. Also, I met the Drs. Hughes (Mr. and Mrs.) who are working on mite physiology and on the mites affecting stored food products.

The opportunity to meet these workers was invaluable. The picture of mites in the tropics as indicated without microscopic study is a little surprising in that few eriophyids or spider mites were found in the hot regions and when found were not causing any noticeable damage. (In California, Keifer has found about 200 species of Eriophyidae!). As yet species have not been identified and no guess can be made as to whether those found are undescribed or are world wide in distribution; many appear to be undescribed genera. All types of plants were attacked--from tropical forms to peach trees--and potentially, many of the mites may be of some concern to our own agriculture.

Edward W. Baker

Barclay, Fred A.
Filed: Belgian Congo

PLANTS
NEPERA PARK, N.Y.
HARRIMAN, N.Y.

CABLE ADDRESS
"PYRICOR" YONKERS

NEPERA CHEMICAL CO. INC.

Pharmaceutical Manufacturers

GENERAL OFFICES
NEPERA PARK, YONKERS 2, N.Y.

27 October 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology
Smithsonian Institution
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

It was good to hear from you again.

Dr. Mast is vice-president in charge of research and development for the company, and as such, has an unbelievable variety of duties, so that he cannot always keep his correspondance up to the minute. Also he is often delayed where there are any decisions of policy for consultation with the research council which meets rather infrequently. I am sure that you will hear from him shortly.

Should you meet Drs. Millip, Swallen or Little, please give them my best regards. With the pressure of the work here I find my correspondance has become far from current.

I wish that I would have the opportunity to hear more of your trip in the Belgian Congo. It is an area that has fascinated me from what I have heard of it.

With best regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Fred A. Barkley

Fred A. Barkley, Ph.D.
Director
Research Microbiology

FAB/MI

Filed: Belgian Congo

Dr. Fred Barclay, Nepera Chem.
(soil samples)

October 7, 1955

Dr. Fred A. Barclay
Nepera Chemical Company
Yonkers 2, New York

Dear Dr. Barclay:

You will recall my little visit with you at the Cosmos Club when you were there as Dr. Killip's guest. I profited by your very fruitful suggestion to the extent of collecting some 60 odd soil samples, mostly in the Belgian Congo, a few near the head waters of navigation on the Nile. I wrote to Dr. Mast, whose address you gave me at the time, on September 16 but have not heard from him. People are busy going on vacation and are off on trips and so I should perhaps not be making this inquiry but you know the guy that comes back from an expedition is always anxious to see his results worked up before anybody else's.

If you folks are not in a position to handle the samples please let me know so that I can pass them on to others. Quite naturally I expressed the hope that if anything really worthwhile were to be developed from my samples the Smithsonian would be given some reasonable share of the profits. This is with the idea of replenishing the Bredin Fund of the Institution which made our expedition possible in the first place. I am not getting unhappy but I am anxious to see the work moved along.

The last word from Killip, received through the folks over in the herbarium, is good. He is enjoying life as usual and perhaps more so because this is the first early fall that I have not seen him here in Washington. I think it was last September or October that I met you with him at the Club.

My best to you,

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:vb

Belgian Congo
Post Exped.

Dr. Leonard Carmichael
through Dr. Kellogg
Waldo L. Schmitt

September 7, 1955

Soil samples from Belgian Congo Expedition

At the suggestion of Dr. Fred A. Barclay, a good friend of our former Head Curator of Botany, Ellsworth Killip, I saved for biotic assay a number of soil samples secured in the course of the Bredin-Congo Expedition. I would like to offer them to Dr. George W. Mast of the Nepera Chemical Company, Yonkers 2, New York, with which Dr. Barclay is associated. These samples are in Washington in the custody of Dr. Willis H. Wheeler of the Department of Agriculture, which will release them for such examination providing the recipient will exercise the safeguards required of the Department for unfumigated soil and plant material.

Before writing to Dr. Mast I would like to ask your advice regarding stipulations that we might care to make regarding these samples. Insofar as our interest in them is concerned I, personally, think that the Institution, for the Bredin Fund, should be entitled to a reasonable share of any profits resulting from "discoveries" in these samples. It is well understood that an examination of material of this sort can be an expensive proposition and, at best, a gamble. Would you care to offer the samples to Dr. Mast or should I?

A draft of a letter that might be sent him is attached.

D R A F T

September , 1955

Dr. George W. Mast
Nepera Chemical Company
Yonkers 2, New York

Dear Dr. Mast:

Shortly before leaving for the Belgian Congo last March I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of your Dr. Fred A. Barclay at the Cosmos Club in company with a mutual friend, Ellsworth Killip. Dr. Barclay suggested that I save some soil samples ere drying and sacking them in plastic bags. This I did. I have some ~~biotic~~ six examples, mostly from the Belgian Congo but a few from the Sudan along the upper reaches of the Nile. Would you be interested in having them for biotic assay,- or should I say anti-biotic assay? If so I will express them to you. I realize that this examination will be an undertaking of considerable magnitude and a gamble at best; but some very wonderful and valuable things do sometimes come out of soil samples. May this happen in this case too!

May I be so forward at this time to express the hope that the institution be permitted some reasonable share in any profits resulting ultimately from your examination of these samples, if only to replenish the Smithsonian-Bredin Fund which made the expedition possible.

The samples are at present in the custody of Dr. Willis H. Wheeler of the United States Department of Agriculture, who will release them if he can be assured that you will properly safeguard this unfumigated material as required by the Department's regulations. If you are I

interested and will accept them Dr. Wheeler will then write you regarding the Department regulations before shipment is made to you.

Sincerely,

WLS
HCZ

d r a f t

Dr. George W. Mast
Nepera Chemical Company
Yonkers 2, New York

Dear Dr. Mast:

Shortly before leaving for the Belgian Congo last March I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of your Dr. Fred A. Barclay at the Cosmos Club in company with a mutual friend, Ellsworth Killip. Dr. Barclay suggested that I save some soil samples, drying and sacking them in plastic bags. This I did. There are some sixty samples, mostly from the Belgian Congo but a few from the Sudan along the upper reaches of the Nile. Would you be interested in having them for biotic assay,-or should I say anti-biotic assay? If so I shall express them to you through our official channels.

I realise that this examination will be an undertaking of considerable magnitude and a gamble at best; but some very wonderful and valuable things do sometimes come out of soil samples. May this happen in this case, too! May I be so forward at this time to express the hope that the Institution be permitted some reasonable share in any profits that may possibly result from your examination of these samples, if only to replenish the Smithsonian-Bredin Fund which made the expedition possible.

The samples are at present in the custody of Dr. Willis H. Wheeler of the United States Department of Agriculture, who will release them if he can be assured that you will properly safeguard this unfumigated material as required by the Department.

If you are interested and will accept them, Dr. Wheeler will then write you regarding the Department's regulations before shipment is made.

Sincerely,

TELEPHONE
Plaza 3-1800

OFFICIAL BELGIAN TOURIST BUREAU

HEAD OFFICE:
IB, RUE BELLIARD
BRUSSELS · BELGIUM

OUR FILE: NY 6 NDB (37)

422 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK 17,

YOUR FILE:

NEW YORK · Jan. · 27, · 1955 ·

Mr. Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator of Zoology
United States National Museum
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Schmitt :

In reply to your letter of January 17 we are pleased to send you under separate cover the following material, which we hope you will find of interest:

Visit the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi
Leopoldville
Costermansville (Bukavu)
Albert National Park
Stanleyville
Sabena Timetable
Hotel Guide

We are very sorry but our stock of the "Carte Routiere du Congo Belge " is completely exhausted.

Regarding the book entitled " Traveler's Guide to the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi " the 1951 edition is available at our office ($5.00 per copy). Presently we do not have a latest edition.

We are at your disposal should you need any further assistance.

Very truly yours
Nadine de Bary

Nadine de Bary

c/c : Belgian Information Center
630 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

2 francs spl. delivery (my 2 stamps)
and my check # 450 for $10.00
sent for 2 guides 2/15/55

Belgian Congo

June 16, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
c/o Mrs. Robert T. Lundy
Villa Selvosa Lodge
Blvd. Mont Fleury
Cannes, France

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

The film front is quiet--No developments except the recovery of the three boxes of 16 mm. color film which La Croix had denied receiving from the Okie St. Lab. The slides that were sent him from that shipment are still mysteriously missing. He did not contact us. He took the film to Miss Scanlon (Dr. Sexton's secretary) on Monday, June 13, and she immediately sent them down. I doubt if she knows of the situation and I did not enlighten her when she told me that these three boxes were all that La Croix had received to that date (June 13). These were mailed to him on May 3rd but he persistently denied having received any.

As for news, we are all dead, I guess. Yesterday was the big evacuation day for Washington and several other cities. As usual the S. I. is considered expendable. We worked while those that can pull triggers were saved. I'm not really ~~ø~~ that bitter ~~ø~~ over it, just amused that they will pay high salaries to maintain brains in this museum then feel that they should go up in clouds. From the defeatist attitude that most of us have I am afraid such a practice run is a waste of money.

Dr. Pettibone has left but will be back in February for another long stay. Dr. Arnett has been here for the last few days. It's his first lengthy conversation with Blackwelder since Dr. B. left the museum. Arnett, too, thinks that he seems much happier than before.

Ted Bayer leaves for the Palau Islands on Tuesday, June 21 until November 30. Dr. Bassler came in last week to work. He walked and looked very well.

I understand that your birthday is on June 25. I hope that I can be wishing you a happy one for years to come and that on each one you will be in as pleasant surroundings as you must be now. So HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Sincerest regards,

Virginia Beets
Secretary
Dept. of Zoology

June 10, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
Chief, Smithsonian Expedition
c/o American Embassy
Cairo, Egypt

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

I received your letter of June 6 yesterday and it sounded more like you than any so far. For a while I was afraid you were lost in Moses' bullrushes, or were they on the Nile?

It's a great pleasure to be able to tell you that we finally have a considerable amount of film under our care, all developed by the Okie St. lab. It came to us on June 3, marked as from the "Dept. of State, Wash., 25, D.C. Leopoldville No. 176, 177, 178." So I cannot be sure that this is from Stanleyville or Leopoldville. As far as I know you could send film from one town and it is stamped by the town with the Amer. Consulate. Anyway, it contained 10 boxes of 16 mm. color and 5 rolls in filmsacks. I have just finished a phone conversation with Mr. Griffin of the Service Dept.of the Okie St. lab. He is on the lookout for the air freight shipment but has received nothing so far. That man has been a great comfort to us. He has been more than cooperative and has gone much out of the way of his regular duties to phone us regularly and make every check possible on the whereabouts of all film that we do not have. The black and white situation would seem to require the aid of the Pinkertons since we still have seen none and Porter Studios states they have received none. Don't worry anymore. Carmichael, as he writes you, is aware of the problem and I feel confident that he will move properly. Dr. Friedmann received your letter and asked me to tell you that there is nothing to do but wait for developments on this film business, especially since Carmichael is on the alert.

As to news: This is our second week of sub spring weather. Rain, Wind, and Cold have been in command of our attire.

Dr. Marble and Mr. Heinrich died, both of heart conditions. Dr. Bassler came back to work yesterday and he looks like a million. His recovery has been amazing. Dr. Friedmann has a new secretary. The Smithsonian has been featured in the Post quite frequently, often in color articles. Apparently this springs from the tour which Dr. Carmichael gave Eugene Myer of the institution. I think that you and Mrs. Schmitt will be interested in the new First Ladies' Hall. I never cared for the exhibit before but now am enchanted. The House passed on the new $36 million dollar (I think) History and Technology Bldg. for us (to be erected in sweet bye and bye between 12th and 14th) on Tuesday and sent the bill with a very complimentary voice vote to the Senate. Dr. Pettibone will be leaving around Tuesday. However, she has received another grant and will probably return for a long stay next February.

After all this furor I hope you will let me see all the pictures. I am really quite excited about them.

Take care of yourself & enjoy your grandchildren
Best,
Lee Boo

P.S. Several letters, etc have come back.

June 6/55

Dear Ginny,

Thank you for your informative & reassuring letter of the 25th. Though I was at first advised not to tell you or send film Okie St. by messenger Sexton has been sending it there direct for as he says he feared it might lie around in. Museum over Saturday and Sunday where as if addressed Eastman the P.O. delivers all Eastman mail regardless of day of week; there's so much of it. There has no black and white in first shipment from Leopoldville which had in it at least 6-700 foot rolls of 16 mm. color film and several small spools (in little cans) of 35mm. color film. Then there was a Stanleyville shipment of equal or twice that much, and which should have had some black and white in it. This second shipment also went through dip pouch, but how individ pkgs in it were addressed I don't know, but it left 26th or 27th April and should certainly have been in your hands by date of your letter May 25th if Eastman is as quick as Roy Sexton says. The Bukavu film, I learn today, was all addressed direct to Eastman with I understand S.I. ret. address on each roll. It would hardly have time to reach you or Eastman as it

as it did not get away from Bukavu before 17, 18, 19th May. Today I learn there was some delay in mailing it. Could be it did not reach Eastman till after 25th May, was a pretty heavy lot (possibly $40 air freight). However we shall hold our horses and await developments. This is also Carmichael's advice. But LeCroix's statement holding film for Sexton "got my goat". Who is he in this picture anyway except checker and passer out of this S.I. film. All's well that ends well; let's hope this film business does. Best ever; thanks for help, news and encouragement. You're a good scout. Sincerely, Waldo L. Schmitt.

بالبريد الجوي PAR AVION BY AIR MAIL

خطاب جوى AIR LETTER

SUDAN AIR MAIL — PORT SUDAN — 3½ PT

AEROGRAMME

Miss Virginia Beets
U.S. National Museum
Washington 25 D.C.
U.S.A.

← Second fold here يثنى هنا ثانيا →

Sender's name and address:- اسم المرسل وعنوانه

Waldo L. Schmitt
% Amer. Embassy
Cairo Egypt
or Hotel Semiramis

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

اذا وضع أي شيء بداخله يجوز ارسال الخطاب بالبريد العادي

First fold here أولا

To open cut here

May 25, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
Grand Hotel
Khartoum
Anglo Egyptian Sudan

Dear Dr. Schmitt: Your letters of May 12 and May 13 have been received. We have received no film other than the one sack and two small boxes which I mentioned to you some time ago. So I have had no more to distribute or record. I have no desire to upset you about the matter. However, you have said that you want to be informed of the situation.

So far Mrs. Porter reports she has received no black and white film of the S.I. expedition. La Croix (employed by Strauss Phototechnical Service of 930 F St.), with whom Sexton made arrangements for "checking the film", reports that he has not received any film except a short test strip. Kodak Processing Lab. of Okie St.,N.E. has recorded that they have sent the colored film (which I reported to you when I forwarded it to them for processing) to La Croix. Dr. Friedmann has sent a memo, documenting the situation as we have it, to Dr. Carmichael. Something does look peculiar but Dr. Carmichael is the one to handle the matter and, if legal steps should prove necessary, that can best be done by him. As you say, we can't make a lot of "noise." You keep mentioning further shipments of film. For all we know, Sexton may be addressing it direct to the studio. Certainly we have received no additional material. I still hope it is all a misunderstanding because if will cast a slight pall over the results of the expedition if there is any skullduggery.

If I had only received some indication that you were faced with "mutiny."!....But the mood of frustration is always based on ifs and buts. Try to keep from worrying because we have done all that we can to execute your orders and the rest is up to the Secretary. If I dwell too much on the behavior of some of your expedition members I start thinking four letter words and that's no help to you.

Limited space for USNM news and note from Miss McCain: Handley has passed his final exam and will receive his PhD.from Mich. in June.Clarke has left for his 3 mo. collecting trip in the northwest. Miss Walker has transferred and Friedmann is at present without a secretary.He is very nice to work with, incidentally, and has devoted a lot of time to this photographic mystery. The first ladies hall opened in a presidentially glorious blaze last night and many of museum people were miffed over receiving no invitations. Weather, 86 degree-ward and muggy. I have had to beg off from understaffed C&R for few days.Things here a bit heavy as report time begins.Regards, sympathy, and back-pats for you&Ed.Hope you have no more illness. Virginia Beets Sec.,Dept.Zoo.

May 21/55
Uvira, B.C.

Dear Miss Beets, This is one of my more official letters and for the files. You will be receiving, mailed rather air-expressed from Bukavu three lots of film, 2 packages and a little cloth bag, all addressed to the Mus. which are to be sent to Eastman (Okie St. address in Washington, as heretofore by messenger, in so far as color film is concerned. The black and white as before, to be developed by the man Sexton asked us to send it to. However as I wrote you originally about this the prints from this are to be made in our own laboratory, 4 prints, each, Friedmann to make the necessary requisitions. All film should have the return address, "To Head Curator of Zoology", or whatever you like, that will insure its being returned to my office for my attention on my return. I believe all film sent you since Stanleyville is already marked in this fashion. If not

please see that it is. ~~It will simplify all subsequent handling of the film if so marked, and as you know we'll have quite a job on our hands, there is so much of it.~~ Paste and/or staple a new return address over any now on film packets if not now marked for return to me at Mus. Also call black and white developer for any film not yet turned over to us and again after a reasonable time for all film delivered to him, since Stanleyville, - the Bukavu sending. This is prob all I'll have time to write you untill Entebbe, Uganda, Lake Victoria Hotel.

Troisième Pli

Premier Pli

Expéditeur:
Waldo L. Schmitt
Hotel Lake Victoria
Entebbe, Uganda,
Africa

Deuxième Pli

Troisième Pli

PAR AVION
VIA AIRMAIL

Miss Virginia Beets
U.S. National Museum
Washington 25, D.C.
U.S.A.

RUANDA-URUNDI 1.50F
SCHIZOGLOSSUM

RUANDA-URUNDI 8F
GLORIOSA

Hope, I may again hear from you there. Uvira is a grand place. I've thoroughly enjoyed it and the people here. Would like to spend a month, - Southern California type of climate and at this time of year, no more rain. The director is a young man, 38, who reminds me of Bob Lunz, and who like him is half French. We went dredging yesterday just to photo the operation, did not get anything to speak of except sand and some dead shells. Will tell you more about this place when I see you, Sincerely, Waldo L. Schmitt.

P.S. No time for much writing, but do remember me to staff and mutual friends at office and elsewhere; and Miss McCain and Helena

May 20/55

Dear Miss Beebe, I believe we are in the best place yet with the most understanding people — as you might expect in the Hydrobiological Laboratory at Uvira, n. end Lake Tanganyika — a grand building with palatial accommodations, for me alone, ante room, bedroom and bath together about as large as our two rooms at Mus. with windows on each side giving cross draft, and furniture looks as though it came out of an old castle, massive, rich and adequate. There is an aquarium here, a goodly number of individual labs for investigators and staff, all built around a patio, with arcades and porch (on 2nd floor) and planted much like the Pan American Union patio is. Besides they have a host of interesting fishes here; to us, rare shrimp in quantity — at least we expect to find them so, today and the necessary gear and a small but serviceable boat. Yes, we should have planned a furlough stay here. The director is a young + active man doing a lot of fine work mostly on fishes however, and their stomach

Re the film we are sending back hope I didn't use your box number regarding it. I wanted every exposed roll and believe my records to be returned to Museum, regardless of who develops or examines it; but I guess, if you keep sufficient complete records we can check back and get it lined up properly for return. This last shipment from Bukavu will be a heavy one, air freight (or express maybe) in 3 packages, I believe, one of roll films for hand cameras, a larger one of movie film and a cloth bag (one of those I brought along) with about 6 rolls Kodachrome which I took and which did not get into one of larger packages. All should have

PAR AVION
VIA AIRMAIL

Miss Virginia Beeb
U.S. National Museum
Washington 25, D.C.

Expéditeur:
Waldo L. Schmitt
Lake Victoria Hotel
Entebbe, Uganda,
East Africa

Troisième Pli

Premier Pli

Deuxième Pli

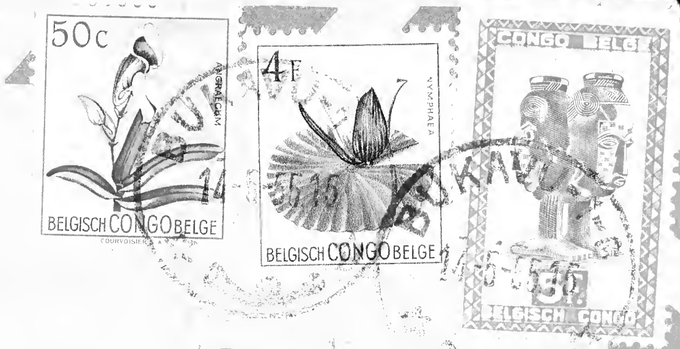
return address from Eastman to Mus. and not to Porter Bros or Strauss whoever to may be. (Keep note of Labels that have "stereo" printed across them, and of those with dipped corners; there was more film brought along that I paid for but I still insist that all pictures taken on trip are Museums (Smiths) and that I'll pay (or reimburse) takers for all such film. Now if only a few do not have Mus (or S.I.) return address on them let matter ride, but if ~~less~~ less than 2/3's of shipment (individual rolls or boxes) of film do not have Mus. ret address fix them up as I asked you, have them returned to Museum. // Weather, health food, and absence of more than few noxious insects ~~are~~ all are holding up. Still going strong lots of mites, darned few crabs and shrimp and lots of pictures. Hope all goes well with you, Good luck, Schmitt

Bukavu May 13/55

Dear Miss Beets

This is a poor return for your good letters of Apr. 26 and May 5. Glad to have the news, the earphone cord, and the air envelopes. The Kodak slides must come direct from Eastman. hold for me, there will be more of same. In first Leopoldville shipment were no black and whites from Sexton, in second I believe there were some. Yes, Strauss or whoever it is should turn in the negatives so we can make prints in our lab. After this date there is no need to send anything to him or to Re Falls church, group. Any appraisals of film must help us here; no time to hear any more. Mind what I said about return address on future film shipments There is no need for further checking of film by Strauss or whoever it is with Cameras has to be from now on. We don't need Strauss any more. This is first I heard of him all I knew of was Porter Bros contact firm doing black + white developing which you can set from second batch of film and themes doing by color sheets (I find Porter Bros is color checker + you have other firm name in one of my earlier letters, but as I said in other letters, and here there is no further need for checking film by any body it can all be returned by developers b+w, + color (Eastman, Okie St.) direct. Be nice about asking for what you send out and which should be built by now. I can see that you are kept pretty busy between C+R+ Ag. office. Glad the

PAR AVION
VIA AIRMAIL



Miss Virginia Beets
U.S. National Museum
Washington 25, D.C.
= U.S.A. =

Troisième Pli

Premier Pli

Expéditeur:
Waldo L. Schmitt
U.S. National Museum
Washington 25, D.C.
Next address c/o Lake Victoria Hotel
Entebbe, Uganda
Africa

Deuxième Pli

I do not know last. I am glad
that Mr. Marshall Nast the Ed
Mrs. Akeley and Mr. Carr
but of the Phila Acad
Mr. Mr. Williams pres
Dear days here
shown can do some
Still he seeing
him again
are all getting
in the old Hook
heard. Ill ask him
how it is inside
Yes, ask Straus to turn

the floors are painted
Akeley Museum of Nat Hist

written between rolls

Kissena
May 12/55

Dear Ginny, Again not much of a letter, its about all I'm
again. You will have rec'd the Leopoldville and Stanley-
ville pouch sendings in 2 lb (±) lots from State and will
have delivered color film to Eastman on Okie St. N.E.
and black & white to Porter Bros for developing only &
we are to do the printing in our own lab. —
Now have Porter & the Falls Church address returned
film to you. The Falls church stuff went the morn from
Eastman, and should have been turned back to us (S.I.)
by them after examination for Sextons guidance. If
either or neither have not turned film back to you, give
them a ring and ask that they be so kind as to send
it down to S.I. your office, keep verbatim copy & reply
if in neg: which I cannot conceive it will be.
As to the film which we are sending back from Bu-
kavu in next few days. Before you deliver any other
film to Eastman Okie St. by messenger be sure the return
address is for your office or U.S. Nat. Mus. att. W.L. Schmitt
If you have to paste & staple a label over any package
of color film not so marked (not marked Rev us)
All black and white film goes to Porter Bros as before
but they should turn developed film (negatives) back
to you very promptly. In fact first Leo - Stanleyville
negs (b & w) should be in your hands before they get
any more. If they send bill for developing hold it. (
Agreed price was 2¢ a roll or pack according to Sexton. Just
I told him no prints be sure you so specify with any
other film sent them for developing. If you have a

(X) If cost of prints is included for first lots of film let it ride - say
nothing except that I'll look into matter when I return. Also,
prints charged for, if any should be delivered to you along with negatives

gotten the first films back from Rhein I meant to say they should get no more. But reply from them should determine action. Film should not go too long undeveloped. If worst comes to worst you can try to reach me at Bukavu, and at same time send dup letter to me care of Victoria Hotel, Entebbe, and third to Hotel Grand, Juba. Then I can settle matters, — who does rest of developing if Porter Bros have not come through with film. This may be all beside the point, but I never did like return address of film being other than Museum. So much for film troubles except keep yourself (and me) a good record of what goes where.

Weather, climate, food and accommodations have been grand throughout, very little rain, not to interfere except perhaps two half days, and no bugs to speak of. I believe you could count the flies we've seen on fingers and toes, and mosquitoes on the fingers of one hand. Congo is wonderful. But long letters are something else again. The telling of it all will have to await my return.

Hope you've been well and that Wash. weather has been as good to you, as this Congo climate has been to us. Haven't been on a scale since I left home and I dread getting onto one when next I get the chance. Whew! Haven't seen a scrap of mail since Stanleyville but hope for a lot at Bukavu. Any replies called for will be apart from this which I'd like to get off promptly to you.

Best ever to you and Dr. Friedmann for carrying on for me

Sincerely

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM

Washington 25, D. C., U. S. A.

No. 3

May 10, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
c/o Louis van den Berghe, Director, IRSAC
Lwiro (Katana) D. S. Bukavu, Belgian Congo

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

No. 3 to this address and am writing in great haste to catch the last mail.

I just received your letter of May 3 from Bunia and showed it to Miss McCain. Even though I have already written you the problem of the film here, i. e., Strauss (and Mr. LeCroix) feel that it cannot be returned here unless Sexton writes them to release it (see letter of April 26 in which I mentioned the matter of a request for release ~~f~~ of film)...Miss McCain thinks it should be emphasized further to you.

I have just talked to Mr. Strauss by phone and found that Mr. LeCroix is out of town for today. Mr. Strauss repeated that they need a letter from Sexton and they will turn the developed pictures over to this office as you have told me you want it at the USNM to await your return. They have received their orders from Dr. Sexton to hold it until he calls for it on his return.

It does not seem to me to be a matter of such great complication. I imagine that you and Dr. Sexton just haven't touched on the point of the developed film's being turned over to me. I would hate to think that your wishes were being disobeyed by because of other orders. Strauss must have misunderstood the orders from Sexton. Anyway---somewhere there is a misunderstanding and the only way to clear it properly and painlessly is word from your end. If you want the film (colored and/or black & white) turned over to me, please have Dr. Sexton sign a note to Strauss or LeCroix giving them such instructions.

I have kept a letter with the film listings, showing to whom I sent it, etc. Don't worry. I will keep records of anything I see. So far I have received no more than that about which I have already written you.

Sorry if this troubles you. It's a simple mix-up of instructions but we all want to handle things as you specify.

No secretary in Birds or C.&R. this week. I am serving triple duty and have no room for sermons from the Belgian Congo. After all I like hot weather and electric storms and you seem to have cornered the market. It is quite cool again here.

Regards,

Virginia

Virginia Beets, Secretary

Va. Beets.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C. MY 10 6PM 1955

WASHINGTON, D. C. MY 10

AIR LETTER
AÉROGRAMME

VIA AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
c/o Louis van den Berghe
Director, IRSAC
Lwiro (Katana) D. S.
Bukavu, Belgian Congo

Letter was rete to me here in Washn
did not see $11 July 30.

MESSAGE MUST APPEAR ON INNER SIDE ONLY
NO TAPE OR STICKER MAY BE ATTACHED

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED, THIS LETTER
WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

FIRST FOLD

SECOND FOLD

No. 2 May 5, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
c/o Louis van den Berghe, Director, IRSAC
Lwiro (Katana) D. S. Bukavu, Belgian Congo

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

The No. 2 means that this is the second letter I have written to this address. Hope you received the April 26 one. First I shall quote two letters for you which came in today. It was requested that this information be forwarded to you.

From: R. R. Williams, Inc., Canaan, Litchfield County, Conn., dated May 2. "Dear Dr. Schmitt: It was certainly kind of you to write me as you did in your letter of April 20th concerning WASH-'N-DRI. I am delighted that you found our product so useful and I am sending you an additional supply for your own use. It was good of you to suggest that I get in touch with your friend Oscar Lagerstroem. Enclosed is a copy of my letter to him....." Signed, Ross R. Wms.

Copy of enclosed letter to Mr. Oscar Lagerstroem, B.P.266,Bukavu, Belgian Congo and dated May 3. "Dear Mr. Lagerstroem: Dr. Waldo Schmitt has written me concerning your interest in WASH-'N-DRI. We agree with Dr. Schmitt that this product should have a substantial market potential in your area. We have, however, turned over foreign distribution to John L. Newkirk, Inc. - 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City. I am sending them a copy of this letter; asking them to send you samples, information and prices." Signed, Ross R. Wms.

The letter to Lagerstroem was sent air mail so it should be there by now.

Back to Museum business and proper spacing since I have more room.

On May 2 I received a 3-3/4 in. sq., 1 inch thick box of kodachrome 16 mm. film. From all post marks on it we believe it to have been sent directly from you to Rochester for developing with orders to return it here to be held for your return. It is being held, seal unbroken. That totals two boxes held here, apparently developed;and the material received in one shipment from diplomatic pouch all sent to Okie St. on April 29. I give you these details because I certainly want to handle it all properly and the arrival of these two separate boxes through the mail seems to mean that they are not to be checked by Mr. La Croix of Strauss.

As soon as possible I hope to read your letters to C. & R. They have been pretty busy with all of them and have had no chance to let them go as yet. Do not worry. I am keeping complete records of the film.

Summer has at last come with 90 predicted today. You are among the blessed. The various memos from Kellogg about fiscal reports have just come in. Lybie Hyman received the Elliot Medal, I hear. Dr. M. J. Wells sent you some color slides from Napoli, Italy. I have written him. You have an announcement of wedding of Anne Fleming to Clyde Wilbur Kenyon (daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Truman Brooks of Bon Air, Va.),Apr. 16. No other news.

Regards,

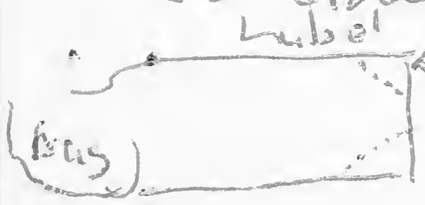
Bunia
May 3d
early a.m.
1955

Dear Ginny

~~Dear Miss Beets~~, Forgive me the brevity of this. We have been busy with many things besides shrimps, I should say, other than shrimps because they will be the things we shall have least of. However, the mites, as anticipated, when I first asked Wharton, will carry through the scientific worthwhileness of the expedition. Baker, I believe, has been extraordinarily successful collecting those on leaves he's able to gather on the run, so to speak. The photographing has gone on apace and that is why I write at this time, even though our customs troubles won't be over till we cross the border come May 28th

I hope you have a record of films sent out and to whom for developing, by sizes, and to whom to be returned. The early sendings were to be retd to friends of Sexton's for critical comment, and then to be turned back to S.I. (to my office and you). I want to keep my fingers closely on what goes where.

The little (the smallest) rolls, in yellow bags are Kodachrome, but of two (or three) kinds; the labels (tags) carrying the addresses to and return, have the corners clipped or bent over (thusly) or have "stereo" printed across label in open block letters. Then, there are slightly larger rolls, film packs, of two kinds, color + black and



last but not least. The movie film in square boxes about 4 or 4½ inches square and about ¼ inch thick. Booking on the films it what I want because all are to be eventually passed on by the Museum (S.I.) before any release or distribution is attempted. Be good and be careful about film record, and make no "noise" about it, please. It will be a help to me and the expedition though.

As to our performance in the field. We've tried hard, and gotten a lot of material, film + mite, other than Crustacea and shells with which I wanted to do so much, but what we didn't get, we've been promised by others at more favorable seasons, not weather but collecting. I'm sure Dave Johnson will be pleased with the small mammals, not many yet, but I promise begining has been made. Our health is of the best except for a cold, long over now, that Baker had, nothing has happened to any of us so far, — knocking on wood here. The rains have not bothered us — yet, except for 2 or 3 half days and at nite, but when it rains it rains thunders and lightenings, with winds that threaten to blow the house down at times. Have to stop we leave at 6 a.m for Kaseny, in the first lake to be ~~visited~~ visited. Goodluck Sincerely Schmitt.

4 copies any black and whites that come your way

Don't forget requisitions

NE2
R7

April 26, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
c/o Louis van den Berghe, Director, IRSAC
Lwiro (Katana) D. S. Bukavu, Belgian Congo

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

Please do not worry about the assignment which you gave me. There are always many misunderstandings over any project so large as this Congo expedition. When the work of launching such a venture is over, the little participants who are left at home always simmer down and settle to work with their horns retracted. They tend to forget the frayed nerves of last minute "Will the equipment get there?" or "Will the papers come through?" etc.

I have worked for Miss Weiss and Miss McCain. Both have been very understanding if any last minute business arose in the office of the HCZ which needed my attention. That was my main hesitation over working in another office. Nor have I worked completely in the dark. Both Miss Weiss and Miss McCain have patiently answered any of my green queries here and there. I have never worked directly for either before but I find that I would not pause in the future for both explain enough to keep me interested in the cases with which I deal. So it hasn't turned out to be dull "bottle washing." Some of the paper work has proved quite interesting and I have learned a little. Naturally, I hope it shows. Now, don't jump to conclusions over that remark, either. Sometimes I feel that you and I talk a different language though I often see our work goals are the same.

Now, about the office. We are expecting Dr. Bailey's group from Duke at the end of the week.

I was in Dr. Pettibone's office for two weeks while they painted the floors in 301. It really looks much better in here now and I am glad I will not have to move my piles of papers back and forth.

The following is quoted from a letter to you of April 12 from Paolo Ciceri, Varazze - Via M. Grappa, 14/D, Italy: "On your way back (from Congo) you should destine, at least, two days for the visit of Milan & Varazze, in which you will be my guest. I hope to have the opportunity of meeting you again and have the pleasure of speaking with you longer. I await, therefore, with interest your further news, and remain....."

So far I have received (on April 18) only one container of kodaslides already developed. It shall remain unopened unless you direct otherwise. Mr. Wilding and I have talked to the Strauss people here. Mr. LeCroix of that firm has confirmed Dr. Sexton's instructions to Mr. Wilding, i.e., Strauss is supposed to check all pictures returned from the developing companies. If that is to be the case we cannot obtain your black and whites to have prints made. I think it is a good idea to have these films checked by professionals but we shall need your directions as to whether we must request the black and white negatives after Strauss has seen them. Since the idea behind the Sexton-Strauss arrangement seems to be that of checking numbered film against cameras--thus learning the camera faults--I doubt if it is necessary to send your first kodachromes (those received April 18) for checking. These were probably taken by a camera not checked by Mr. LeCroix.

There were no black cords so I enclose one of the natural. Envelopes enclosed,too. You received an announcement of the birth (Mar.25) of Ruth Serena Reed,San Antonio,Tex. We have received your instructions about sending film to Okie St. by messenger. No further news. Good collecting!

Sincerely yours,

Virginia Beets, Secretary, HCZ

Apr. 17.

Dear Miss Beets,

Mr. Schmitt has asked me to send this carbon copy to you. I guess there will be more of the same as he finds time to write. I had a wonderful trip and am enjoying my little family ever so much. I hope you are feeling quite your old self again

Sincerely

Alma Schmitt.

MAR APR 1965

=Copy=

Apr. 10/55

Dear Dr. Carmichael, (Thru Dr. Kellogg) also for Miss Beck

There is not much in the way of Congo news to report, but we are well on our way after two days "struggle" with customs. Mr. Robert MacGregor and his assistant Mr. Yost, certainly smoothed the way for us. Without them we would still be trying to pass. Serial numbers of cameras and our two collecting pistols were in demand. As one of the camera cases is locked, the shipment was OK'd with the promise that the camera numbers would be furnished on Dr. Sexton's arrival tomorrow. He has the needed key. The film we brought posed still another problem. If one takes out the film brought in there is no duty. In our case however we want to mail it back for developing as exposed. This does not constitute taking out one's film personally, so we

shall be having an audience with the Governor (2)
General on Wednesday, our first opportunity.
After exposure film is of no use to anyone else
and unless promptly developed after having
bone opened in this humid climate, it spoils.
Mr. MacGregor feels quite certain that a
sensible view will be taken of our predicament
at the top-level. We cannot hang on to
the exposed film until we leave the country
it must be developed promptly. April 11, '55

This letter is being written under some difficulties,
little do much to do. These first few days with
various officials, and my G.I. ballpoint gave out
and refills are packed in a Stanleyville box — thought
the one I brought from the office would last the
first 2 weeks; it was new. The Sexton's father
and son arrived today. We are happy to
have them lighten our load of film. They
are in fine fettle and well equipped with
cameras and will start shooting this evening.
Dr. Baker is in his element — plant mites are just
about everywhere he raids. The roadside
plants and gardens and picks enough leaves

in half an hour or so to keep him busy the rest of the day and part of the night. Shrimp seem not to be locally fished according to the fishery officials here, and on our hotel bill of ~~France~~ fare we found fish Friday (sea-fish not river) and canned shrimp in salad (from Europe) // It's been humid and not too hot. 96° (at 4:15) it is in the shade of the wicker chair on our spacious porch, but within the room behind the shutter doors it doesn't get over 84° though its 88° today on the hottest day since we landed on the 8th // Tonite we visit the Arab market where various objects of local manufacture are sold. Bredin wanted a few mementos and I'll see what can be picked up. // Bday is also a city wide holiday of business and government offices being closed (Easter Monday). This also delays us a bit, but mites are rolling in regardless and I hope the shrimps and crabs will soon do the same. // Pouch privileges from State have come through and that will help expedite them to the developer. Shall try to keep you posted as we have more to talk about.

Our best to you and yours and our colleagues back home. Sincerely Mildred S. Patterson
(for the expeditioners)

P.S. I failed to mention our European preliminaries, we visited the mites specialists that are on the staffs of the principal museums of Europe Evans in London, Eyndhoven in Amsterdam, van der Hamen in Leiden, Oudemans in Brussels, and the young man who cares for them in the Congo museum outside of Brussels. I also met the director of the British Museum of Natural History, Dr. Boschma, director of the Leiden Museum, and Dr van Straelen, director of the Royal Institute of Natural Sciences in Belgium. (formerly the Royal Museum of Nat. History) Dr van Straelen asks to be remembered to Dr. Kellogg. (I've forwarded his note to you through him, with your permission). The Brussels Mus. (Roy. Inst N.H Sc.) has undertaken and virtually completed and partially occupied a research building, building for housing their collections apart from their exhibits that is about the finest, best equipped structure of its kind in the world! I'll have some pictures of it when I return. Though London and Leiden had marvelous set-ups, but now I've seen everything, we are far behind these three. $500,000 of Mutual money went into the Brussels bldg

Work begins (Work should be in capital letters
for though we've been dreadfully busy and its
been preliminary to Congo studies, it hasn't
been work in the Congo. In the wee,
'sma' hours of Ponite we land for half an
hour in Kano in the heart of Nigeria.

Now to get down to a few brass tacks:
You will be receiving addressed to me some
movie film that should be forwarded to
Eastman for developing; readdress it;
under no circumstances open it; if in
doubt where to send it (Eastman Process,
Lab in New York) consult Jeny. It's
film taken here at Belgian Mus. of ran
Sthelen, Baker and myself of the ini-
tiation and departure of the Expedi-
tion from the Brussels airport, includ-
a discussion of plans, over the Congo
map at the Museum before-hand. Also
do not examine it after return from
Eastman, I'm afraid somethins misho

happen do it and it is a part of the master film from which all prints are to be made. Likewise the 35mm. still camera film I mailed Eastman (N.Y.) from Brussels today. It will be better to let all film we mail back for developing go till we get back and Dr. Sexton can have a first look at it; so much depends on perfect unmarred film in making up the copies for lecture and projection purposes. I've also sent home some odds and ends of stuff, I've picked up in Europe; that too can be held till I can have a first look at it.

It's getting warmer by the minute as we are racing south at some 400 miles per hour. It's bumpy too right now, but printing gets me over the bumps, perhaps, as script writing would not. Baker and I have had a grand time, surfeit with fine food and drink. Tonight, first class, on this Sabena plane!

Read
April 14th

We have succeeded in getting
film ~~to~~ by Pouch
Be sure to send to
SAME Eastman Processing Laboratory
by messenger

7/16/55

Dear Ginny, The film matter I have mentioned may not be as planned. Though the Governor is willing, the chief customs officer insists on sticking by the law, that we have to take out film personally, pouch privileges not withstanding. As a result you may not be getting much if any. Sexton would like to send it first to the processor from here, they, & his friend to check for correct exposure, and from him to Museum. By as it may keep record of what you get, but from the looks of things this minute, it may all stay with expedition till the end / We finally got Sexton's Sudan visa matter fixed up. /

There will be very little writing I'm afraid from now on. We've been busy getting straightened out here, have had local letters to write — thanks for this and that ands - forth — to the extent I can't even write home; Tomorrow 5 a.m. we leave hotel for airport for Stanleyville and the autos. If I can get my daily notes up, and they are yet meager, I'll be lucky. I am so glad you are feeling so much better. When you feel down and out work is no pleasure. I guess the next best place for mail will be % Louis van den Berghe, Director, IRSAC, Livira (Katana) D.S. Bukavu, Belgian Congo, where we shall arrive. May 14 and stay till 19th.

Yesterday a.m. (half day) was first rain that keeps us

MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL
HISTORY

indoors but only for half day. Except for film ship-
ment and limited collecting opportunities hereabouts,
every thing is grand, all the Belgians do except the
What-you-may call him chief customs official. Though
days are pretty hot, midday's, the evenings and nights
have been surprisingly comfortable. It is the balmy,
breezy, langorous coolness that make you enjoy being
around these parts. If you could package and sell
the evenings in the States, ~~even~~ especially in Washington in mid
summer, you'd make a fortune. Have been enter-
tained by the MacGregor's one evening, and Mr. Post,
his assistant, another. These things also cut into note
writing and letters. Oh yes lots of excuses, but we
haven't read anything whole time here not one of us, ex-
cept to check banks up-country in guidebook for exchange, and they
are few and far between. Baker is wiser, he has
postals he sends out at odd intervals, but I've got
too much paper work already, to even add their extra
weight to my overloaded (old) brief case. Oh yes we
spoke at the American Club, of which MacGregor is current
president, this last Thursday, day before yesterday, all three also
took time out of day, - all business shuts down bet
12 & 2 or 2:30 (in case post-office) and 3 in others
but many open at 7:30, even banks at 8, but come
4:30 and 5 all are shut again, Diet is exc. enting pks,
We are keeping extraordinarily well, and there are
virtually no insects, flies or mosquitoes. Of last two we
haven't seen but 2 or 3 throughout the week. Spraying is
wonderful. So much for now, Hope you improve by the time
Sincerely Harold. Schmidt

Yes I send me half dozen or so envelopes this size
and one dozen of the smaller ones with blank
rear sheets

April 1, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
c/o American Consulate General
Leopoldville, Belgian Congo

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

After studying your itinerary I feel that Leopoldville is your point of departure and that from now on you will be "back of beyond" and out of touch with all of us. So I forward the last bit of correspondence to you. You may see M. Matagne before the letter, in which case you will be prepared for his news that he cannot supply you with a collector. However, his offer to forward the specimens to Tervuren should relieve you of some burden.

Admiral Colbert phoned today just to wish you good luck and a pleasant trip. All the"comers and goers" inquire what you are writing and how you have landed.

I may add that I feel more like my old self more every day and think I can begin to function properly here again. The sounds and sights of D. C. today are very spring-like and it would be difficult to be aware of aches and pains.

Perhaps you will forget newspapers there. Joseph Pulitzer and Col. McCormick died yesterday. I have not heard of the disposition of their empires yet. There is more talk of war and ever so often each party implies that the spokesmen of the other group should receive a thorough mouth washing. All in all, about the same but I envy you the opportunity of hearing how we sound to those far away.

The American Museum Assoc. will have the golden jubilee here early in June. If there have been unusual occurrences at the USNM I have not heard them. I enclose the letter from Matagne and the US stamps which you said that you wanted. For now, Goodbye, and

The best,

Secretary, Dept. Zoo.

March 29, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
c/o Dr. V. Van Straelen
Président de l'Institut des
Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge
c/o IRSAC, 42, rue Montoyer
Bruxelles, Belgium

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

You will be much too busy to be bothered with a lot of mail from those who miss you so I shall not rush details your way unless I think it might be something of vital importance. I sent you an air mail note yesterday enclosing a letter from van den Berghe and from Thornton-Dailly.

Excerpt from letter from Dr. Coustry in answer to your request for type of wood used to panel his recreation room: the wood"is called 'limba' in Belgian Congo and in Belgium, and coryna in United States. It really is Terminalia superba and grows in Low-Congo and Mayumbe. As I think I told you, the wood was given to me in the Congo. It is sold in the States by U. S. Plywood. I have sold the projection rights of none of my films and I shall be glad to talk about this with you upon your return....." He does not mention amount used, etc.

Following from Abs. Balss, (13b) Planegg, Hutfeldstr.10, dated March 25: "Sehr geehrter Heer Dr. Schmitt, es freute mich sehr, aus Ihrem Briefe zu ersehen, dass Sie bald nach München kommen und wir uns werden persön sönlich kennen zu lernen. Ich hoffe, dass Sie mir rechtzeitig schreiben, wann Sie hierher kommen, damit ich frühzeitig dem Chauffeur mitteilen kann, wann er mich nach Nymphenburg wird fahren können-es ist dies die beste Art, wie ich noch zu unseren Sammlunggen kommen kann. In der Freude, Sie zuesehen bin ich Ihr sehr ergebener"

I will mail the stamps which I had saved for you to Leopoldville in a day or so. Dr. Sexton loaned me his copy of the itinerary and I shall copy it so that I can follow you sun burned creatures along the trails.

Best regards,

Virginia Beets
Secretary
Dept. of Zoology

Mar. 28, 1955

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

Very cold here!
These just came in
Mon. a.m. mail.
Have happy landings
everywhere.

Regards,

Ginny Beets

Enc.
letter from Thornton-Dailly
" Van den Berghe

Mendom
Re Life Ins

BELGIAN LINE INCORPORATED

63 BROAD ST. NEW YORK 4, N. Y. WHITEHALL 3-4949

GENERAL NORTH AMERICAN AGENTS FOR

COMPAGNIE MARITIME BELGE S. A. OF ANTWERP

"BELGIAN LINE"

COMPAGNIE MARITIME CONGOLAISE S. C. R. L. OF LEOPOLDVILLE

"BELGIAN AFRICAN LINE"

CHICAGO OFFICE
141 W. JACKSON BLVD.

CABLE
"WELDMARIN"

November 17, 1955

Mr. Waldo Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology
Smithsonian Institiution
United States National Museum
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Mr. Schmitt:

Thank you for your letter of November 8, we will write to Mr. Cowan of the A.A.A. in Washington, in the effort to straighten out the matter.

It is strange that you have mentioned Mr. Haberle who was an American Consul in Chile for sometime, for it was only last year that I was in Honolulu that we spoke of him. Unfortunately, I cannot give you the details about what happened to his personal effects however, should anything arise I shall keep the matter in mind and when next I have an opportunity I will inquire further into the matter. He was distant relative to me through the family of South Germany and I have not been in touch with him for sometime.

Very truly yours,

BELGIAN LINE INCORPORATED

Margaret L. Haberle

MLH:mm

BELGIAN LINE

Haberle, M. L.

Filed: Belgian Congo Details

November 8, 1955

Mr. M. L. Haberle
Belgian Line Incorporated
63 Broad Street
New York 4, New York

Dear Mr. Haberle:

Your two previous letters to me,regarding charges against me or the expedition which I headed to the Belgian Congo,were turned over to the local International Travel Office of the A.A.A., 1712 G Street, N. W. Mr. James H. Cowan is the manager of our Washington branch. I have no doubt but what they are looking into the matter but I regret that you have had no acknowledgment from them covering the receipt of your correspondence.

I am sorry that the matter is so long delayed but I fear that it is quite an involved affair. Our automobile travel and lodgings in Africa were all handled by a Mr. Eric Thornton. Transportation throughout the trip was purchased through Sabena Air Lines in Washington. I do not know just where matters might be stalled but hope that an explanation will soon be forthcoming.

May I ask here a personal question? Your name stirs memories for it is that of a former American Consul in Chile who wrote a rather interesting article about Juan Fernandez, the Robinson Crusoe Island in the Pacific. I, too, visited the same place and had some correspondence with Mr. Haberle about copies of some of his photographs. Before he died I was not able to obtain them and I do not know what became of his effects. If you are his son or related to him you may know.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:vb

BELGIAN LINE INCORPORATED

63 BROAD ST. NEW YORK 4, N.Y. WHITEHALL 3-4949

GENERAL NORTH AMERICAN AGENTS FOR

COMPAGNIE MARITIME BELGE S. A. OF ANTWERP

"BELGIAN LINE"

COMPAGNIE MARITIME CONGOLAISE S.C.R.L. OF LEOPOLDVILLE

"BELGIAN AFRICAN LINE"

CHICAGO OFFICE
141 W. JACKSON BLVD.

CABLE
"WELDMARIN"

November 3, 1955

Mr. Waldo Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology
Smithsonian Institiution
United States National Museum
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Mr. Schmitt:

Referring to the previous correspondence concerning transportation furnished to you by our Congo office. Please be good enough to advise us the name of the gentlemen in the A.A.A. who handled your booking, so that we can effect collection of the invoice from them.

Yours very truly,

BELGIAN LINE INCORPORATED

M L Haberle

MLH:mm

August 17, 1955

Atlantic Overseas Corporation
63 Broad Street
New York 4, New York

Attn. Mr. M. L. Habera

Dear Mr. Habera:

I intended to reply to your letter of July 27, addressed to myself and Dr. Baker, before this. The bill which you enclosed has been turned over to the International Travel Department of the American Automobile Association which arranged my tour of the Belgian Congo. All of our hotel accommodations and meals were paid together in advance.

I am sure that you will hear shortly from the Association regarding this apparent indebtedness. If in due course you hear nothing further about the matter please write me again.

Sincerely yours,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

WLS:vb

ATLANTIC OVERSEAS CORPORATION

63 Broad Street

General Agents in U.S.A. for
Compagnie Maritime Belge, S.A.
"Belgian Line"
.....

New York 4, New York

Telephone Whitehall 3-4949

July 27, 1955

Dr. Schmitt and Dr. Baker
Smissonian Institute
Washington, D. C.

Dear Dr. Schmitt and Dr. Baker:

We are today in receipt of a bill from the Leopoldville Pan American Airways to collect an amount of 10.447.- francs which amounts to $208.94 covering accommodations furnished while you were in the Congo.

We do not have any details as to why this should be billed through New York, but perhaps you are conversant of the facts.

In any case it would be appreciated if you will let us hear from you in this connection.

Yours very truly,

ATLANTIC OVERSEAS CORPORATION
s/M. L. Habera

C O P Y

C O P Y

Agence Maritime Internationale

Agence de Leopoldville

Note de débit

Leopoldville, Le 25 Mai 1955
B. P. 1869

No. 13893
B. C.

S. 51161

Pan American Airways

" P. A. A."

Leopoldville

Doit

Messieurs SCHMITT et BAKER.-

Frais de logement a'l'hôtel Palace
à Léo, du 8 au 17/4/1955 soit
9 nuits à frs. 425.- 3.825.--

Monsieur SEXTON et Fils.-

Frais de logement à l'hôtel Palace
à Léo, du 11 au 17/4/1955 soit
6 nuits à frs. 425.-- 2.550.--
Nourriture pour les 4 personnes 4.072.--

Frs 10.447.--

Nous disons: DIX MILLE QUATRE CENT QUARANTE SEPT FRANCS CONGOLAIS.-

10447
.02
208.94

Belgian Congo
(Blasier--Sabena refund)

August 13, 1955

Mr. Paul F. Blasier
Supervisor, Sabena Ticket Office
1001-1005 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
Washington 6, D. C.

Dear Mr. Blasier:

With this I hand you our four plane tickets with unused tickets for the Entebbe-Juba flight. This did not materialize for, when we inquired at the air-lines office in Entebbe, they said they had no record of our coming and that the plane was fully loaded. As a result we hired a car and made the trip anyway. We had to be in Juba on time as the Nile steamers only run fortnightly.

The roads proved surprisingly good and the ride by car gave us a chance to see more of the country than otherwise would have been the case, (but it cost us about twice as much!). It was a grand trip throughout and I can assure you that we enjoyed the superlative service of "Sabena" rendered us whenever we travelled on your planes.

For the Cairo-Rome flight by TWA made by tourist plane I have already received a refund check, and for the Rome to New York flight made by me only, by tourist plane, I should also like to obtain a refund between the costs of tourist and first class accommodations. It so happened there was no first class space on the planes on which I was routed to make the connections I needed to make.

There is still one more matter: the Sextons did not avail themselves of the New York to Washington part of their tickets. Any refund in this particular part of the round trip flight should be made to them direct. However, I notice young Sexton has removed that portion of the ticket from his "folder." You can reach him through his father at MEtropolitan 8-1042.

When through I'd like the folders returned, at least mine, as a trip souvenir. Hope this will not cause you too much trouble; reply at your convenience.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

Encs.
WLS:vb

Dear Dr. Schmitt 11/21

Many thanks for your letters which I read on my return from Cuba. Next week seems to be a full one for me.

Either Dec. 6th & 7th would be O.K. if convenient for you.

Bruno Bredin

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.
OFFICIAL BUSINESS

WASHINGTON NOV 26 3 PM 2 1951 DEL.

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, $300 (G.P.O.)

FIGHT TB
SUPPORT YOUR TB ASSOCIATION

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt, Head Curator
Department of Zoology
U. S. National Museum
Washington 25, D. C.

Bredin Exp. - Congo

204143

~~210024~~

C. & R.

MAR 30 1956

xxxx

Mr. Bruce Bredin

Greenville

Delaware

Acting

Express

David H. Johnson, Acting Head Curator xxxxxxxxxx Department of Zoology

a carton

Mr. Bredin's property

4 reels of films in cans

Expedition

Films taken on Smithsonian-Bredin Belgian Congo

March - June 1955

SENT

APR 4 1956

SHIPPING OFFICE, U.S.N.M.

3 L 8

SIGMA

(DRAFT)

February 17, 1956

Mr. Bruce Bredin
P. O. Box 87
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Mr. Bredin:

Inasmuch as the Caribbean Expedition is about to take off on March first, I thought you would be interested in knowing the current status of the Congo Expedition funds. From the sale of the stocks you left with me, as you know, $23,595.37 were realized. A total of $18,434.54 was expended in the course of the field work, and in preparation therefor, leaving at this writing a balance of $5,160.83. This, however, cannot be considered as all clear gain, for against it we wish to charge the cost of two prints of the master film that Dr. Schmitt has assembled. We had hoped to deliver the original to the film laboratory of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, where the copying is to be done, last Monday, but the National Geographic Society, which kindly has undertaken the splicing, and some editing, will not be able to complete the splicing before next Tuesday or Thursday, Wednesday being a holiday. There will be a total of about 4,000 feet of film available for projection. The several reels containing this footage will be sent you as soon as we get the copies from Agriculture, along with several sheets of written comments or annotations which will enable you to identify the episodes and scenes photographed.

Regrettably, we do not have the proper sound recording equipment in the Institution. Here again the Geographic Society has promised further assistance, but I am afraid we shall not be able

to avail ourselves of this until after the Caribbean Expedition returns, because considerable editing, timing, and re-recording is involved as we wish to have the sequences in the right order and of the proper length. The unused, and the unfortunately fogged film totals about another 4,000 feet. Then there are three hundred feet of Dr. Chapin telling about some of his Congo bird specimens, for which we have also sound tape, but this will be a more exacting job. There will be some difficulty in making tape correspond to film, as again some portions of the film were fogged.

In addition, there are another 1,000 feet of film relating to the plant-mite investigations which Dr. Baker has just started checking over. He is actively engaged in working up the collections he made in the course of the expedition, but hopes before too long to get the film well organized. Of the unused or surplus film, there was quite a bit left over. With the advice of our purchasing officer, this was disposed of locally and the $507.50 so realized is included in the balance given above. Copying the film will cost us 10¢ a foot; for an introductory map and title we cannot yet furnish you an estimate. Dr. Schmitt also suggests a brief view of bits of the Herbert Ward African sculptures in our Museum halls, to tie in the Institution with the expedition in the beginning and then a shot at the end of the specimens brought back and under study. The copy and these additions will entail some additional charges against the fund, but will in no way deplete it.

I believe Dr. Schmitt has already mentioned some of the scientific results to you. Most interesting are Dr. Chace's remarks on the Crustacea, shrimp and crabs collected. Regarding these Dr. Chace, our Curator of Marine Invertebrates, contributes some pertinent remarks. These you will find enclosed.

The fish and mammals are in the process of being identified, and are not yet ready to be reported upon. The specimens of the former brought back totaled about 550; the latter about 63, including fine series of at least 3 species of bats. As you know, 93 bottom samples were forwarded to Dr. Dale B. Wolf of your Grasselli Chemicals Department Experiment Station, who received them on January 9. Some worthwhile antibiotic may be recovered from one or more of them.

Drs. Chace, Smith and Schmitt will meet Capt. Nicholson in Trinided on March 12, sailing the next day for the Grenadines; Dr. Clarke, who is flying down as far as Dominica, will be picked up there at the first opportunity, and, unless we hear from you to the contrary, they expect to rendevouz with you in Antigua on or about April 1. Is that the date you plan to arrive there? If later, a bit more time could be devoted to islands farther south, if on that date the extra time could profitably be spent collecting about the various British and American Virgin Islands.

I am still mindful of your kind invitation to meet you in St. Thomas for that visit to , and when you know more definitely when you approach that stage in the cruise, I shall try to arrange to join you, if at all possible. I must confess my calendar does

not hold forth much promise, but we cannot now foresee the shifts I may be able to make when the time draws near.

We are highly appreciative of what you did to make the Belgian Congo expedition possible and successful. It was very much to the Smithsonian Institution's interest, and materially enhanced its scientific collections.

11/14/55

-To-

Mr. H. C. Ford

4433

- From - J. BRUCE BREDIN -

Is this of any interest to you? If not, please return and I will reply to Dr. Schmitt.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

November 10, 1955

Mr. Bruce Bredin
Box 87
Wilmington, Delaware

Dear Bruce:

In the course of formulating the plans for your Belgian Congo expedition it was suggested to us by a Mr. Fred Barclay of the Nepera Chemical Company that the saving of soil samples for their antibiotic content might prove very worthwhile. As a result we collected some 60 lots. These were offered to the Nepera people on our return, as set forth in my letter of September 16 to Dr. George W. Mast, Vice President and scientific director. With a carbon of that letter I enclose also a copy of the list of the samples and his reply of November 7 to me.

I bring this matter to your attention at this late date because I have since heard that the "DuPonts," or some branch of that far flung organization, had once been interested in soil samples for biotic assay. Is that still the case? If so, they should have the opportunity of examining these samples before we now approach anyone else. There was no expectation of cashing in on the samples in a big way but if anything were to develop certainly the Bredin Fund for exploration should derive some return from it.

If you find that the "DuPonts" are not interested I could follow Mast's advice and see Dr. Welch, or do you think we should approach the Merck people first? Whomever is approached regarding these samples must be able to assure the Department of Agriculture that this unfumigated material will be properly safeguarded before it will be released. I shall be glad to send the samples to any DuPont laboratory that would be interested in them.

As the identification of the Congo specimens progresses we are finding some things of scientific interest. Dr. Chace was telling me of a rare crab that turned up in our Lake Tanganyika collections, and remarked that there must be more interesting forms of life than have yet been discovered in that general area. The count of the mammals, rodents and bats mostly, runs close to a hundred. I had not realized that we had gotten quite so many.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

Encs.

RECEIVED
NOV 14 1955
DEVELOPMENT

J. BRUCE BREDIN
P. O. Box 87
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

August 30, 1955

Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt
Smithsonian Institution
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Dr. Schmitt:

The African objects arrived yesterday and we were very pleased with them. The wooden heads are very decorative. Mrs. Bredin has been placing all of the items in various places in the house trying to find a spot where they will be most appreciated. We are indebted to you for the troubles you went to to collect these specimens of Congo handicraft. Do the arrows which you sent to us have any poisonous material on them? You mentioned in your letter that some of these arrows are poisionous. I would like to know if any of these are in order that they be kept out of reach of the children.

If you would be good enough to tell me the total cost of these items I will send along my check. Also please let me know whether the check should be drawn to the Smithsonian or your good self.

There has been no increase in my family but should be very soon. When my domestic affairs are quieted down I hope to be in Washington one day soon and I will telephone you at that time. Thanks again for your newsy letters.

Sincerely yours,

J. Bruce Bredin

Enc.

Bredin, Bruce
Belgian Congo File

August 26, 1955

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bredin
Greenville, Delaware

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin:

Pretty much the same old story,-behind hand again with my promises. However, I did get the bits of Congo handicraft into the expressman's hands for delivery to you using the Greenville address. As I have said before, there isn't much of it, but it is in a measure reminiscent and representative. The enclosed photo shows what there is in the box and carton sent this morning. Two of the woven mats, a piece of bark cloth (rather crude looking) for a back drop, and a bow are in the paper wrapped carton; the other things are in the two foot square box.

The bark cloth, woven mats, bow and arrows were obtained in Paulis, presumably made by the Mangbetus. The wooden drummer (to the right), the face plaque (center), and the ivory huntsmen are from Leopoldville. The wooden image to the left--I take it to be a woman--is from Stanleyville, and the circular seat in the middle is from a native village near Mutwanga. The figures, wood and ivory, cost about 450 francs ($9.00) each. The arrows about 2 francs apiece, the bow 45, the bark cloth and mats about 130 and the face plaque 110 francs. The ivory figurines and drummer, though started home from Leopoldville, April 15, were somehow terribly delayed. They landed here the very same day that the freight shipment from Entebbe via Nairobi did.

Dr. Krieger, our curator of ethnology, was much taken by these objects. He has nothing quite like the bark cloth. This he thought a little unusual because of the stamped decorations, he said with indigo, along the lateral strips. These rosettes show faintly in the photograph. When I picked up these things, I felt crowded, for space in our boxes but now that I am back, I wish I'd gotten more. So does Dr. Krieger, for we have so little of African handicraft in our collections. I turned over to him another bow and five arrows that the pygmies had made. They are no smaller in size than the Paulis ones. The pygmy arrows had no metal points and carried a patch of poisonous material just behind the sharply pointed wooden tip. This is a wise precaution,-an accidental scratch would work no harm; the poison is not released into a wound unless the arrow penetrates both skin and flesh.

Dr. Kreiger says that the black wooden images are black because of shoe polish! Perhaps I should have asked our wood technologist to try to identify the wood. This may be possible but right now I did not want to hold up the shipment any longer.

May the box and carton reach you promptly. The kodachrome slides are still not quite ready but should be before too long. I'll do my best to expedite them.

My best to you all,

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

Enc.

REGISTERED NO. 177800

POSTMARK

Value $_____ Spec. del'y fee $_____

Fee $_____ Ret. receipt fee $_____

Surcharge $_____ Rest. del'y fee $_____

Postage $_____ ☐ Airmail

Postmaster, By _____

From _____

To _____

POD Form 3806
May 1954

c9—16—70493-1

WLS:vb
8:26:55

204143

Aug. 25, 1955

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bredin

Greenville, Delaware

Express

Waldo L. Schmitt — Department of Zoology

one wooden crate and 1 carton

7 Forwarding of objects
from Belgian Congo
Expedition.

Objects of native handicraft:

1 stool

2 ivory figures

2 wooden figures

2 mats

bark cloth

bow and arrows

SENT
AUG 26 1955
SHIPPING OFFICE, U.S.N.M.

Bredin, Bruce

July 20, 1955

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bredin
Greenville, Delaware

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin:

Each day I have been wanting to write you but I never seem to be able to,--not that I couldn't write a line but I just couldn't write the kind of letter that I felt you deserved. I wanted to do more than pen you a mere announcement of our return. Yet when, at this long last, I can find the time for it I am ashamed that it is so late and so little.

I am gradually putting my notes in shape for a narrative account of the expedition for publication by the Smithsonian in what I hope will be a revival of their earlier series entitled, "Exploration and Field Work for the Smithsonian Institution." Regrettably this was discontinued with the war when it was decided that the trips that some of us undertook for the State Department and others for the Department of Defence would not be published, at that time at least. Part of my difficulty in getting started on a letter was the press of things here at home. First, getting out the Annual Report of the Department of Zoology. True enough, it should not have been left for me but I got back just before it was due and was handed the job. It was turned in on the 15th, I'm happy to say. With it were a number of personnel problems also saved for my attention.

I am still bogged down with letters. Aside from routine and official there are quite a number that have to be written back to the Congo folks and to Belgium also, especially the Institute of National Parks and the president thereof, Dr. Victor van Straelen, who, with his helpful letters, smoothed our way and secured privileges ordinarily not given out for photographing and collecting in the National Parks.

We all came through in excellent shape although each one of us had a brief bout with diarrhea, to which most foreign travelers succumb at one time or another. Here I have special reference to Italy where most all my friends have had a little unpleasantness the first time they visited that country. Today, however, the anti-biotics give wonderful results and on this Congo expedition we used Acromycin with such excellent results that we were only temporarily inconvenienced.

It is a funny thing,--we never go afield these days without anti-biotics, yet before they were current I made seven trips to South America, from the rain forests of the west coast of Colombia to the pampas of Patagonia, and the Straits of Magellan without having need for them at any time.

I believe I wrote you somewhat of the weather in Egypt and the Sudan where it can really get hot, up to 116 degrees, but to tell the truth I do not believe that I was as uncomfortable as I am here today at 84 degrees on the front porch. (Yes, this was penned on Sunday at home but typed at the office to give you a rest from my chirography, but not on Monday as I had planned; the first chance we got was Wednesday forenoon. My "printing" is just so-so but it is much better than my long hand. May I venture an aside? Don't fail to start your youngsters on typing. It is surprising how very young children can soon master a keyboard,--almost as fast as they can learn the alphabet. Typing is a wonderful accomplishment and one that will stand them in good stead wherever they go or whatever they do. My son and daughter got their touch-typing during one of their high school summer vacations and became fairly proficient. Even today my daughter does an occasional important letter for her husband, now a Lt. Commander with the 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean, though he is a fair typist from his undergraduate days at Northwestern. I wish that I could type myself. It would have been better for your eyes and my notes.)

To get back to the weather on the trip. The nights for the most part were relatively cooler than they are here in Washington. Nevertheless in Egypt and the Sudan air conditioners are fast becoming popular with those who can afford them. Our hottest spell in Africa we experienced on the trains from Costi to Wadi Halfa and from Khartoum to Cairo. On those nights the cooler air, and it wasn't very cool, didn't help because we had to batten down the "hatches",so to speak, to keep out the desert dust raised by the train. But what there is to see in Egypt more than compensates one for any discomforts experienced. It is surprising how many people visit the land of the Pharoahs, summer weather or not. It is true the winter months are most highly recommended and that the really dry season in the Congo is more productive of shrimps but I have no regrets and no complaints about the time that we spent in the field. As I have said before, you certainly picked a very favorable time, weather and living conditions considered.

A few of the guest houses in the National Parks were rather primitive and some of the hotels not so "hot," but if one knows about them in advance they could be skipped by traveling that much farther on any given day. Roughing it for a night or two in the National Park guest houses is but part of any good expedition. We have to do that in some of the wilderness areas in this country also.

Can you folks forgive me this long delay and bear with me a bit longer? The few Congo mementos that I have for you are still on the high seas. Neither one of the two shipments started home by ocean carrier has yet arrived. I am worried about the winter suit I wore over and hope it will get here before the moths make way with it.

Incidentally, I am writing the copyright division of the Library of Congress to ask if the title, "Amazing Africa" has been pre-empted. As trite as it sounds it is most descriptive, at least of the part of Africa that we traversed. People, things to see, and to collect, the climate, the weather, the scenery, are all a revelation, as was also the absence of vermin, flies and mosquitoes particularly. Only for a brief half hour in the Kagera Park, going out in the morning and coming back in the afternoon were tsetse flies in evidence. They kept us busy for a time, fanning them off. Baker was the only one that got a couple of bites, perhaps because he was the entomologist, but that was all there was to it. Amazing is the word for Africa!

On July 12 the Smithsonian news release, of which a copy is enclosed, makes some further reference to Ernest May's Smithsonian expedition of 1947. The good that comes of these expeditions is a continuing thing. This is not the first nor will it be the last time that information developed by the trip that Mr. May financed for Dr. Krieger and Mr. Morton has proved to be of real scientific value. So will it be with the Bredin expedition also. The scientific results are seldom immediate but they do develop as time and study go on.

Again I am promising you another communication before too long. Anyway I shall keep trying. I hope that everything went well with you folks and according to "schedule" this June. My best and kindest wishes to you all, both great and small.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

Enc.
WLS:vb

Cairo, June 17th
enroute Nice

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin,

We've seen the tombs of the Kings, the temples at Karnak and Luxor, and climbed the Great Pyramid, inside and out. Egypt is beyond description, that is ancient Egypt. I've never been more impressed than by what I saw in the tombs and temples of the rulers and priesthood of this justly famous land; come summer and hot weather, winter and cooler, it should not be missed. Pictures in the tombs were not easy to take though we had special permission to take where and what we wanted (except King Tut's tomb). This was likewise true of the Cairo Museum, where today is housed the fabulous treasure that was "Tut's". The gold there was fashioned into, and decorating every conceivable object, including shoes (sandles) and chariot;-1350 years before Christ, and as bright brilliant and fresh looking as the day it was laid down. It's hard to believe that some of the wall paintings were completed nearly 4000 years ago. One feels that a six months reading course would be rewarding; yet as much as has been published about that ancient civilization, none of it is quite adequate or equal to seeing it for yourself.

The weather has been good to us, mostly in the low eighties with high to 107 and 108 degrees. The latter you may notice in early afternoon, but 78 to 83 degrees is easy sleeping. Personally I would not let the 116 degrees temperature at Luxor keep me away if I could not come at any other time of the year. For one thing the place is not over run th tourists, though, all said and done, there were plenty here. The Semiramis (Saymir-a-mis) Hotel serves dinner in an open air dining-roof is as pleasant a place as I've ever eaten. Up there you can the cool evening breezes to the full and look down upon the Nile

6/17/55

and its many illuminated bridges.

I shall try to put together a better account of these last few days in Egypt when I can get settled down at the office.

The Embassy here in Cairo has just sent home the last of our exposed film. We are keeping our fingers crossed for we fear the very hot midday may have affected it. We'll never know till it's developed.

I'm hoping that all is going very well with you folks and your brood, and that the summer has been an enjoyable one.

I'm taking advantage on the way home of dropping off at Nice, to go to Cannes for a few days, for neither the sun nor the beaches. My daughter and the three grandchildren are living here, while her husband is with the Sixth Fleet. His tour of duty is soon up, but they do not know where next they will be ordered. Mrs. Schmitt also went over for a visit while I was away and starts back on the 19th. That's why I've hurried a bit to get there before she leaves. I shall be back in Washington before the month is out.

The first box of things I sent home by ship from Leopoldville has not yet arrived at the Museum. It is inconceivable that it can take so long. There were a few things in it for you, you may remember, and some of our first collecting.

My best to you all, and a fuller account later when I can get it down on paper. This hasty note I shall try to get mailed, passing through Rome (air port) on way to Nice (airport for Cannes). Good luck and best of good wishes. And more and better thanks for the expedition of a life time.

Sincerely,

WLS

Draft Typed 8/17/55 Rec'd

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE MANAGER

UNDER THE SAME MANAGEMENT
SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL
CAIRO

DJEDDAH GARDENS HOTEL
SAUDI ARABIA

فندق سميراميس بالقاهرة
شركة الفنادق المصرية
Semiramis Hotel
THE EGYPTIAN HOTELS LTD.

C. R. CAIRO 182

Telegr. Address: SEMIRAMIS - CAIRO

CAIRO

June 17th
En route Nice.

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I'm hoping M-G all is going very well

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UNDER THE SAME MANAGEMENT

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And more and better thanks for the expedition of a lifetime JB.

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UNDER THE SAME MANAGEMENT

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL
CAIRO

DJEDDAH GARDENS HOTEL
SAUDI ARABIA

June 10/55 10 a.m.

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin:

Here we are, drifting I want to say;--steaming down the Nile of song and story,--the Nile of Biblical times, so little does it seem to have changed ~~from~~ the times ~~there~~ (In Bible) ~~depicted~~ depicted and recited. in Harr-book The mode of life, the style of house, the beasts of burden and to a great extent the food is, ~~or~~ and seems to be the same much as it was then, today ~~and~~ perhaps alsothe poverty of the masses,--except there may have been fewer mouths to feed, (I wonder?) but certainly ~~a better~~ The distribution and availability of food. For their great undertakings the rulers of Egypt of yester year had to have reasonably well fed workers ~~slaves~~ or workers. I shall have to ask our physical anthropologist if malnutrition so far as there is evidence in old skeletons was as common and as wide spread in Africa as it is today. Last night we stopped at the Temple of Abu Simbil,- at about 7 o'clock,--was a pitch dark ~~outside~~ night but the steamer and its two barges, one on either side, pushed right up on shore.--The temple is wired for light, but without power plant, so the steamer ran a line ashore to connect with a switch box so that we could see the place. It is a series of rather tremendous rooms excavated into a red sand stone hill (or small mountain, running down to nearly the high water mark on shore. The first chamber roof was supported by huge square columns, on the front of each of which was carved a gigantic, standing figure, of which the foot alone was 2-1/2 -3 or more feet long. I would guess, the figure with head dress or helmet to be ~~2~~ 30 feet ~~high~~. ~~We got~~ Some flash light photos, ~~we took~~ inside, but outside where the/even larger figures were seated either of the entrance, ~~was~~ just too much ~~for our~~ "strob," flashlight to properly illuminate. ~~To look at its much like~~

appeared to be all of in height. ~~huge~~ Two There was lot's of them huge for our in that Stygian darkness.

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~~the hillside temple of Rameses ? at Luxor which we have yet to see.~~ ~~There were~~ a number of smaller chambers running laterally and backward from the main or entrance chamber; some manifestly unfinished when the work was stopped. But those that were finished were at one time beautifully decorated,--the characteristic incised carved conventional figures and hieroglyphs, with still traces of color remaining on the less damaged and disintegrated ones,--an altogether worthwhile and impressive sight. But, why in thunderation do they not schedule this place for a daytime stop. It should be a prime tourist attraction and the blooming steamer could easily have left Waid Halfa a couple of hours earlier. These Egyptians (and Sudanese) do an awful lot of what appears to the stranger, unfamiliar with the language,--aimless sitting around. Maybe the climate has something to do with it, at least in summer time for it can get as hot as Hades. Right now it's 94 degrees in our little cabin, not so nice androomy as on the Upper White Nile, but a little two bunk cubby-hole with no cross ventilation. Got up this a.m. to a cool 84degrees.--it was cool and gently breezy. The humidity must be low, forI've never experienced a more balmy, delightful ~~dry~~ early morning, any where Florida, California or anywhere in the Belgian Congo. But on the train ride from Kosti to Khartoum and from Khartoum to Waid Halfa--the saints deliver us, the thermometer in the shade outside our compartment registered 115 degrees! on the hottest of three days; inside with window and door shut and fan going it was 10 degrees cooler (less warm I mean). Yes, the train ride before and after Khartoum from Kosti to Waidi Halfa was as hot as you can get on the Arizona deserts, or should I say in Death Valley, and the scenery about as bleak, and parched and dry, and under as pitiless a steely,

firey sun. One's reaction I've always believed, under circumstances such as these is largely a matter of psychology--don't let it fret you too much, take the weather as it is, and make thebest of it. The Sextons seemed to feel the heat quite a bit, and said I could rest content in my mind, but that they were differently put together. I don't believe any of us realized just what coming down the Nile meant at this time of the year, but it's not so bad, on the steamers when in motion there is really not much to complain about if youtake it reasonably easy in mind and body. Personally I'm happy to have had the opportunity and shall always be grateful to you for having wanted to return from the Congo this way and for having given me and your expedition the opportunity for so doing. It's an experience of a life time, a memorable, and unforgettable one. I am downright sorry you could not have had it too. It's true the main or best tourist season is after mid October. Then you get the balmy morning temperatures about which I exclaimed above, during the day,--Oct.-Dec. or even to January is the recommended time for Egypt, if you are adverse or allergic to heat. But anytime of year Egypt is worth a visit, if only for a look-see, provided you are not pressed for time, or will fly from place to place. But then you'd miss a lot of rest, and leisure, and an intimate view of out of the way places amd people,-and perhaps more important, meeting people who know the country. Some of the missionaries are very intetesting, and we found that a surprising lot of Sudanese and Egyptians speak a very understandable English. The Sudanese, who are on their way to independence (full in '56) are most anxious to cultivate and make a good impression on a much needed, potential big brother-Uncle Sam.

Egypt you know wants to control, or annex the Sudan for many and obvious reasons, the chief of which is the control of all the waters of theNile upon which the entire region is so utterly dependent. The Nile is literally and actually the "Life Blood of Egypt." The May '55 Reader's Digest has an article on the Egypt of today that may be of some interest to you in this connection.

Khartoum is quite the modern city as cities and towns go in this part of the world,--metalled streets, as the British say, (black ϕϕ top or oiled to you or me) through all the major thorough fares, some sidewalks but most are sand. In some ways I believe the unpaved streets are ϕϕϒϒ cooler, certainly they will hold the heat less than paved roads. The stores here are a revelation, everything under the sun from most any part of the world, and an overwhelming lot of American products, canned and manufactured, almost anything you can think of even an ice cream fountain and soda bar, with meno and prices up on the wall as in the chain drug stores at home. This ice cream soda place was in the leading I want to say department store, principally groceries, and liquor. The leading bookstore too, has more English andAmerican literature than you can shake a stick at, magazines of all kinds, from raising children to House Beautiful, Time, Life, and Readers Digest, and an equally wide coverage of English matter, and air editions of London papers just a day old. However, the latest Time was May 9, and I'd already seen the May 23 no. in Entebbe. We visited the library at the Gordon College, a wonderfully complete one for this part of the world and perhaps among the best and most complete in Africa,--South Africa may have a better one, I don't know, or Cairo, where I may not see the library. Our State Department and U. S. Information Service have provided a tremendous lot of American books, Sandberg's Lincoln series, Thomas Jefferson

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(Princeton Univ. publ.) and other equally classic books and a lot of semipopular texts as well. The Natural History Museum, under the auspices of the University College as the Sudanese now call it (Gordon College is, I believe, now incorporated with it) has a very complete series of Sudanese animals, ~~throug~~ though not all the big game animals (these everyone knows, and most of them can be seen in the local zoo). The collection ~~f~~ of birds is superlative, the small mammal series very good; then there are snakes (in alcohol) shells, insects, butterflies, and miscellaneous invertebrates. An immense amount of personal sacrifice went into this small museum. The curator, the professor of Zoology at the college was off on vacation, but I did see the Sudanese assistant curator, who when I asked him for his name (to write in my note book) proudly informed me that he was assistant curator but that he soon expected to be the curator.

All the English, to whom this country and people owe much in the way of improvements and advances, sanitation, health, and educational opportunities, postal and other public services, are pulling out, and the Sudanese are taking over. If only they could curb their anxiety to be free and on their own a little longer, and not be too precipitate in easing out the English, things ~~w~~ would surely go better for them. What they need is an experienced business manager for the country be he an American or English executive. But like all newly independent little countries, they are bound to learn the hard way. In the mission schools Arabic must now be taught as primary language; how long they may tolerate the teaching of English is an open question--how short sighted--they want us to be their big brother in the comity of"nations,"

but still want their own and different language. (I'm getting off on one of my pet obsessions again, English as the universal language./ I wish the Ford Foundation would make that its principal objective. People could help themselves more to American technical assistance and know how if they could read, write, and speak English. The aims of the Ford Foundation abroad would be sooner realized if they spread English over the world. It is the basic approach to the solution of most of the world's problems, for with the understanding among all peoples that one natural language would bring about; many troubles and difficulties due to lack of knowledge of the accomplishments of modern civilization and technological accomplishments would thereby be resolved.)

The University College medical school seems also to be a first class place. How long it will so continue under more complete native administration remains to be seen. The Medical Museum, run in connection with the school, is // wonderfully informative and instructive. It covers all diseases, causative organisms, carriers, remedies, drugs and from what and where obtained, distribution and results of disease, or parasitic infection, and cures;-models, pictures, specimens, and fully descriptive labels make study here as, or more profitable than a mere text book. There is even a series of exhibits entitled "Anthropological aspects of nutrition." What various tribes eat today, and ate in the past,-the later being based in part on bone fragments, seeds and plant remains found in dumps at old village sites. If this information is subject of a publication, I shall try to acquire it because malnutrition is the crying problem among the native tribes of Africa today.

Part of our days stay in Khartoum, the 7th of June was given over to a visit of the primarily native town of Omdurman. This was where

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Col. "Chinese" Gordon was killed in the Mahdi revolt against the English ~~x~~~~x~~~~x~~~~x~~ rule of the Sudan in 1898. It is a thoroughly Arabic, Moslem, Sudanese, place,-buildings, people, products, and atmosphere including dust and dirt and what not. One could well have spent several days, drowsing if not ~~x~~~~x~~~~x~~ buying, in the native ~~x~~~~x~~ shops,--probably rougher (less polished) and lower priced than the Cairo bazars. My buying days are over because I still am packing along some specimens by hand, and with flying have to keep the weight of my baggage down to the allowed weight limits. Sexton did buy a few more ivory objects. There were a lot of gold ornaments for sale, but how pure gold I would not want to say. (In Trinidad I once bought a few "silver" bracelets which proved to be pretty base metal after I got them home. No 14 kt. guarantee as at home; and I "bewared" enough here not to become a buyer.

Yes, Khartoum was hot too, but in the hotel one kept reasonably cool, high, ceiled rooms, thick walls, and ceiling fans. On trains and boats, Juba, and Khartoum hotels, food was good, well prepared and nicely served. These hotels and media of transportation are run by the Sudan Railways and they are doing a bang up job. We have had no complaints; except that from Waidi Halfa to Shellal, where we are due Sat., the 11th of June, the service is not so good; no food complaint, just that the help is little less helpful. Had toask for soap, bath towel, second face towel (2 people in a room), to have Thermos filled with cold water, more marmalade on breakfast table--a number of little attentions that were attended to on the boat from Juba to Kosti, which here on this boat have to be specially and pointedly requested. The nearer you get to civilization the more "sup_____" your waiters and room boys get. (?) or so it seems to be developing as we get along

to Egypt and Egyptians. Will know better after Luxor, and Cairo. But I shall never the simple comfort and easy restfulness, though shore- and shoal-bumped and noisy landing places of the Juba-Kosti stretch. It was a real vacation in a foreign land, and except, that you might have been pressed for time, a trip you would have enjoyed as much as I did. Because of the heat and the dust, the trip from Kosti to Khartoum, and Khartoum to Luxor might be better by air at this time of year, short cutting or rather avoiding the heat we've been experiencing. I'll be better able to tell you if the Abu Simbil temple visit was worth this particular boat "ride." On it one does see the more typical or rather better known Nile scenery, but perhaps that too obtains just as well at Luxor. Shall let you know. We are being warned that Luxor will be the hottest place yet (this time of year). I'm keeping my fingers crossed, and giving out a prayer for the film, we hope yet to expose at Luxor and the pyramids. The Sextons say this heat we've been passing through could fog (to some extent at least) our film, as much as light leakage. There is no way of now checking ~~it~~ by development any of the film now being exposed. If a little by copying (or duplicating) back in the States. So far as possible, and if the film lasts, they are going to take the worth while things both ways,-normal and under, so as to insure our getting something out of the Nile trip in the way of color pictures. We are as crowded aboard here, as on the upper Nile. Besides ourselves 3 Americans, there are three Englishmen who with us got on at ~~Juba~~ Juba. Mr. Warner, the piano player, "concert artist" returning home to England after visiting a married daughter in Kenya (as I did also, he lost his only son in the late war); a young architect, and a young auditor, both going back to England on an earned vacation,

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ut returning later to duty in Africa. The architect is F. T. Birch of Dor es Salaam, Tanganyika, the auditor, P. J. Le P. Quadrick, of same place; did not realize they were travelling together, thought they were chance acquaintenances making same trip. For both it is first trip down Nile. We lose them when we stop over in Luxor.

At 2:30 our room temperature is 99 degrees and not so hot as it soundm. I'm adding these words in the dining "room," the only place I can write without having the paper blow out from under my hands.

Assouan

This morning, June 11, we arrived in Assouan, town of the great Nile dam, started in 1898. Last night we tied up along shore just to passthe night so that we would not get here before 8 a.m. We passed customs with little trouble. It's just wonderful what a special passport, such as the Smithsonian gets its field workers, will do,--nothing was opened and here we are before and since lunch waiting in theGrand Hotel for 5 p.m. train departure for Luxor. It's cooler here just 104 degrees and honestly it's quite comfortable, I am perspiring the least bit, and according to the papers Luxor is 4 degrees-6 degrees cooler. When you see the granite quarries here from which the Egyptian obelisk in New York was cut--hard reddish granite, and cut by hand and prized loose with wooden wedges, wet to make them swell you will realize the energy output that is humanly possible in this warm and desert country. And what they knew about simple physical phenomena is amazing--and how they applied them to their work. It's because of this unique granite ledge that this great Assouan Dam was put across the river at this point; guide says

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it's the only granite outcrop in Egypt. Could be but I do want to check on it.

I don't think you would really have minded this Sudan-Egyptian heat too much any more than I have. The interest in what you see, and the experience of a life that it is, more than offsets any minor inconvenience or discomfort, that some folks may complain about. No, I have no complaints, only a deep sense of gratitude to you both. Hope I can make it up to you in one way or another in the years to come.

Of Luxor, I shall write from Cairo and maybe of Cairo too at that time, and after that it will be from Washington, after which as soon as I can get some pictures together I'll be up to see you and pay my respects and thanks to you. The movie will take a bit longer. I'll be writing you again.

Good luck, good wishes, and best ever.

WLS

Draft typed Aug. 17, 1955

Dear Bruce and Mrs Bredin

June 10/55
10 a.m.

Here we are, drifting I want to say; — steaming down the Nile of song and story, — the Nile of Biblical times, so little does it seem to have changed from the times (in Bible) there depicted and recited. The mode of life, the style of house, the beasts of burden and to a great extent the food is or seems to be the same as it was then, and perhaps also the poverty of the masses, — except ~~[illegible]~~ there may have been fewer mouths to feed (I wonder?) but certainly a better distribution of food. For their great undertakings the rulers of Egypt of yesteryear had to have reasonably well fed workers (slaves?). I shall have to ask our physical anthropologist if malnutrition so far as there is evidence in old skeletons was as common and as wide spread in Africa as it is today. Last night we stopped at the temple of Abu Simbil, — at about 7 o'clock, was pitch dark outside but the steamer and its two barges, one

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would guess, the figure with headdress or
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a number of smaller chambers running

laterally and backward from the main or entrance chamber; some manifestly unfinished when the work was stopped But those that were finished were at one time beautifully decorated, — the characteristic incised curved conventional figures and hieroglyphs, with still traces of color remaining on the less damaged and disintegrated ones, — an altogether worthwhile and impressive sight. But why in Hunderathm do they not schedule this place for a daytime stop. It should be a prime tourist attraction and the blooming steamer could easily have left Wadi Halfa a couple of hours earlier. These Egyptians (and Sudanese) do an awful lot of what appears to the stranger, unfamiliar with the language, — aimless sitting around. Maybe the climate has something to do with it, at least in summer time for it can get as hot as Dades. Right now it's 94° in our little cabin, not so nice and roomy as on the Upper White Nile, but a little less bunk cubby-hole with no cross ventilation. Got up this a.m. to a cool 84° — it was cool and gently breezy. The humidity must

below, for I've never experienced a more balmy delightful early morning, any where Fla. Calif. or anywhere in the Belgian Congo. But on the train ride from Kosti to Khartoum and from Khartoum to Wadi Halfa — the saints deliver us, the thermometer in the shade outside our compartment registered 115°! on the hottest of three days; inside with window + door shut and fan going it was 10° cooler (less warm I mean). Yes, the train ride before and after Khartoum, from Kosti to Wadi Halfa was as hot as you can get on the Arizona deserts, or should I say in Death Valley, and the scenery about as bleak, and parched and dry, and under as pitiless a steely fire sun. One's reaction, I've always believed, under circumstances such as these is largely a matter of psychology — don't let it fret you do much, take the weather as it is, and make the best of it. The Sextons seemed to feel the heat quite a bit, and said I could rest confident in my mind, but had they were

differently
about together. I don't believe any of us realized just what coming down the Nile meant at this time of the year, but its not so bad, on the steamers when in motion there is really not much to complain about if you take it reasonably easy in mind and body. Personally I'm happy to have had the opportunity and shall always be grateful to you for having wanted to return from the Congo this way and for having given me and your expedition the opportunity for so doing. Its an experience of a life time, a memorable, and unforgettable one. I am down-right sorry you could not have had it too. Its true the main tourist season is (best) after mid October. Then you get the balmy morning temperatures about which I exclaimed above, during the day — Oct — Dec or even January is the recommended time for Egypt, if you are adverse or allergic to heat. But any time of year Egypt is worth a visit, if only for a look-see, provided you are not pressed for time, or will fly from place to place. But then you'd miss a lot of rest, and leisure, and an intimate

view
of out of way places and people — and perhaps more important, meeting people who know the country. Some of the missionaries are very interesting, and we found that a surprising lot of Sudanese and Egyptians speak a very understandable English. The Sudanese who are on their way to independence (full in '56) are most anxious to cultivate and make a good impression on a much needed, potential big brother — Uncle Sam. Egypt you know wants to control, or annex the Sudan for many and obvious reasons, the chief of which is the control of all the waters of the Nile upon which the entire region is so utterly dependant. The Nile is literally and actually the Life Blood of Egypt. The May '55 Reader's Digest has an article on Egypt that may be of some interest to you in this connection.

Khartoum is quite the modern city as cities and towns go in this part of the world — metalled streets as the British say, (black top or oiled to you or me) through all the major thoroughfares, some sidwalks

but most are sand. In some ways I believe the unpaved streets are cooler, certainly they will hold the heat less than paved roads. The stores here are a revelation, everything under the sun from most any part of the world, and an overwhelming lot of American products, canned and manufactured, almost anything you can think of even an ice cream fountain and soda bar, with menu and prices up on the wall as in the chain drug stores at home. This icecream soda place was in the leading I want to say department store, principally groceries, and liquor. The leading bookstore does has more English and American literature than you can shake a stick at, magazines of all kinds, from raising children to House Beautiful, Time, Life, and Readers Digest, and an equally wide coverage of English printed matter, and air editions of London papers just a day old. However, the latest Time was May 9, and I'd already seen the May 23 no. in Entebbe. We visited the library at the Gordon College, a wonderfully complete one for this part of the world and perhaps among

one best and most complete in Africa. South Africa may have a better one, I don't know or Cairo, where I may not see the library. Our State Department + U.S Info. Service have provided a tremendous lot of American books, Sundbergs Lincoln series, Thomas Jefferson letters (Princeton Univ publ.) and other equally classic books and a lot of semi-popular boxes as well. The Natural History Museum, under the auspices of the University College as the Sudanese now call it (Gordon College is, I believe now incorporated with it) has a very complete series of Sudanese animals, though not all the big game animals (these everyone knows, and most of them can be seen in the local zoo. The collection of birds is superlative, the small mammal series very good; then there are snakes (in alcohol) shells insects, butterflies and misc. invertebrates. An immense amount of personal sacrifice went into this small museum. The curator, the professor of Zool, at the college has often vacation, but I did see the Sudanese

assistant curator, who when I asked him for his name (to write it in my note book) proudly informed me that he was assistant curator but that he soon expected to be the curator.

All the English, to whom this country and people owe much in the way of improvements and advances, sanitation, health and educational opportunities, postal and other public services, are pulling out, and the Sudanese are taking over. If only they could curb their anxiety to be free and on their own a little longer, and not be so precipitate in easing out the English, things would surely go better for them. What they need is an experienced business manager for the country be he an American or English executive. But like all newly independant little countries they are bound to learn the hard way. In the missim schools Arabic must now be taught as primary language; however long they may tolerate the teaching of English is an open question — how short sighted — they must us to be their big brother in the comity of "nations", but still want their own

and different language. ((I'm getting off on one of my pet obsessions again, English as the universal language. I wish the Ford Foundation would make that its principal objective. People could help themselves more & American technical assistance & know how if they could read write and speak English. The aims of the Ford Foundation abroad would be sooner realized if they spread English over the world. It is the basic approach to the solution of most of the worlds problems, for with the understanding among all peoples that one natural language would bring about many troubles and difficulties due to lack of knowledge of the accomplishments of modern civilization and technological accomplishments would thereby be resolved)).

The University College medical school seems also to be a first class place, how long it will so continue under more complete native administration remains to be seen. The Medical Museum run in connection with

the school is wonderfully informative and instructive
It covers all diseases, causative organisms, carriers
remedies, drugs and where obtained, distribution
and results of disease, or parasitic infection,
and cures; - models, pictures, specimens, and
fully descriptive labels, make study here as
or more profitable than a mere text book.
There is even a series of exhibits entitled "Anthro-
pological aspects of nutrition" What various
tribes eat today, and ate in the past) - the
later being based in part on bone
fragments, seeds and plant remains found
in dumps at old village sites. This branch
is subject of a publication by I shall try to
acquire it because malnutrition is the crying
problem among the native tribes of Africa today.

Part of our days stay in Khartoum, the
7th of June has given over to a visit of the
primitive town of Omdurman. This was where
Col. "Chinese Gordon was killed in the Mahdi
revolt against the English rule of the Sudan
in 1898. It is a thoroughly Arabic, Moslem,
Sudanese, place - buildings, people, products
and atmosphere including dust and dirt
and what not. One could well have spent

several days
browsing if not buying in the native shops, probably
rougher (less polished) and lower priced than
the Cairo bazars. My buying days are over
because I still ~~have~~ packing along some speci-
mens by hand, and with flying have to keep
~~the~~ weight of my baggage down to the allowed
weight limits. Sexton did buy a few more
ivory objects. There were a lot of gold orna-
ments for sale, but how pure gold I would not
want to say (In Trinidad I once bought
a few "silver" bracelets which proved to
be pretty base metal after I got them home
~~Not~~ 14kt. guarantee as at home; and I be-
lieve enough here not to become a buyer.

Yes, Khurtoum has hot tho, but in hostel one
kept reasonably cool, high ceiled rooms
thick walls and ceiling fans. On trains and
boats, Juba, and Khurtoum hotels, food
was good, well prepared and nicely served.
These hotels and media of transportation
are run by the Sudan Railways and
they are doing a bang up job. We have
had no complaints; except that from

Wadi Halfa to Shellal, where we are due Sat. the 11th of June, the service is not so good; no food complaint, just that the help is little less helpful. Had to ask for soap, bath towel, second face towel (2 people in a room), to have thermos filled with cold water, more marmalade on breakfast table — a number of little attentions that were attended to on the boat from Juba to Kosti, which here on this boat have to be specially and pointedly requested. The nearer you get to civilization the more "spoiled" your waiters & room boys get. (??) or so it seems to be developing as we get along to Egypt and Egyptians. Will know better after Luxor, and Cairo. But I shall never forget the simple comfort and easy restfulness, though shore-and shoal-bumped and noisy landing places of the Juba-Kosti stretch. It was a real vacation in a foreign land, and except, that you might have been pressed for time, a trip you would have enjoyed as much as I did. Because of the heat, the dust, the trip from Kosti to Khartoum and Khartoum to Luxor might better by air at this time of year, thus cutting or rather avoiding the heat we've been

experiencing. I'll be better able to tell you if the Abu Simbil temple visit was worth this particular boat "ride" (unit) one does see the more typical or rather better known Nile scenery but perhaps that too obtains just as well at Luxor. Shall let you know. We are being warned that Luxor will be the hottest place yet (this time of year). I'm keeping my fingers crossed, and giving out a prayer for the film, we hope yet to expose at Luxor and the Pyramids; the Sextons say this heat weve been passing through could fog (to some extent at least) our film, as much as light leakage. There is no way of now checking by development any of the film now being exposed. If a little under exposed the color can be brought back by copying (or duplicating) back in the States. So far as possible, and if the film lasts, they are going to like the north white things best always normal & under, so as to insure our getting something out of the Nile trip in the way of color pictures. We are as crowded aboard here, as on the upper Nile, Besides ourselves 3 Americans there are three Englishmen, who with us got on at Juba. Mr Warner, the piano player, concert artist &

returning home to England after visiting a married daughter in Kenya (as I did also, he lost his only son in the late War); a young architect, and a young auditor, both going back to England on an earned vacation, but returning later to duty in Africa. The architect, is F.T. Bird, of Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika; the auditor, P.J. Le P. Quadrick, of same place; did not realize they were travelling together, thought they were chance acquaintences making same trip. For both it is first trip down Nile. We lose them when we stop over in Luxor.

At 2:30 our room temperature is 99°, and not so hot as it sounds. I'm adding Reso words in the dining "room" the only place I can write without having the paper blow out from under my hands.

Assouan

This morning, June 11, we arr. in Assouan, town of the great Nile dam, started in 1898. Last night we tied up along shore just to pass the night so that we would not get here before 8 a.m. We passed customs with little trouble. It's just wonderful what a spl. passport, such as the Smithsonian gets its field workers, will do, — nothing was opened and here we are since before lunch waiting in the Grand Hotel for 5 p.m. train departure for Luxor. It's cooler here just 104° and honestly it's quite comfortable, I'm

perspiring the least bit, and according to the papers Luxor is 4-6° cooler. When you see the granite quarries here from which the Egyptian obelisks in N.Y. was cut — hard reddish granit, and cut by hand and prised loose with wooden wedges, not to make them swell you will realize the energy output that is humanly possible in this warm and desert country. And what they knew about simple physical phenomena is amazing — and how they applied them to their work. It's because of this unique granite ledge that this great Assauan Dam must put across the river at this point; guide says it the only granite outcrop in Egypt. Could be but I do want to check on it. I don't think you would really have minded this Sudden — Egyptian heat too much any more than I have. The interest in what you see, and the experience of a life that it is, more than offsets any minor inconvenience or discomfort, that some folks may complain about. No I have no complaints only a deep sense of gratitude to you both. Hope I can make it up to you in one way or another in the years to come.

Of Luxor, I shall write from Cairo and maybe of Cairo too at that time, and after that it will be from Washington, after which as soon as I can get some pictures together I'll be up to see you and pay my respects and thanks to you, the movie will take a bit longer. I'll be writing soon again. Good luck, good wishes, and the best ever

May 29, 1955
Aboard Nile str. Rejaf

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin:

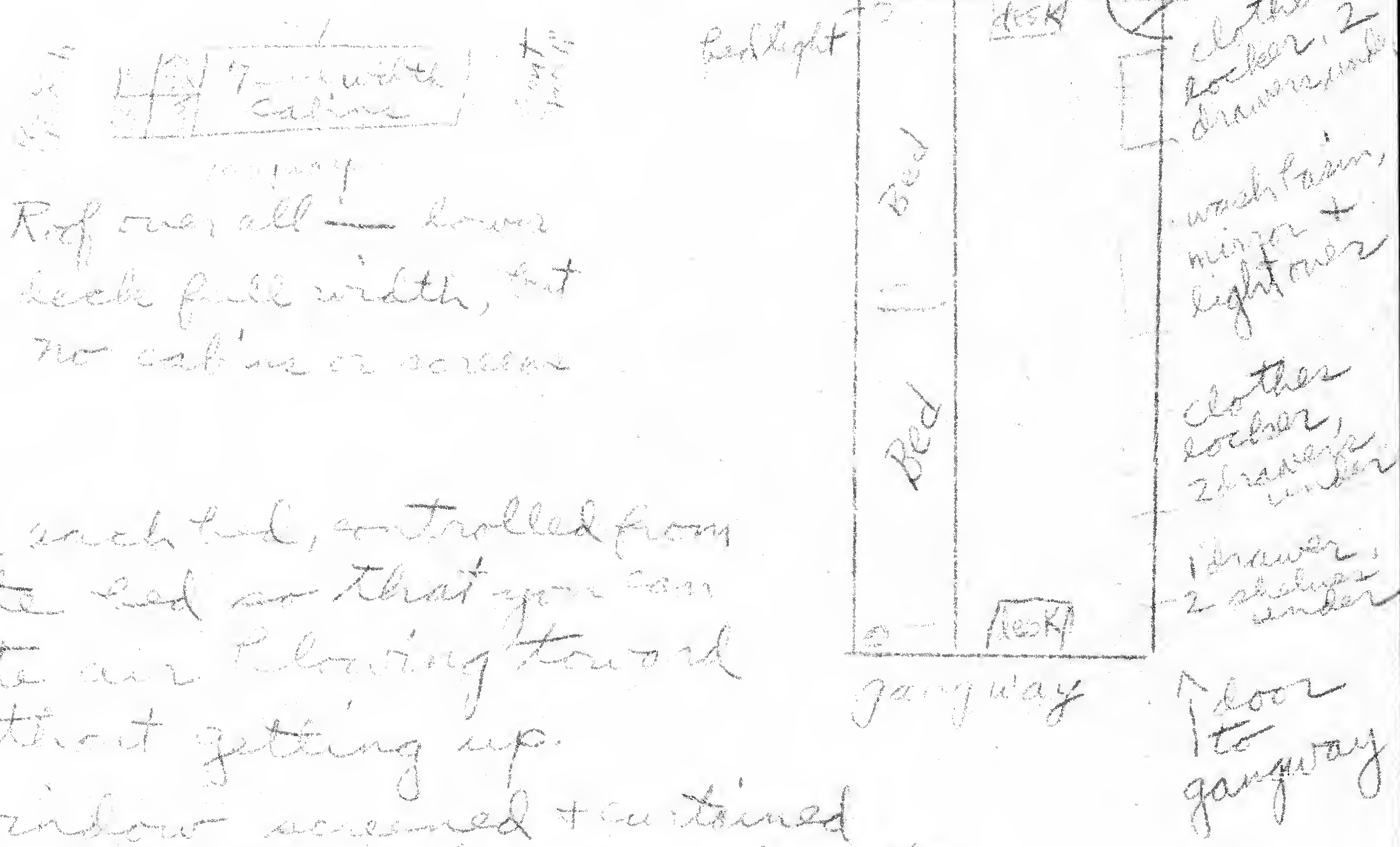
It's a"cool" 85 in the little stateroom that I share with Dr. Baker, where in mid-afternoon the thermometer by the cabin door reads 98 degrees. On the deck below some of the Moslem "boys" are going through with their devotions directed Mecca-wards. With the lowering of the sun behind the distant rain clouds to the west, the evening breezes seem to drift across the endless, grassy, scrubby aluvial plains that border this channel of the Nile on which we float, as far as the eye can reach, to either horizon. Or is it the motion of the steamer or the two electric fans, one over each bed that makes us think a breeze is blowing? No, the tall shore-line reeds (papyrus) and grasses are bowing their heads to it. The fresher cooler evening air is welcome, and we have yet in Africa to have trouble sleeping nights. It is surprising and hart to believe, but a lot of our comfort here on this historic river, said to be the longest in the world, and at Juba, our take-off-point for Cairo, is due to the fans in our rooms. They have a lot to do with it, I'm sure.

This is a sudden jump into the last lap of your expedition and shortly I shall back-track to let you know what happened between my ~~ø~~ last, suddenly ended letter and the present one.---

This trip down the Nile is all and more than we expected and "we ain't seen nothing yet." First of all, at Juba it was impossible to board the river steamer, the river was too low; the sand bar below the town had just 4 feet of water over it and the steamer needed a minimum 5. Thus we were forced to take to busses furnished by the company, and drive 72 miles over land (2-1/2 hrs.) to get 10 miles downstream where the boat was tied up at Mangalla. We left the hotel (Juba) shortly after 7 but did not get aboard the steamer until near 11; first we got aboard a house boat like barge, transferred to a second of the same kind along side

May 29, cont. aboard Nile str.

the steamer, which is our present home. This is a two deck affair; main deck just a couple of feet out of water, has lockers, freight and natives on it, the upper deck our cabins, the Sextons', Baker's and mine, and 5 others just like them, two W.C. rooms, and two bathrooms these last are just forward of the ream "porch," screen enclosed; at the forward end is a similar one, also with easy chairs and coffee or tea tables, as you like.



I can so make a better drawing, and should have put it on a separate pc. of paper, so that when I botched it I could do it over, with no one the wiser, but it was just too much to do over the first 2 pp. of this letter. Yes, we slept under sheets, and no mosquitoes.---

May 29, cont, aboard Nile str.

The steamer is pushing one barge (house boat like ours) with a second more open two decked one full of native families,-has our houseboat on right side, and a steel decked (with hatches) cargo barge on the right; on its deck are tethered some goats of assorted colors and sizes, an automobile and sundry drums, and cases, on the hatches are always a number of natives enjoying the sun, the air, and the scenery. The steamer proper is a 3 decker, natives, boiler, engines, and cargo on main deck; front porch, dining room, pantry over kitchen below, and a lot of smaller cabins or cubicals, 2 bunk affairs open to either gang way, but without the cross draft we enjoy, all occupied by natives of some standing and means, Hindus and Egyptians. One is a Col. in the Egyptian army traveling with wife, maid, and 3 children (boy about 1, girl 2, and boy 3). Parents were educated in the American College in Cairo, father at least has his Bachelor's degree; both speak a very good English, the wife though less fluent has the better vocabulary. On our houseboat, are two girls, one from the States, R.I. teaching in a Presbyterean missionary school in Ourdoman, near Khartou, the other Arabian, sharing the same cabin and also teaching in the mission school; the American girl is studying Arabic needed for further school work--both are (were) on vacation to Juba, though we did not meet them there. It was the Army officer who made us acquainted. Then there are 4 Englishmen in separate cabins, one a Mr. Warner, a concert pianist of parts, an older grey haired man carrying a wooden practice board or panel (Virgil Klavier?) who plays his way from white settlement to white settlement in English Africa, first time down the Nile though, but has toured Brazil also. Another is a young architect from Kenya going home on vacation after two years out, the two others I know less about,--one is retiring after an African tour of duty, the

May 29, cont. aboard Nile str.

other? I'll probably know more in a few days, if of interest. That's the white population aboard besides your party. The room and mess attendants are Moslems, probably all Arabs, but I can also believe one or two are Hindus (or rather East Indians). Some of cooks, and "below-decks" gang are black, the sooty black of the Sudanese natives of these parts, but the Sudanese citizens of today are from all over the world. Greek from Crete runs one of the leading grocery and general supply stores in town (Juba)--and so on.

Now to get moving down the river; our stern wheeler, two wheels, one either side at extreme rear and but not extending out beyond the sides of the steamer for very good reasons, connected with our mode of travel. The ~~reasons~~ Nile up here though cut into numerous channels runs with considerable speed if not force and carries this vessel along so well that what we have for twin rudders cannot make the often sharp turns in the channel or about the many scattered islands. Thus we just swing and drift on these occasions up against the bank, this side of or the other, with a good bang. Sometime, the churning paddles get us out and off the soft mud without much difficulty. At others you begin to think maybe we shall be a week here.--Then there are occasional shallows on which we ground and struggle over. Our progression is a series of bumps and grinds, most unexpected and consequently a bit startling at times, especially in dead of night,--but we are getting used to them; they are not so bad or so many as it sounds. There are many nice long straight-aways over which we do make good time, but never-the-less we do carrom first off one side and then off the other more times than you'd care to count. At some places our channel is all of a hundred ~~yards~~ yards wide, at a few even narrower, and at many others

much wider. The greatest handicap to further progress is the back and forth windings of the sloughs or channels, never long in the same direction, we may have the sun on our right, left, ahead or behind, mostly it's on the left though, still it's a regular three feet forward and two back sort of affair, much as with the mountain roads we traversed getting down to Ruindi camp, and later, from Bukavu to Uvira, or have I said this a page or two back. It's a nice and restful trip so far. We were rather tired after the many daysa-tour and this our first day out was a lot of lolling around, and some napping I must confess on the part of all of us to a greater or lesser degree. The "younger" fellows seemed to be harder hit than the older ones.

And now the upper Nile scenery,--from Juba on flat and level savannahs, or swamps, occasional higher (yet still low) ground with scrubby trees, but mostly with tall grass cover so high and deep that an elephant can hide in it at least when lying down; standing up you can see no more than half his back, his uplifted trunk, and huge flapping ears. Along here I'm telling you of two days experiences. We've seen many elephants. On the 29th a few scattered individuals, today the 30th, many more;--Right after breakfast 5, though at first could discern but three huge forms in the tall grass but as the skipper blew the whistle, two others stood up, and one in defiance, perhaps, raised his trunk high over his head in the threatening manner used by elephants about to charge or attack. With a further blast they turned away. Then before lunch a little further away than the first group we saw a seldom seen sight, ~~ø~~ a herd of some 50-60 animals, some of apparently great size. Certainly these elephants reach a far greater

May 29, cont. aboard Nile str.

size than those we saw in the Congo parks, is it a fact or just an illusion? I'll have to check published records. But these Nile dwellers do have a greater abundance of lush food and therefore the opportunity of growing faster and to maximum size. Still later in the day toward three o'clock May 30 there were three or four almost down to the water's edge as we steamed by scarcely more than a stone's throw away. There are a number of white herons along the bank and an occasional larger individual. Several large hippos, and crocodiles have been seen but not photographed. In most remote and isolated stretches there will be one or more native huts, and several swarthy natives. Not all come out of their thatch houses if in them, to acknowledge the passing steamer, but several times where there were more houses (and people) the little community of several dozen, or rather a dozen or two turned out. Only the women wore a sack-like brown garment from shoulder straps to knees; the men and youngsters were "complete" in birthday clothes, with only a string of beads around the waist by way of adornment. Of course we've made a number of stops, for native passenger and local cargo, one last evening another this morning between 4 and 5 a.m. This last a place called Bor is an important army camp, with stone dockside walls and many clothed natives but with an unabashed sprinkling of the undressed men from the remoter parts of the river, I have yet to see an _____ the Sudanese woman. On striking feature of those bead-string wearing men is their extraordinarily long legs.--Never have seen the like, must check this with our anthropologist at Museum. The mendo not strike us (at least me, as immodest). They just fit naturally into the scenery, and surroundings in even the larger settlements, and you, the other inhabitants and the people concerned themsleves, think nothing of it--and that's true.

bead=half price of cattle and so show financial standing of ——

May 29, cont. aboard Nile str.

This is the morning of the 31st of May. It opens warm and with a leaden sky, quite in contrast with the clear moonlight overhead last night. That with the bright stars petered out toward the horizon, for over in the S. W. corner were cloud banks shot through with heat lightening from time to time. Off to the north and west were bright spots of fire (clearing land for cultivation) where during the daylight hours only palls of smoke were visible. As endless and as largely uninhabited as these vast swampy plains seem to be human activity is made visible in one way or another. Man is everywhere, though not yet occupying every square inch of our limited Earth's surface.

The night of the 31st was as uneventful as usual, and as usual with its bumps and grinds.About midnight we had a rude awakening, a terrific bump on bar or bank that almost parted us from our barges and house-"boats." We just can't escape this method of steering us downstream with a push off this and then that bank. Our black captain does know his business, currents, channels, shoals and bars and how to make them all work for him. We have to make so many sharp turns. As a swimmer in a narrow tank, giving himself a push with his foot against the wall, so we too work our way down stream. Last night the temperature wend down to 80degrees, but we were most comfortable. It is a peaceful, restful experience gliding (and bumping) our way down the Nile. It is indeed the lotus-land of song and story, and but for the urge to do, could be an opiate from which it would be difficult to awake. While it lasts is may not be too bad for us but forever,--let the Egyptians have it. The output of human energy evidenced by the Pyramids, which we have yet to see, must have been tremendous. It may be, as Ellsworth Huntington argued, that the climate ~~of~~ ath the height of the Egyptian civilization was cooler and more temperate than today, but it is also a fact that in their way the

May 29, cont. aboard Nile str.

American engineers with much the same labor available are achieving equally remarkable results with their oil-pipe lines and refineries in the hot climate of today; but whether they or their direct descendants could continue to do so here year after year is another question. The Pharoahs or at least the men about them must have been able men and executives to have done all they did in the days of Egypt's glory.

The meals aboard are simple and about what we've gotten elsewhere in Africa--Tea with hot milk, sugar, and on sweet wafer, at 6 a.m. or so. Breakfast at 8,--glass of fruit juice, bacon and two fried eggs, bread, butter, marmalade, coffee, milk and sugar. Lunch, (1:30) soup, cold fish or fish salad, meat course with potatoes (stew, steak or mutton, etc.) vegetable: peas, string beans, white beans, or carrots, dessert usually a chilled pudding (blanc mange?), turkish coffee, bread, and butter---Turkish coffee a thick, rather sweet brew, black as night, in a small after dinner coffee cup, half full of sediment like so much mud,--which you just can't drink. Dinner, 8 p.m. is lunch repeated, had spagetti instead of fish course today, potatoes, and carrots instead of the noon-time string beans. There is enough, but not too much food available;--the service is more expeditious than any place we've dined in yet,--the boys are efficient and seem to want to have their work over with as soon as possible which seems to be Arab as well as the American way. At 4 p.m. tea is served again, with sweet crackers; there's plenty of it, milk and sugar, too.

May 29, cont. aboard Nile str.

I'm sure you folks would have liked this Nile trip. It's much like an ocean trip for restfulness, but there's not the room to move about as on a larger ship yet you can rest and read and look about and rest again,--the opportunities for getting ashore to do minor collecting are not what I thought from past accounts of other travellers. Where these boats formerly stopped to take on wood for fuel,--they are steamers,--today the boilers are all diesel-fired and stops at little towns or villages are scarcely ten minute or less affairs,--dropping or taking on a few things or people and moving on. On either side of the Nile channel that we are traveling the papyrus plants must be standing 8 to 10 feet high above the water level so that you see no more than green walls with sky above, the muddy water and thesteamer and barges between. So far we've seen not too much native, or wild animal life, even though it's still dry season, In the wet, now over due, the animals which normally (in dry season) hug the river banks,scatter far over the land; and we've been lucky with our weather,--still no rain-made difficulties. Each day I expect to see the rains start, but the time is not yet.

May 29, cont. aboard Nile str. June 1, 1955

Yesterday's stops included Shambe at 1 p.m., and that night Adok 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. Junel. Here also the crowds include all the types we've seen right along, the long legged, swarthy-black, very skinny "Neur" people, and the Arabs who are everywhere. The Neur men wear a chain ~~of~~ or girdle of beads around their middle, and maybe also a necklace (bright red, green, yellow, white, blue there must have been I don't recall it), and silver earrings through the upper part of the ear, not the lobe as with the women. The Arabs all wear long white (occasionally blue cotton robes, and either a skull cap alone or under a turban. To make a landing the steamer thrusts one or another of the barges it's pushing down stream at an angle onto the beach (shore) a crude gangway of two planks held together by cleats is put over, and then the swarming back and forth starts, like a hurrying stream of busy ants from ship to shore and vice versa; buying and bartering are the order of the day or hour,-- for native mats, stools, goats (we are carrying a number I think I mentioned), chickens, freshly caught fish, garden vegetables, sugar cane etc. We got a fair variety of fresh vegetables, carrots and greens, and even ripe tomatoes. At breakfast twice now we've had sliced watermelon. It's an almost variety when ripe, and sweet.

Adok was about the noisest place yet encountered. The place is an important trading "post" for stout, rolled up mats or what we might call porch curtains or blinds. The Egyptians use them that way, for roofing base, house partitions, light fences and what not. Hereabouts the natives make them, and the Arab traders aboard buy them. (Most of the crew and mess boys seem to be traders working on the str. for the "free" ride and trading opportunities) The mats are carted aboard and carried

down the river. I'd like to follow them through to their ultimate destination. Iwas told that a large mat or roll, 8 x 10 feet ± sells for 15 piasters (45 cents) here at river side. There is a lot of noisy bidding and bargaining, and in the 3 hours that we were here some 100, perhaps 200 mats were picked up by the "traders." A number of hold-outs did not want to accept the low prices offered, but most of these caved in when the steamer whistled its impending departure, (1:30 a.m.). I feel sorry for these up river natives, the buyers have the upper hand the steamer conly comes once in two weeks, and if you do not come to the trader's terms, your mat, which represents hours of work is left in your hands and the dealer has bought your neighbors' mats instead of yours. At home we have a number of palm (luala) mats from the South Pacific, costing shipping home perhaps a couple of dollars each. They measure from 2-1/2 x 6 or 7 feet to 4 x 8 or so. In Bullsch's Pasadena store the price was 50 cents a square foot for the identical things or was in 1948 when I was last in California (not counting a hurried two weeks last February).

The steamer has one small search light that illuminated but a very small part of the dirt bank that formed the landing stage. How the purchaser could seewhat he was getting was beyond me, but mats were unrolled, rolled up again and brought aboard. It was a fantastic sight, each native with one or more rolled up mats standing six, eight, and I want to say 10 feet up in the air beside him, like a forest of dead white tree trunks minus their branches, in the half illuminated, half Stygian darkness. The hubbub and the sound was that of the tower of Babel twice compounded. I was almost moved to buy several but there

was no way for me to get them back to the States without a lot of trouble, too much to make them worth the while. As you know from boat we transfer to train around the cataract before taking the boat again. But one can buy an awful lot of work for very little cash in the Upper Nile country.

Before lunch this day June 1 at 11:45 p.m. we tied up at Buffalo Cape (in parenthesis on the chart posted on the upper deck, "Fangak Kir"). A repetition of the place previously visited,--the thatched huts and native dwellings, maybe a little differently disposed back from the shore, but with the life, and habits, smells and sounds pretty much the same. Since the day after Mongalla, part of June 30 through June 1, all we've seen of shore vegetation has been largely papayrus,--miles and miles and better than two whole days of it. Onewonders why these plants are not being used for paper manufacture; the old Egyptians did; and sure enough before the first world war the Germans tried their hands at it, but dismantled, wrecked or blew up the plant with the advent of the war. If pursued, the English, or the Egyptian goverment might be able to turn up some records; the place they had their "factory½ was Lake No. [Yes, "No."]

Temperature quite late at night June 1 was 84 degrees though I was not awake at the time a brief stop was made at Tonga. These names will help trace the Nile channels we traversed. By the morning of June 2nd we had passed out of papyrus land. The shores were drier, and with grass and occasional, and at times scattered trees and small groves of them.

Above I should have put in that at Cape Buffalo the most striking thing was the long piles of three foot long wood, sticks or rather trunks of small trees perhaps 3-4 inches in diameter. They still are used for firewood but no longer to generate steam on the river boats, most are

now oil fired (steam boilers), but few old wood burners are left. Wood is too scarce and too much needed for home cooking in native huts; and in the galley aboard too. What this Arab cook of ours can't turn out on that old wood burning kitchen range is a caution, very, very, tasty dinners, occasionally pastries that you'd like to have more of. We could use him in the States. Also at Cape Buffalo were large sacks of dura, kaffir corn, sorghum to us. Had sorghum syrup this noon over a number of tiny cream puff like pastries, minus the filling and they were good had six but the waiter moved the platter to the next table; happily I should say. I shouldn't eat so much in places where I can't climb on the scales (haven't seen my weight in two months, and believe it's still as before[I hope]).

Five a.m. saw Attar, and all I could see was a large metal roofed church little way back from shore. Not a church I learned later but a government secondary school (high school about) that has under the same roof a Protestant as well as Catholic chapel! An American missionary told me that the Sudan government pays about 3/4 the cost of the schools and schooling, the native, and resident children get; there seem to be few primary schools, and higher as well that are purely state run and build. This Attar school seems to be one of them and wisely caters to both faiths; Moslems have their own schools, but government which has so little of schools and qualified teachers does pay 3/4 of all expences, buildings, furnishings and teachers' salaries. I think it's grand, wise and far seeing. How much is due to English influence I do not know. How long it will continue is anybody's guess. Full independence comes to the Sudan in '56. Already Arabic must be taught in all schools as

May 29, cont. aboard Nile str.

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the national tongue in addition to any others used or taught; I think it's a backward step. When the world needs a universal language and English is the best ~~á~~ available because trade, and the American G. I. has taken it to the far corners of this small earth of ours; this small, new independent country gets so nationalistic that it cuts its nose off to spite its face. The North is very English in speech, because of the long English occupation, the south was largely Arabic as far as official language went, and now all is to be Arabic. When, for purely selfish reasons, commercial and educational (the world literature, scientific and otherwise, is largely English) English should be fostered and retained whether the Sudanese (or the Egyptians love the English [Britishers] or not). Yes, I do want to do an article on English as a universal language the first chance I get.

June 2, 1955

7 a.m. Obail another small stop, the two young missionary girls went ashore here. Last night was cooler 78 degrees. This morning over cast and with little rain, the rainy season is over due. At 9:30 we put in at Malakal; Here we have the residence of the territorial governor, it is a thriving community of some 15,000 people, blacks, Nuers, Shilluks, and Arabs and a few white missionaries, Arabs and Egyptians, an imposing mosque out of a tan colored stone that dominates the entire town and country side. Along the water front is a"sea-wall" against which are tied quite a number of steamers, mostly freight and a number of launches, also an air strip and field with tower, experimental agricultural farm, and the headquarters of the Egyptian Irrigation Department, a joint (international) affair between the government concerned with the waters of the Nile. The Egyptian

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Army Col. aboard undertook to show us about town. He paid his respects to the governor who warned that we should be careful with picture taking as some natives resent it. We did snap the Mosque however. A little later the Col. took Baker and myself to call on the deputy irrigation inspector, also an Egyptian (the chief was away on a field trip). He took us to his sumptously furnished home, served us cold lemonade (with soda) and then proceeded to show us the town in his station wagon. That's how we saw the air field, the addition built to the local power plant. He was goint to take us out to the experimental farm when the steamer whistle blew for departure. By the time we got back to landing place, it was out in midstream. The inspector said not to worryy, he'd run us all the way to Khartoum if necessary, so we went to the Irrigation Dept.'s. landing, and while they were warming up a launch, another of the same department came along and took us out to our steamer. The Sextons, who went up town shopping, while we went to the Irrigation Dept. were aboard and thought we were, too. When they discovered we were not and couldn't make themselves quite clear to our Arabic crew, whose English is limited, Roy said "I was nearer being sick than anytime on the trip." All's well that ends well and we are moderately enjoying today's 99 degree temperature. Really, it's not as bad as it sounds. It's true that I have to put a piece of paper under my forearm to keep it from sticking to this thin paper, but I'm still wearing the undershirt under my sport shirt that I put on in the cool (sic) of the morning. Not till this munute was I conscious of having it on. Don't be too energetic, sit in the shade and the tempreature won't bother you. The Humidity (?) which must certainly be less than at home

at this temperature, I have no way of telling. We had some little rain going ashore in Malakal, a little, while coming out in the launch and quite a sprinkle during lunch after returning to the steamer. Almost wore my virtually unused rain-coat ashore, but later was glad I did not.

For lunch I requested one of the large 1/4 inch or more in diameter flat cakes or pancakes of bread made for the crew. It looks like and is prepared like the Mexican tortilla, and much like it our to sorghum (coarse ground) flour, tastes like southern corn pone made with bit of sour dough from day before as this ∮ is also. Not bad at all but ever so much more filling than our white bread which also baked aboard is also very good and substantial tasting.

Kodok we made at 3:30 p.m. June 2. There was the usual crowd ashore, and aboard. Kodok is the watermelon center hereabouts, at least so it looked. Several hundred (I did not count them) were lying on the fore shore, before we left nearly all of them were aboard,- the same whitish center ones we had earlier but if anything sweeter. Just for ducks I counted the number of individuals that went ashore at this place,--150 mostly in Arab costume, but I did not get the chance to count them back aboard again. They may represent 2/3 of the number of people aboard this steamer and its 4 passenger carrying barges. If I get the chance I'll try to check this.

Three p.m. June 3 found us bartering (our crew) with the natives at Kaka. Here the specialty seemed to be hand made wicker stools of which a number were brought aboard; 6 p.m. we tied up at Salem Banga where I did not ∮ observe much business at all unless it was to discharge a passenger or two or take on one. Without the ability to speak Arabic,

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it's not easy to learn what's going on in this floating ant-hill,- the running back and forth over theplank gang-way with the various articles of food and trade being carried back and forth is more ant-like than human. Have I already made this comparison. [As you will have guessed I'm having ball point pen (or pencil) trouble, lost two good ones, and have now dredged an old one. I used in France from the botton of my brief case,--both "writing" and "pencil" seem to get worse as the trip progresses. Sorry.] At Salem Banga there is a large Catholic mission but we saw little evidence of it. A protestant missionary came down to the water's edge to talk to a construction man, Penn. dutchman, name of Pollock who works out of Malakal. Has been here 5 years and goes from mission to superintend construction of buildings by native labor, has a half dozen trained versatile natives who can handle plumbing, painting, carpentry, iron smithins and cement work, and instruct other natives in these tasks besides doing the more difficult parts of jobs themselves. Natives in the capacities get 69-70 piasters a day ($1,80 to$2.10); the more common labor they instruct or directly supervise get about 6 piasters a day (18 cents) in this part of the Nile the more isolated places to 8a day (24 cents) in places like Malakal. We did not stay long in Salem Banga.

This day was one of the warmest yet, 98 degrees in the shade, 99 in our room where, though fan was blowing, I believe was hotter because of it,--the motor housing gets pretty warm, yet you must have the breeze engendered by fan or boat motion otherwise you would really notice the heat (humidity must below though).

hanks of rope for watermelons at Kodak. We gave rope for rope are also a great trade article.

6/2/55

Long about 8:30, shortly after we sat down to supper an upward bound steamer halted near us and we sent over in our row boat dinghy, the man who checked our tickets when we got aboard this steamer. It seems that he is the steamboat Company's "inspector" for the stretch from here to Juba. I can't believe that rather forsaken looking Salem Banga has anything to do with boundary lines, it's just ~~###~~ that upward and downward bound steamers happen to pass in this neighborhood.

6/4/55

Almost pleasant tempreature contrast with yesterday. 84 degrees at 6 a.m. andovercast at 7, a light shower. The rainy season is late and but feebly trying to assert itself. Each day the river or at least the channel of it that we are traversing is getting wider, the days except this forenoon, warmer, and the grass more parched and dried out looking. The level land back to the scattered trees is quite yellow looking because of the dried grass, the soil is no longer so much black dobie, trees are getting more plentiful but never forming anything resembling a forest or wood lot such as we have at home no longer exists here; it must have in the past. It does seem that reforestation should be attempted. To think of it why don't they try eucalyptus. Pollock says it does grow well, and there are som plantings about the missions. The Belgian s have gone in heavily for eucalyptus for fire wood, and I've seen some shed trusses built of it reinforced with thin sheet iron that from the looks of it had been hammered flat from old gasoline drums. (This was at Mulungu in the Congo.)

bump along a bit. However, the shore ~~caroms~~ are no longer a daily occurrence. ~~A few more hours to supper, one more~~

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Before lunch the sun was out again,--we made Jebelem where we left our oil-tank barge and cargo barge, so now there are just 4 passenger carrying ones with us, the one on which we live and sleep to the left of the steamer proper and the second and two third class ones that are being pushed along before it. The first hills of any consequence were some distance back of the thatched hut settlement,--rather abrupt, sides (?) irregularly shaped hills,--but too far away to pick off a piece of the material of which they are composed. I am, however, continuing gathering soil samples here and there, but because we had planned to fly from Entebbe to Juba, all nets and tanks went home from Entebbe. I'd liked to have had a few Nile fish for the Museum. The one they call the "calf" is very, very excellent eating, well flavored, and virtually without bones. The wider river is shoalier here, scarcely 5 feet and to get turned about and back into the channel a smaller steamer, perhaps kept here for tug-boat purposes tied up alongside to assist us out to mid stream. For a couple of hours one of the deck hands has been sounding along side with a bamboo pole,--five feet touches bottom, occasionally there's less and we bump along a bit. However, the shore caroms of the several days gone, are no longer a daily occurrence. A few more hours to supper, one more night aboard and we shall be in Kosti, where next mid day we take the train for Khartoum. I'm afraid it will be too late for you to join us so close to home; and I do wonder somehow things are going with you folks, and hope they are well with you, your family, and expectations. You know, Mrs. Bredin I had hoped you would assist with note taking if only with copies of letters home. We've needed a fuller day to day account, and I do have more notes than I've committed to paper here, but not as many as I would have liked. However, the pictures will fill in many a gap, both visually and mentally. I know that you will be as anxious to see

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them as we are, but it will be a little while before we get them all developed, listed and organized. What we send home now,--everything since Bukavu in the Congo will go by air from Kharoum if we can see it (the film) aboard a plane there. We all dread the effects of the sun if the film is left lying around under its intense rays.

From 10 last evening until 8 this morning we lay below the r.r. draw bridge close to Kosti. We are now unloading to the train for Khartoum where I shall mail this. It's being sealed now. From Cairo I hope to send you a few words more.

I shall ever be grateful to you for amost wonderful experience, and for some very worthwhile specimens of African animal life.

With kindest regards to you all,

Sincerely,

WLS

Note: On back of letter : it aboard a plane, or else at Cairo where there is a T.W.A. home every day. Otherwise we shall try the diplomatic pouch at the Embassy.

(Draft typed 8/16/55)

May 29 1955
Aboard Nile str. Rejaf
Rejaf

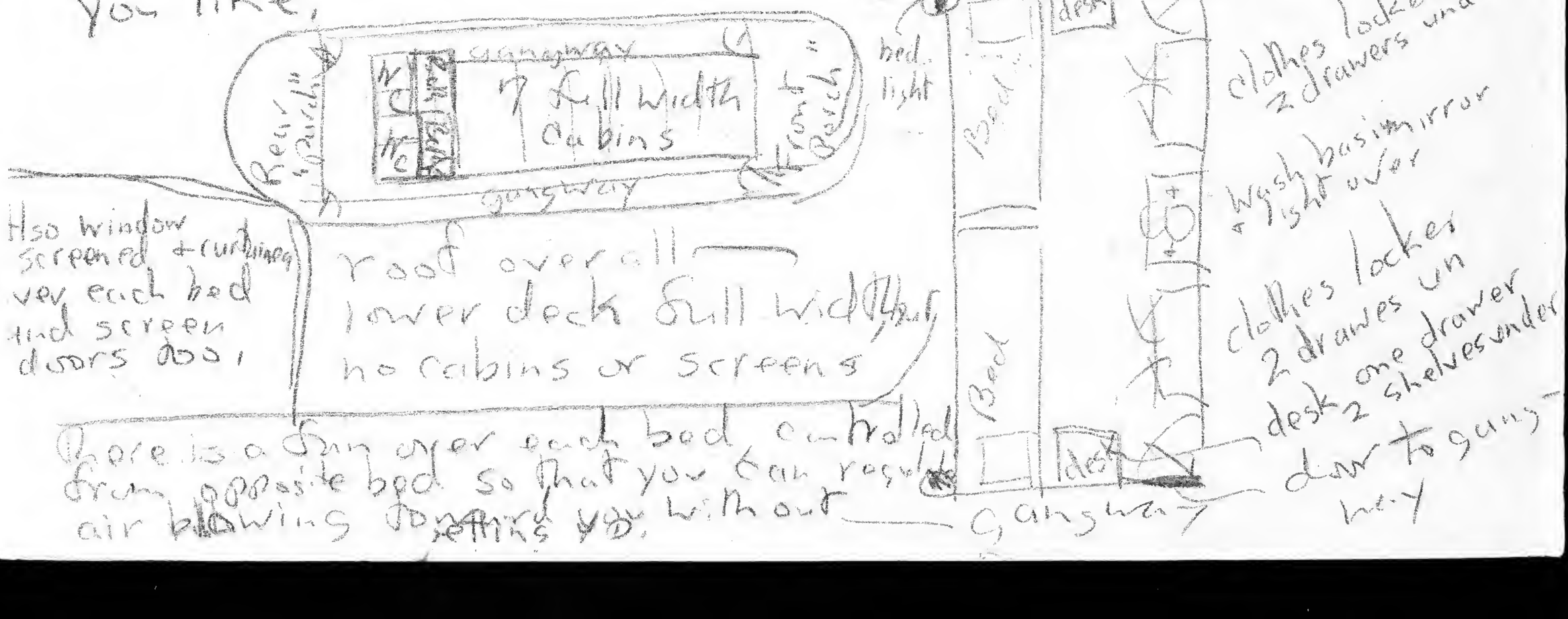
Dear Bruce and Mrs Bredin,

Its a "cool" 85 in the little stateroom that I share with Dr. Baker where in mid-afternoon the thermometer by the cabin door reads 78° On the deck below some of the Moslem "boys" are going through with their devotions directed Mecca-wards. With the lowering of the sun behind the distant rain clouds to the West, the evening breezes seem to drift across the endless ~~[illegible]~~, grassy, scrubby alluvial plains that border this channel of Nile on which we float, as far as the eye can reach, to either horizon. Or is it the motion of the steamer or the two electric fans, one over each bed that makes us think a breeze is blowing? No, the tall (papyrus) shore-line reeds and grasses are bowing their heads to it. The fresher, cooler evening air is welcome, and we do have yet in Africa have trouble sleeping nights. It is surprising and hard to believe, but a lot of our comfort here on this historic river, said to be the longest in the world, is due to and at Juba our take-off-point for Cairo, the fans in our rooms ~~had~~ they have a lot to do with it, I'm sure.

This is a sudden jump into the last lap of your expedition and shortly I shall back-track to let you know what happened between my last, suddenly ended letter and the present one.

This trip down the Nile is all and more than we expected and "we ain't seen nothing yet". First of all, ~~from~~ Juba

7. It was impossible to board the river steamer, the river was too low; the sand bar below the down had just 4 ft. of water over it and the steamer needed a minimum 5. Thus we were forced to take to busses furnished by the company, as to the airlines, and drive 72 miles over land (2½ hrs) to get 10 miles down stream where the boat was tied up (at Mangallao) We left the hotel (Juba) shortly after 7 but did not get aboard the steamer until near 11; first we got aboard a house boat like barge, transferred to a second of the same kind along side the steamer, which is our present home. This is a 3rd deck affair; main deck just a couple of feet out of water, has lockers, freight and natives on it, the upper deck our cabins, the Sexton's, Bakers and mine, and 6 others just like them, two W.C. rooms, and two bathrooms these last are just forward of the rear "porch", screen enclosed; at the forward end is a similar one, also with easy-chairs and coffee or tea tables, as you like.



I can so make a better drawing, and should have put it on a separate pc. of paper, so that when I botched it I could do it over, with no one the wiser, but it was just too much to do over the first 2 pp. of this letter.

Yes, we slept under sheets, and no mosquitoes.

The steamer is pushing one barge (house boat like ours with a second more open two decked one full of native families; has our house boat on right side, and a steel decked (with hatches) cargo barge on the right; on its deck are tethered some goats of assorted colors and sizes, an automobile and sundry drums and cases, in the hatches are always a number of natives enjoying the sun, the air, and the scenery. The steamer proper is a 3 decker, natives, boiler, engines, and cargo on main deck; front porch, dining room, pantry over kitchen below, and a lot of smaller cabins or cubicals, 2 bunk affairs open to either gangway, but without the cross draft we enjoy, all occupied by natives of some standing and means, Hindus and Egyptians. One is a Col. in the Egyptian army travelling with wife maid and 3 children (about 7, girl 2, and boy 3). Parents were educated in the American College in Cairo, father at least has his Bachelors degree; both speak a very good English, the wife though less fluent has the better vocabulary. On our house boat, are two girls one from the States, R.I. teaching in a Presbyterian missionary school in Ourdoman, near Khartoum, the other ~~Abyssinian~~ Assyrian sharing the same cabin, and also

teaching in the missim school; the American girl is studying Arabic
needed for further school work — both are (were) on va-
cation to Juba, though we did not meet them there. It
was the Army officer who made us acquainted. Then
there are ~~three~~ Englishmen in separate cubins, one
a Mr. Warner, a concert pianist of parts, an older
grey haired man carrying a wooden practice board
or panel (Virgil Klavier?) who plays his way from
white settlement to white settlement in English Africa,
first time down the Nile though, but has toured Brazil etc.
Another is a young architect from Kenya going home on
vacation after two years out, the two others I know
less about, one is retiring after an African tour of
duty, the other? I'll probably know more in
a few days, if of interest. Quite the white population
aboard besides your party. The room + mess attend-
ants are Moslems, probably all Arabs, but I can also
believe one or two are Hindus (or rather East Indians).
Some of cooks, and "below-decks" gang are black
tho sooty black of the Sudanese natives of those parts,
but the Sudanese citizens of to day are from all
over the world. Greek from Crete runs one of the
leading grocery and general supply stores in down
(Juba) town and so on.

Now to get moving
down the river; our stern wheeler, two wheels
one either side at extreme rear end but not

extending
out beyond the sides of the steamer for very good reasons, connected with our mode of travel. The Nile up here though cut into numerous channels runs with considerable speed if not force and carries this vessel along so well that what we have for twin rudders cannot make the often sharp turns in the channel or about the many scattered islands. Thus we just swing and drift on these occassions up against the bank, this side or the other, with a good bang. Sometime, the churning paddles get us out and off the soft mud without much difficulty. At others you begin to think maybe we shall be a week here. — Then there are occassional shallows on which we ground and struggle over. Our progression is a series of bumps and grinds, most unexpected and consequently a bit startling at times, especially in dead of night, — but we are getting used to them; they are not so bad or so many as it sounds. There are many nice long straight-aways over which we do make good time, but never-the-less we do car from first off one side and then off the other more times than you'd care to count. At some places our channel is all of a hundred yards wide, at a few even narrower, and at many others much wider. The greatest

handicap to further progress are the back and forth wind
ings of the sloughs or channels, never long in the
same direction, ~~first~~ we may have the sun on
our right, left, ahead or behind, mostly it's on
the left though, still it's a regular three foot
forward and two back sort of affair, much
as with the mountain roads we traversed getting
down to Ruwindi camp, and later, from Buka
to Uvira. I or have I said this a page or two back?
It's a nice and restful trip so far. We were
rather tired after the many days arbour, and
this our first day out was a lot of lolling
around, and some napping I must confess on
the part of ~~all~~ of us to a greater or lesser
degree. The "younger" fellows seemed to be harder
hit than the older ones. (upper Nile) And now the scenery -
from Juba on flat and level savannahs, or
swamps, occassional higher (yet still low) ground
with scrubby trees, but mostly with tall grass
cover so high and deep that an elephant can
hide in it at least when lying down; standing up
you can see no more than half his back, his
uplifted trunk, and huge flapping ears. Along
here I'm telling you of two days experiences.
We've seen many elephants. On the 29th a
few scattered individuals, today the 30th many

more. ~~Before~~ After breakfast 5, though at first we could discern but three huge forms in the tall grass but as the skipper blew the whistle, ~~three~~ others sprung up, and one in defiance, perhaps raised his trunk high over his head in the threatening manner used by elephants about to charge or a Dick, with a further blast they turned away. ~~Then~~ Then before lunch a little further away than the first group we saw a seldom seen sight, a herd of some 50-60 animals, some of apparently great size. Certainly these elephants reach a larger size than those we saw in the Congo parks. Is it a fact or just an illusion? I'll have to check published records; But these Nile dwellers do have a greater abundance of lush food and therefore the opportunity of growing bigger and to maximum size. Still later in the day toward three o'clock (May 30) there were three or four almost down to the waters edge as we slid by scarcely more than a stones throw away. There ~~was~~ a number of white herons along the bank and an occassional larger individual. Several large hippos, and crocodiles have been seen but not photo'd. In most remote and isolated stretches there will be one or more native huts, and several swarthy natives. Most all come

out of their Shilluk houses if in them, to acknowledge the passing steamer, but several times where there were more houses (and people) the little community of several dozen, or rather a dozen or two turned out. Only the women wore a sack-like brown garment from shoulder straps to knees; the men and youngsters were "complete" in birthday clothes. with only a string of beads around the waist by way of adornment. Of course we've made a number of stops, for native passengers and local cargo, one last evening and then this morning bet. 4 and 5 a.m. This last a place called Bor is an important army camp, with stone dockside walls and many clothed natives but with an unabashed sprinkling of the undressed men from the remoter parts of the rivers; I have yet to see an uncle the Sudanese woman. One striking feature of those bead-string wearing men is their extraordinarily long legs, I never have seen the like; must check this with our anthropologist at Museum. The men do not strike us (at least me, as immodest, they just fit naturally into the scenery, and surrounding; even in the larger settlements, and you, the Sheriff-hubbards and the people concerned themselves, know nothing of it — and that's true.

And so it's bed. If Bor is of course we've

This is the morning of the 31st of May. It opens warm and with a leaden sky, quite in contrast with the clear moonlight overhead last night. (that night) The bright stars festered out toward the horizon, for over in the S.W. corner were clouds banks shot through with heat lightening from time to time. Off to the north and west were bright spots of fire (clearing land for cultivation) where during the daylight hours only palls of smoke were visible. As endless and as largely unihabited as these vast swampy plains seem to be ~~these~~ human activity is made visible in one way or another. Man is everywhere, though not yet occupying every square inch of our limited Earth's surface.

(31st) The night was as uneventful as usual, and as usual with its bumps and grinds. About midnight we had a rude awakening, a terrific bump on bar or bank that almost parted us from our barges and house "boats". We just can't escape this method of steering us downstream with a push off this and then that bank. Our black captain does know his business, currents, channels, shoals and bars and how to make them all work for him. We have to make so many sharp turns. As a swimmer in a narrow chink, giving himself a push with his foot against the wall, so we do

work our way down stream. Last night the temperature went down to 80°, but we were most comfortable. It is a peaceful, restful experience gliding (and bumping) our way down the Nile. It is indeed the lotus-land of song and story, and but for the urge to do, could be an opiate from which it would difficult to awake. While it lasts it may not be so bad for us but forever; led the Egyptians have it. The ~~extinct of human~~ energy evidenced by the Pyramids, which we have yet to see, must have been tremendous. It maybe, as Ellsworth Huntington argued, that the climate at the height of the Egyptian civilization was cooler more temperate than today, but it is also a fact that in their way the American engineers with much the same labor available are achieving equally remarkable results with their oil-pipe lines and refineries in the hot climate of today; but whether they or their direct descendants could continue to do so ~~year~~ here after year is another question. The Pharohs or at least the men about them must have been able men and executives to

have done all they did in the days of Egypt's glory. ///

The meals aboard are simple and about what we've gotten elsewhere in Africa, Tea with hot milk (sugar) and one sweet wafer, at 6 a.m or so. Breakfast at 8, a glass of fruit juice, bacon and two fried eggs, bread, butter, marmalade, coffee, milk and sugar. Lunch, (1:30) soup, cold fish or fish salad, meat course with potatoes (stew, steak or mutton etc.) vegetable: peas, string beans, white beans, or carrots, desert usually a chilled pudding (blanc mange?), Turkish coffee bread & butter. Turkish coffee a thick rather sweet brew, black as night, in a small after dinner cup. ~~coffee~~ half full of sediment like so much mud, which you just can't drink. Dinner, 8 p.m is lunch repeated, had spaghetti instead of fish course, potatoes, and carrots instead of the noon-time string beans, there is enough, but not too much food available; — the service is more expeditious than any place we've dined in yet, — the boys are efficient and seem to want to have their work over with as soon as possible which seems to be the Arab as well as the American way. At 4 p.m. tea is served again, with sweet crackers; there's plenty of it, milk and sugar too.

I'm sure you folks would have like this Nile trip. It's much like an ocean trip for restfulness, but there's not the room to move about as on a larger ship, yet you can rest and read and look about and rest again; the opportunities for getting ashore to do minor collecting are not what I thought from past accounts of other travellers. Where these boats formerly stopped to take on wood for fuel, they are steamers, - today the boilers are all diesel-fired and stops at little towns or villages are scarcely ten minutes (or less) affairs, - dropping or taking on a few things or people and moving on. On either side of the ~~Congo~~ Nile channel that we are travelling the papyrus plants must be standing 8 to 10? feet high above the water level so that you see no more than green walls with sky above, the muddy water and the steamer and barges between. So far we've seen not so much native, or wild animal life, even though it's still dry season. In the wet, now over due, the animals which (in dry season) normally hug the river banks scatter over the land; and we've been lucky with our weather, still no rain-made difficulties. Each day I expect to see the rains start, but the time is not yet.

 June 1/55

Yesterdays stops included Shambe at 1 p.m, and Mut night Adok 11 p.m to 1 a.m. June 1. Here also the crowds include all the types we've seen right along, the long legged swarthy-black, very skinny "Neur" people, the Arabs who are everywhere. The Nuer men wear a chain or girdle of beads around their middle, and maybe also a necklace (bright red, green, yellow, white, blue there must have been I don't recall it), and silver earrings through the upper part of the ear, not the lobe as with the women. The Arabs all wear long white (ooo. blue cotton robes, and either a skull cap alone or under a turban. To make a landing the steamer thrusts one or another of the barges it's pushing down stream at an angle onto the beach (shore), a crude gang way of two planks held together by cleats is put over, and then the swarming back and forth starts, like a hurrying stream of busy ants from ship to shore and vice versa; ~~buy~~ buying and bartering are the order of the day or hour, — for native mats, stools, goats (we are carrying a number I think I mentioned), chickens, freshly caught fish garden regetables, sugar cane etc. We get a fair variety of fresh regetables, carrots & greens, and even ripe tomatoes. At breakfast twice now we've had sliced watermelon. It's an almost white variety when ripe, and sweet. /// Adok was about the noisest place yet

encountered. The place is an important trading "post" for
stout, rolled up mats or what we might call porch curtains
or blinds. The Egyptians use them that way, for roofing
base, house partitions, light fences and what not.
Hereabouts the natives make them, and the Arab
traders aboard buy them (Most of the crew and
mess boys seem to be traders working on the str,
for the "free" ride and trading opportunities. The mats
are carted aboard and carried down the river. Ed
like to follow them through to their ultimate destination.
I was told that a large mat or roll, 8x10 feet ± sells
for 15 piasters (45 cents) here at riverside. // There is
a lot of noisy bidding and bargaining, and in the 3hrs
that we were here some 100 perhaps 200 mats were
picked up by the "traders." A number of hold-outs did
not want to accept the low prices offered, but most
of these caved in when the steamer whistled its im-
pending departure, (1:30 a.m.). I feel sorry for these
up river natives, the buyers have the upper hand
the steamer only comes once in two weeks, and if
you do not come to the traders terms, your mat
which represents hours of work is left in your hands
and the dealer has bought your neighbors mats in-
stead of yours. At home we have a number of
palm (Ivala) mats from the South Pacific, costing
shipping home perhaps a couple of dollars each!

they measure from 2½ x 6 or 7 feet to 4 x 8 or so. In Bullock's Pasadena store the price was 50¢ a square foot for the identical things or was in 1948 when I was last in Calif. (not counting a hurried two week last Feb.)

The steamer has on small search light that illuminated but a very small part of the dirt bank that formed the landing stage. How the purchaser could see what he was getting was beyond me, but mats were unrolled, rolled up again and brought aboard. It was a fantastic sight each native with one or more rolled up mats standing six, eight, and I want to say 10 feet up in the air beside him, like a forest of dead white trees trunks minus their branches; in the half illuminated, half Stygian darkness. The hubbub and the sound was that of the tower of Babel twice ampounded. I was almost moved to buy several but there was no way for me to get them back to the States without a lot of trouble, too much to make them worth the while. As you know from boat we transfer to train around the cataract before taking the boat again. But one can buy an awful lot of work for very little cash in the Upper Nile country.

Before lunch this day June 1 at 11:45 p.m. we tied up at Buffalo Cape (in parenthesis on the chart posted on the upper deck, "Fangak Kir") A repiti-

tion of the place previously visited, — the thatched huts and native dwellings, maybe a little differently disposed back from the shore, but with the life, and habits, smells and sounds pretty much the same. Since the day after Mongalla, part of June 30 through June 1, all we've seen of shore vegetation has been largely papyrus, — miles and miles and better than two whole days of it. One wonders why these plants are not being used for paper manufacture; the old Egyptians did; and sure enough before the first world war the Germans tried their hands at it, but dismantled, wrecked or blew up the plant with the advent of the war. If pursued, the English, or the Egyptian government might be able to turn up some records; the place they had their "factory" was Lake No. [Yes, "No."]

→ Temperature quite late at night June 1 was 84° though I was not awake at the time a brief stop was made at Tonga. These names will help trace the Nile channels we traversed. By the morning of June second we had passed out of papyrus land. The shores were drier, and with grass and occassional, and at times scattered trees and small groves of them.

Above I should have put in that at Cape Buffalo the most striking thing was the long piles of three foot long wood, sticks or rather trunks of small trees perhaps 3-4 inches in diameter. They still are used for fire wood but no longer do generate steam on the river boats, most are now oil fired (steam boilers), but few old wood burners are left. Wood is too scarce and too much needed for home cooking in native huts; and in the galley aboard too. What this Arab cook of ours can't turn out on that old wood burning kitchen range is a caution, very, very tasty dinners, occassionaly pastries that you'd like to have more of. We could use him in the States. Also at Cape Buffalo were large sacks of dura, kaffir corn, sorghum to us. Had sorghum syrup this noon over a number of tiny cream puff like pasteries, minus the filling and they were good had six but the waiter moved the platter to the next table; happily I should say, I should eat so much in places where I can't climb on the scales (haven't seen my weight in two months, and believe its still as before (I hope).

Five a.m saw Attar, and all I could see was a large metal roofed church little way

(I) back from shore. Not a church ~~I~~ learned later but a government secondary schodl (high-school about) that has under the same roof a Protestant as well as Catholic chapel! An American missionary told me that the Sudan government pays about 3/4 the ~~upkeep~~ cost of the schools and schooling the native, resident children get; there seem to be few primary schools, and higher ~~there~~ as well that are purely state run and built. His Attur school seems to be one of them, and wisely caters to both faiths; ~~perhaps all~~ ~~Koranyhow I think of Mostem~~ also Moslems have their own schools, but government which has so little of schools and qualified teachers does pay 3/4 of all expenses, building furnishing & teachers salaries. I think its grand, wise and far seeing. How much is due to English influence I do not know. How long it will continue is anybodies guess. Full independence comes to the Sudan in '56. Already Arabic must be taught in all schools as the national tongue in addition to any others used or taught; I think it's a backward

step. When the world needs a universal language and English is the best available because trade, and the American G.I. has taken it to the four corners of this small earth of ours; this small new independant country gets so nationalistic that it cuts its nose off to spite its face. The South is very English speech, because of the long English occupation, has largely Arabic as far as official language went and now all is to be Arabic. When for purely selfish reasons commercial & educational (the world literature scientific and otherwise is largely English) English should be fostered and retained whether the Sudanese (or the Egyptians love the English (Britishers) or not). Yes, I do want to do an article on English as a universal language the first chance I get. ⟹

June 2, 7 a.m. Obail another small stop; two young missionary girls went ashore here. Last nite was cooler 78°. This morning over cast and with little rain, the rainy season is over due. At 9:30 we put in at Malakal. Here we have the residence of the territorial governor, a thriving community of some

15,000 people, blacks, Nuers, Shilluks and Arabs and a few white missonaries, Arabs, and Egyptians an imposing mosque out of a tan colored stone that dominates the entire town & country side. Along the water front is a "sea-wall" against which are tied quite a number of steamers, motor freight and a number of launches, also an air strip and field with lower, experimental agricultural farm, and the headquarters of the Egyptian Irrigation Department, a joint (international) affairs between the governments concerned with the waters of the Nile. The Egyptian Army Col. aboard undertook to show us about town. He paid his respects to the governor who warned that we should be careful with picture taking as some natives resent it. We did shop the Mosque however. A little later the Col. took Baker and myself to call on the depty irrigation inspector, also an Egyptian (the chief was away on a field trip). He took us to his sumptiously furnish home served us cold lemonade (with soda) and then proceeded to show us the town in his station wagon. That's how we saw the air field, the addition

built to the local power plant ~~and~~ He was going to take us out to the experimental farm when the steamer whistle blew for departure. By the time we got back to landing place, it was out in midstream The inspector said not to worry, he'd run us all the way to Khartoum if necessary, So we went to the Irrigation Depts landing, and while they were warming up a launch, another of the same department came along, and took us out to our steamer. The Sextons who went up town shopping while we went to the Irrig. Dept. were aboard and thought we were too. When they discovered we were not and couldn't make themselves quite clear to are Arabic crew whose English is limited, Roy said "I has nearer being sick than any time on the trip." All's well that ends well and we are moderately enjoying today's 99° temp. Really it's not as bad as it sounds. It's true that I have to put a pc. of paper under my forearm to keep it from sticking to this thin paper but I'm still wearing the undershirt under my sport shirt that I put on in the cool (sic) of the morning. Not till this minute was I conscious of having it on. Don't be too energetic, sit in the shade and the temperature won't bother you. The

which must certainly be less than at home at this temperature, I have no way of telling. We had some little rain going ashore in Malakal, a little while coming out in the launch and quite a sprinkle during lunch after returning to the steamer. Almost more my virtually unused rain-coat ashore, but later was glad I did not. For lunch I requested one of the large 14 inch or more in dia. flat cakes or pancakes of bread made for the crew. It looks like and is prepared like the Mexican tortilla, and like it out of sorghum (coarse ground) flour, tastes like southern corn pone made with bit of sour dough from day before as this is also. Not bad at all but ever so much more filling than our white bread which also baked aboard is also very good and substantial tasting.

Kodok we made at 3:30 p.m June 2. There was the usual crowd ashore, and aboard. Kodok is the watermelon center here-abouts, at least so it looked. Several hundred (I did not count them there lying on the fore shore, before we left nearly all of them were aboard, — the same whitish center ones we had earlier but if anything sweeter. Just for ducks I counted the number of individuals that went ashore

at this place, — 150 mostly in Arab costume, but I did not get the chance to count them back aboard again. They may represent 2/3 of the number of people aboard this steamer and its 4 passenger carrying barges. If I get the chance I'll try to check this. —

Three p.m. June 3 found us bartering (our crew) with the natives of Kalka. Here the specialty seemed to be hand made wicker stools of which a number were brought aboard; 6 p.m. we tied up at Sulem Banga where I did not observe much business at all unless it was to discharge a passenger or two or take on one. Without the ability to speak Arabic it's not easy to learn what's going on in this floating ant-hill; the running back and forth over the plank gangway with the various articles of food & trade being carried back and forth is more ant-like than human. Have I already made this comparison. [As you will have guessed I'm having ball point pen (or pencil trouble, lost two good ones, and have now dredged an old one I used in France from the bottom of my brief case — both "writing" and "pencil" seem to get worse as the trip progresses. Sorry.] At Sulem Banga there is a large Catholic mission but we saw little evidence of it. A Protestant missionary came down to water's edge to talk to a construction man, Penna dutchman, name of Pollock who works out of

a group of regal looking Arabs in native garb

Malakal. Has been here 5yrs and goes from mission to superintend construct of buildings by native labor. has a half dozen trained ~~re~~ natives who can handle plumbing, painting, carpentry, ~~and~~ iron smithing and cement work, & instruct other natives in these tasks, besides doing the more difficult parts of jobs themselves. Natives in the capacities get 60-70 piasters a day ($1.80 to $2.10); the more common labor they instruct or directly supervise get about 6 piasters a day (18¢) in this part of the Nile the more isolated places to 8a day (24¢) in places like Malakal. — We did not stay long in Salem Banga. // This day was one of the warmest yet 98° degrees in the shade 99 in our room where, though fan was blowing, I believe was hotter because of it, — The motor housing gets pretty warm, yet you must have the breeze engendered by fan or boat motion otherwise you would really notice the heat (humidity must be low though) // Long about 8 3°, shortly after we sat down to supper an upward bound steamer hailed near us and we sent over ~~Ben~~ in our row boat dinghy, The man who checked our tickets when we got aboard this steamer it seems that he is the steamboat company's "inspector" for

the stretch from here to Juba. I cant believe that rather forsaken looking Salem Bungu has any thing to do with boundry lines, its just that upward and downward bound steamers happen to pass in this neighborhood.

June 4. Amost pleasant temperature contrast with yesterday. 84° at 6 a.m and overcast at 7, a light shower. The rainy season is late and but feebly trying to assert itself. Each day the river or at least the channel of it that we are traversing is getting wider, the days except this forenoon, warmer, and the grass more parched and dried out looking. The level land back to the scattered trees is quite yellow looking because of the dried grass, the soil is no longer so much black dobie, trees are getting more plentiful but never forming anything resembling a forest or woodlot such we have at home no longer exists here: it must have in the past. It does seem that refforestation should be attempted. To think of it why don't they try eucalyptus. Pollock says it does grow well, and there are some plants about the missions. The Belgians have gone in heavily for ~~[illegible]~~ eucalyptus for firewood, and I've seen some shed trusses built of it

reinforced with thing sheet iron that from the looks of it had been hammered that from old gasoline drums (This was at Mulungu in the Congo).

Before lunch the sun was out again, — we made Jebelem where we left our oil-tank barge and cargo barge, so now there are just ~~three~~ 4 passenger carrying ones with us, the one on which we live and sleep do the left of the steamer proper and the second and two third class ~~that~~ are being pushed along before it. The first hills of any consequent were some distance back of the thatched hut settlements, — rather abrupt, steep irregularly shaped hills, — but too far away to pick of a piece of the matterial of which they are composed. I am however continuing gathering soil samples here and there but because we had planned to fly from Entebbe to Juba, all nets and tanks went home from Entebbe. I'd liked to have had a few Nile fish for the Museum. The one they call the "calf" is very very excellent eating, well flavored, and virtually without bones.

The Lider river is shoaler here scarcely 5 feet and to get turned about and back into the channel ~~they~~ a smaller steamer, perhaps kept here for dug-bout purposes tied up alongside to assist us out to mid stream. For the

couple of hours one of the deck hands has been sounding along side with a bamboo pole; five feet duchos bottom, occassionally theres less and we bump along a bit. However, the shore caroms of the several days gone, are no longer a daily occurrence. A few more hours do supper, one more night aboard and we shall be in Kosti, where next midday we take the train for Khartoum. I'm afraid it will be too late for you to join us so close to home; and I do wonder some how things are going with you folks, and hope they are well with you, and your family and expectations. You know, Mrs Bredin I had hoped you would assist with note taking, if only with copies of letters home. We've needed a fuller day to day account, and I do have more notes than I've committed to paper here, but not as many as I would have liked. However, the pictures will fill in many a gap, both visually and mentally. I know that you will be as anxious to see them as we are, but it will be a little while before we get them all developed, listed and organized. What we send home now - everything since Bukavu in the Congo will go by air from Khartoum if we

can see it (the film) aboard aplane hereto all dread the effects of the sun if the film is left lying around under its intense rays.

From 10 last evening until 8 this morning we lay below the r.r. draw bridge close to Kosti. We are now unloading to the train for Khartoum where I shall mail this, it being sealed now. From Cairo I hope to send you a few words more.

I shall ever be grateful to you for a most wonderful experience, and for some very ~~fine~~ worth while specimens of African animal life.

With kindest regards to you all, Sincerely

Mrs. Schmitz

it aboard a plane, or else at Cairo where Norg
a T.W.A home every day. Otherwise we shall try th
diplomatic pouch at the Embassy.

Started in Beni,
mailed Bukavu
May 14, '55

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin,

How time flies; so fast it seems I shall never catch up with the letters I should be writing you. I am not unmindful of the many things I owe to you, but there just do not seem to be enough hours in the day to do all that should be done.

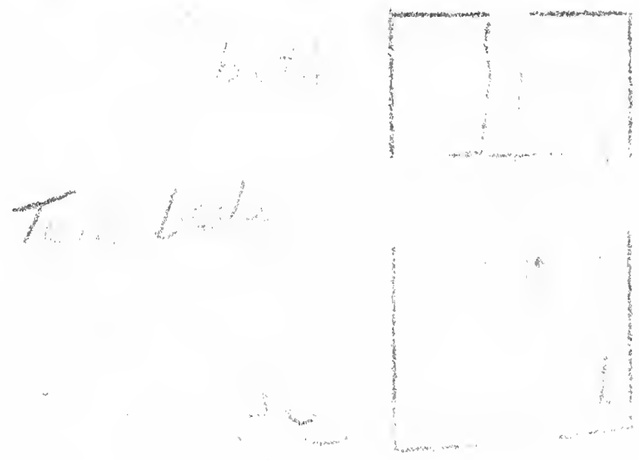
I left you last time with our returning to Stanleyville to start on our cross country auto trip, with first stop at Nia-Nia or Nya Nya as it is variously spelled. The pronunciation is something else again,- a sort of contradiction when I try to reproduce it phonetically--the German yes,-and no, one after the other, "Nein-Yah!", with I must confess, a nasal sound given the "Nein." On the road we had our first auto trouble; a spring shackle bolt gave way and then either as a result, or just happen stance, the left rear shock absorver had to come loose. We limped along for some miles (kilometers) and fortunately came upon a filling station and repair shop way out in the sticks; 152 miles (245 kilometers) out from Stanleyville. He did a weld job on the shock absorber and found a spring bolt of the right size,-a quite primitive, yet quite complete repair shop.There will be some pictures of this delay--Baker gathered mites from the roadside vegetation and I poked through the leaf mould in the nearby woods (forest) while repairs were being made. They cramped our style for the day as we had to make Nia-Nia before too late in the day, as it was, it was close to 8 p.m. However, we did sample a few streams in passing, and with local native help got a crab and a few shrimps.

The hotel at Nia-Nia is old, how old I cannot say, but it certainly goes back to the colonial days of this country, at least the plumbing does.

Baker and I room together, and the flush system didn't function, and as we have since found, the basin had only one spigot cold, as in about all the places we've stopped so far, except in Paulis the next place on our itinerary, and the Sabena Guest House where we lived while in Stanleyville. This last was the newest and most modern in all respects, but strictly an overnite place for the plane (Sabena) passengers,-beds, tables, chairs, but just a rack with four attached coat hangers for clothes, no dressers or chest of drawers of any kind,-there was a low stand for a suitcase,-and shower and toiled, tiled,-all well lighted which few of the places have been.

Dinner in Nia Nia was good, we were tired and hungry, the usual meal, soup, a cold fish course, meat and potatoes, and cheese for dessert (sometimes one gets a pudding; small ~~slice~~ slice of cake (such as it is in some places) or a banana. The great problem everywhere is drinking water. Dr. Sexton brought along some iodine tablets with which one can safely sterilize (for drinking purposes) even very polluted water, if allowed to sit for a half hour after the tablet has been dropped in,-with an occasional shake,-1 to a qt. Have I written all this--Tetraglycine hydroperiodide (Wallace & Tiernan Inc., Belleville 9, New Jersey)? Works like a charm, at very first you may notice a slight iodine taste but later not at all; it's just grand to have when you ~~are~~ can't be sure of even the boiled water one finds in rooms and on dining tables. We each carry a canteen; at meals one buys mineral "soda" water; that's standard and safe. When I went to fill my canteen in the Nia-Nia hotel from the tap, everybody (the hotel personnel) was horrified and insisted that I take boiled water from kitchen or dining room table. They would not accept my explanation of how our tablets would render it fit to drink. We

used mosquito nets over beds in Yangambi, and here again. We also learned that the electric lights or rather generator, goes off toward midnight until the following evening; the hotels up country as this one at Nia-Nia is, have limited power plants. I forgot to say that the "rooms" are in a separate bldg. a row of about six little apts,-



quite complete set up but yet primitive, furniture of such heavy wood that you can scarcely move it. There were two bldgs. of apts., 6 each, and the main bldg. where we ate of massive stuccoed stone work,- what I would call old Spanish type. Everything according to Congo standards 2nd or possibly 3rd class. Bed linens were clean ~~&~~ and spotless in about all places; table linens too. They are great on clean laundry; napkins usually large, pure white, and at times stiff as a board.

Next morning, headed for (27th) Paulis our principal objective on this hop. Knowing what I know now, bet. better hotels make one long haul instead of break at half way to gain ~~&~~ time for some collecting. Do this by radiating out on one or more days from the better place. Paulis is typical of most of the "larger" places (I have difficulty getting population figures), wide, dirt streets, massive

Bukavu mailing of 5/14/55, cont.

one story stone, cemented structures, usually arcaded (with porches) and separate one from another,-real colonial reminiscent of Latin American frontier towns. One hotel in Paulis, La Pontinerié, (ϕϫϕ props. name, I understand) was really first class, running hot and cold water in each room, electric light that went off at midnite tho and fine clean appointments, furniture, linen and service. However, W. C.s were in separate rooms or closets, as was bathtub, with hand shower, too. Nothing to complain of, continental type of place. All help is black everywhere and mostly barefooted; in hotels garbed in clean white cotton, usually white robe, red sash and red fez, when headgear is worn,--these are the waiters; the other help room boys are usually nondescript in dress; here in Paulis, too. For perhaps 6 bed rooms one tub but it and room were promptly policed and put in shape, spick and span, and after a long auto ride everybody took a turn. Here we saw the scheduled Manghetu dance. Though put on as occasion demands, the natives put it on with great zest and I believe, welcome the opportunity to go "native" once in a while; young and old participate, greyhaired grandmothers and fathers, down to a few toddlers, singing, shouting, dancing, gyrating, with wild but simple rhythmic beating of drums horn tooting, and what not. The orchestra was small but effective. The natives marched and danced in a large circle,--inner and larger one of men, the warriors with paraphenalia, shields, bows, and arrows, spears; the outer one just a short line 30-40 women,-segment of a circle, for a time the whole lot would gather to one side, either side of orchestra and individual dancers would strut their stuff, before the whole assemblage. We have, I believe, a superlative movie of it all, sound recorded too, that you will enjoy as much as we did the performance.

These natives in their way run to as many characters and types as you will meet on a New York street, jolly, serious, haughty, proud, happy-go-lucky, fat, thin, and crippled (tho few of the latter). Though in costume they come mostly on bikes, some in autos, others ~~afoot~~ afoot. The participating black population, several hundred it appeared, took the day off from work, went to dance place in costumes scanty to be true, but colorful, like so many Shriners to a Shrine convention parade, and in much the same spirit,-holiday getogether of the tribe and clan. The present chief is fat and portly, much like a colored Harlem politician, with horn rimmed glasses. We argued whether he wore them because he needed them or as some badge of office, or something that put him in or with the "white" intellectual class; anyway the glasses looked out of place in a tribal dance of this sort. We shall assemble pictures at S.I. (Smithsonian) as soon after our return as possible, but it will be a little time yet. Hope you can be patient a while longer for some of the pictorial results.

The afternoon after the dance and lunch in Paulis headed for Niangara, a stop on way to next main objective, Gangala-na-Bodio, the elephant training center, this was an afternoon of April 28th. Niangara is smaller, cheaper edition of Paulis, small country town as compared with larger center, and with one, 5th rate hotel I should say. It was and is for all the world like a (way) back country hotel, or lodging place in Brazil, and curiously enough here, run by a Portugese, and his family; everything was crude to say the least. This would be another stop I should skip by to get on to next place.

Ø/ Bukavu mailing of 5/14/55, cont.

Gangala-na-Bodia is well worth a visit, but you pioneer when you go. Though they are building a guest house to be finished, I believe, next year, they are hardly prepared for visitors. We were given the run of a small house rather bare of everything, including furniture, but enough chairs and beds, including a couple of cots moved in. We had permission from headquarters, governor of colony and from National Parks head, van Straelen in Bruxelles, so we were given a friendly welcome, within their "power" to put us up. The kitchen was a little house in the "back-yard" with black "boy" and helper to cook, wait on us, and make beds. But food? The man who arranged autos and hotel stops was supposed to see that this was provided, but failed to do so. Flour for bread, they let us have at the Station, but except for some odds and ends in our car trunk that we carried for emergencies, Nescafe, etc., we had to depend on the native "cantina;" so they called it, though name is Spanish as can be. The black shop keeper had a miscellaneous but limited lot of canned goods, crackers, toast in cans, "hot dogs" canned in Belgium, 4 cans Campbells soup from the States, some of Libby's canned fruits, strawberry preserves in glass, just two of them though, 3 little cans of milk and also Nescafe, we about bought him out. The cans were old and in part rusty, dusty and battered. You punched at the tops to be sure they were not "bloaters" and you ate and enjoyed the contents. We did and had a grand time eating in the half-dark, by the light of a Coleman lantern hung from a wire from the ceiling in the next, front room. Yes, dishes of a sort were there, and had linens, clean and in plenty. As we have, since leaving Stanleyville, we slept under mosquito nets. They've been the rule since. As rough and ready as we found everything, it was a treat and a lark, and you

would have enjoyed roughing it for the two nights we spent here, as much as in a wilderness area (by pack train) back home. Your youngsters would have enjoyed the 3 eighteen months old baby elephants; they were fun to watch and occasionally wanted to shave you around, too, just as funny as the little elephant in Kipling's "how the elephant got his trunk". Here again you'll see what we saw in a movie,-the elephants bathing, their grunts of satisfaction on coming out and the elephant song by the keeper, on the way back to their feeding pens (for the smaller ones) and feeding stations (chained to posts for the larger ones, I believe some 26 elephants in the lot we saw. One of the babies was afraid of the water and scarcely got its feet wet, the other two tumbled one another around in the water just as any two of your youngsters of about same size would do at any bathing resort.

The elephant song is used to quiet sick elephants when they want them to lie down. I can't attempt a rendition here, but we also have it on a tape, thanks to you and what you did to make this very wonderful trip possible. My conscience bothers me, that I am here and you folks are not, especially when I think of the highlight of the whole trip,--the day in the Garamba Nat'l Park (30th), not open to tourists but for which Dr. van Straelen opened the "gates" for us. He is the top man in the Belgian Nat. Park Service and also the Director of the Royal Museum in Belgium. He wrote ahead and we were expected and received literally with open arms by the director of this park (a real wild like area) that runs all the way to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan border, a huge place of which we were able to see but a small part, in the day we were there. Believe it, or not, we walked within

90 feet of a ~~huge~~ huge white rhino, and Sexton for a snap shot, with the director, to within 40 feet! When we got out of the auto he was standing under a tree, "fooling" around, preparing to lie down. When he got down, the director, Marc Michá, and native guide went up to within 40 feet, Sexton went up to them to photo it, while rest of us stayed little farther back with the movie camera. Then Misch went up closer and waked up the rhino and it lumbered off. Not a gun in the party or in the auto, which must have been 3-400 yds. back of us in the road, two wheel tracks in the grass. Mischá knows his rhinos; says they are perfectly harmless if not directly bothered or teased; has been among a group of them in his auto so close that his wife could touch them from the side of the jeep in which he took us into this restricted area. Weren't those recent exciting looking pictures of a man photoing a rhino close up, in Life, of a white rhino? If so they had first to make it mad to stage what they did. Mishá says MacLeod, chief game warden in Uganda bears him out on the general inoffensiveness of the white rhinos, but with the black rhino they've had no experience and are unable to comment. The elephant, he says, is the only dangerous animal and perhaps wouldn't be except for the fact that natives do hunt them up on the Sudan border where the elephants have learned that man is an enemy. On foot, Mischa says that he doesn't like to encounter them. Yes, we should have some good photos here, too, but no sound, we kept very quite through it all-- no talking (that is very little, in whispers,-or by signs). Seeing is believing.

Mr. Michá could not do too much for us. After the forenoon "exploring" for pictures of wild animals he took us home to lunch. The layout and architecture, especially interiors, of the home the Government builds for its administrators are worth a trip to the Congo alone,--fraught with ideas for interior decorating, and proportions of rooms, most of them most pleasing. This is one phase of the trip we've overlooked and not until I write this to you at this late date do I think of it. Van Straelen's name works magic in the government reservations and would do so again for you if you should come this way to see what we've seen and shall try to reproduce for you pictorially. I'd love to have you have lunch at Michá's place and I know he and his wife would extend you the same hospitable welcome given us. Yes, this park and these people and their home was the highlight of the trip,--not to forget walking (almost) with that white rhino "look Ma no guns", either. I would that I could have made the same experience, yours. After another sleep under the mosquito nets at Gangala and a Coleman lantern lit breakfast at 5 a.m. we lit out for Nioka, one of our longest daily hops--300 miles, and no time for stops.

Yes, I'm way ahead of myself. Though much disappointed in the shrimp returns as such, we are making scientific hay. Of course the omnipresent mites will loom largest in our ultimate reports on results,--and these microscopic organisms can be found in great variety and on most species of plants, wild and cultivated if not sprayed,--and tropical plant mites have gone virtually without

attention up till now. In a considerable degree your expedition is pioneering this field of study in central Africa. Also we stop as we have time to sample this and that stream, for its shrimp population withøy/ our fine meshed dip nets and seine. We are a bit at wrong season for taking them, the waters are too high, the natives say. We are at the tail end of the rainy season; it's the dryer months that they concentrate in the deeper holes of the water courses and can then be fished in quantity. So they say. We have practically no large shrimp,-but small ones, rather a/common well known African species from a number of streams, a few crabs, a number of small fish and insects. The best returns next to mites and related to things parasitic, have been with the small mammals, wild rats, and mice, and a couple of squirrels. The Belgian research lab at Bukavu (Costermansville) made available to us one of their best trained Congolese taxidermists, and he is a wonderfully helpful boy,-cheerful and hard working,-- speaks no English, and when he knows what's wanted needs no second telling. Each night he puts out a line of small traps, which we brought along, each morning he gathers them in. Sometimes we get nothing, sometimes one, occasionally 2-3, if the ants haven't gotten at them, before he has. The Congo ants, especially the army ants,make short work of everything edible. We also have an 8 gal. tank pretty well filled with fish from Lake Albert, at Kasenyi, and Lake Edward at Ishango. At both these places there is a rather successful fresh-water fishery. Though we enjoyed a couple of meals of delicious fish at the latter place, including cold fried fish for breakfast! It tasted better than you think.

We spent the night of May 1st and breakfast and lunch of May 2nd at Nioka,-also a motel type of place-two rows of brick pavilions, they call them here, and at the head, the dinigg hall, ~~lobby~~ lounges, bar, and service facilities. The lodges, or little houses, had ante room, bed room and bath, with toilet (most places the latter is apart and sometimes out of the back door). Meals are more generous as to variety and helpings the further you're away from the larger towns, it seems. Here in Nioka for the first time delicious ripe papayas for breakfast,--strawberries for dessert at dinner. The hot water system though customary, as we have learned, struck us as unique--small compact brick hearth (or furnace?) with an oil drum above. When heated good and hot in the evening it stays sufficiently warm till the morning for bath or shaving though the nights get coolish, or so they seem. At ~~72~~ 70 or 72 degrees outside the water stays warm enough for bath and shaving. Beside the hot water drum is one for cold water, both are piped to the proper spigot inside house, and though tub, (showers are rare) has hot and cold, the wash basin usually has cold tap only. It rained the afternoon, evening, and night at Nioka clearing by morning for the run to Bunia where we were to have the cars (auto and truck) serviced, but the Ford place, a very busy one, was too busy to take us on. And since we've had a little oil pump trouble which will have to be attended to at first opportunity. Bunia was intermediate stop on our way to the Kasenyi fishery already mentioned above. We arrived in Bunia at 4:30 p.m. on the 2nd left next morning (_____) for Kasenyi. It's here we got a good haul of fish as the fish boat had just come in,--later in the morning the fishermen hauled my little seine for me and netted a number of smaller

fish, young and other than commercial species and a few shrimp. Most of our work here was done in the rain,--one of the few days so far that we've been a little inconvenienced by it we spent the afternoon headed for Mont Hoyo and its famed (in Africa) grottoes;-they are mentioned in the Guide I sent you.

The latter part of the road to Mt. Hoyo was through dense dark forest. Crossing the road in one place was a column of army ants, swarming through rows of protecting warriors, were the workers. Even stepping over them had its minor risks. One or more of the warriors or soldier caste may get on your shoes and climb up. I got one bite in the back and Baker who tried collecting (scooping up) a few in a vial got nipped in the finger, dropping the vial, but for quick work on the part of a native standing by we would have lost them (the ants in the vial) and he got several nips before he got the lid on. Plastic vials,which we are carrying, have little caps instead of stoppers or corks. This matter of natives--you can stop nowhere, or scarcely ever but two or three or a village full collects about you. They are omnipresent, huts in the woods and in the open every little stretch, near to, or further from the road. Maybe their ears are exceedingly sharp, their eyes keen. They must be, for they always turn up. Often to be of some assistance, as with these ants, with hauling our little seine, and even giving you distances or directions--there are few road signs in some parts of the Congo (more and better in others though) and our driver between French and English speaks at least two of the commoner native languages of which Swahili is the principal one. One time we had trouble with battery and starting and the passing natives helped with a push. Also natives are always traveling the road, with produce, firewood, jugs, jars, and gourds of water, bowls, pots, and

pans and what not on their heads, taking things home or to market. Everything in the world, not too bulky or heavy is head borne; yes, have seen sizeable tree trunk so carried, but the oddest is a single quart wine bottle or is it a fifth here (liter probably) standing upright on a black head and perfectly balanced although the carrier was moving along at a good clip.

At one point on the Hoyo rd. a giant tree had been felled. At 20 ft. up must have been at least 3-4 feet in diameter and in total length,(I stepped off all or most of the sections into which had been cut, some 135-140 or 150 feet high, if not more. Mt. Hoyo is a striking place, a sort of Rocky Mt. rustic camp, wide plank sided cabins, some double, some single, and not too many all told with drum-tanks for water, hot and warm in tubs, but with pitcher and basin, face washing facilities, and one of the few places where there were no mosquitoes. Was coolish here too. We had hoped to arrive for lunch, but did get there ahead of dinner, after which we visited with Coleman lanterns and flashlight one of the caves, an eerie place in the dark. There were only two other couples here, one with twin babies in baby buggy and folding pen. The place cannot accommodate very many. It is quiet, picturesque, high up with view to west across a valley, and over the forest from the clearing about which the cabins sit. I'm sure you'd like this above most of the places seen so far. After collecting the caves or grottoes, I wished we'd planned at least a week here. In a stream in one cave got a single crab,-I'd liked to have gotten more,-some isopods (pill bugs), and a host of roachlike, blind insects,-

Bukavu mailing of 5/14/55, cont.

an altogether fruitful place from the animal side. Belgian expeditions have more completely worked these caves, but these are our first museum specimens from this place. There are said to be at least six kinds of bats in all the caves taken together, but I doubt if we got more than 2 or 3 kinds. ~~We'll~~ Won't be able to tell till they are studied back home, The caves are extensive and, as with some of our caverns back home in the Virginia and West Virginia hills, have never been fully explored. The late afternoon, 4th May, proved a welcome break to the road work we'd been doing. We wanted to stay over another day, but were afraid we might nof find room at Mutwanga if we passed up our reservations there. Got away at 4 P.M., reached Mutwanga at about eight p.m. Here at Mutwanga we did get a full days rest (the 5th) from travel, but spent it in reorganizing our gear, repacking and labelling, collections and getting overhauled generally. No collections were attempted except by Baker who examined the plantings about the hotel, and as usual never failed to turn up a lot of mites. Early a.m. on the 6th we took to the road again for Ishango.in the northern sector of the Albert Nat'l. Park, an area also closed to tourists, but to which van Straelen gave us free and unhampered entry, guide and all facilities. As in Gangala-na-Bodio we had to bring along food enough ~~for/for~~ for our meals. Cook and house boy live on place and care for the guest houses of which there are two besides cook and dining building, and in which some 8 people can be put up. Kerosene was only light at night except for our Coleman and battery lamps. No tubs here but showers with hot (from kitchen) and cold water, comfortable beds, but again no bed nets,-houses are screened, though.

Ishango is a really unspoiled place. We visited the lake fishery (Lake Edward) and obtained more fish specimens, but they are like those of Lake Albert, as the lakes are connected by the Semliki river, the waters of which after passing through Lake Albert, supply a considerable part of the water flowing down the Nile. The river at Ishango must have a herd of 70-100 hippos in it, right out in front of the bluff on which the guest houses sit. There are no end of water birds on islets in the river, or shore, and perched on the backs of some of the hippos. Some of the latter wander quite a ways on shore and up the hillside. We surprised one not far from our sleeping quarters. We had the afternoon of the 6th and morning of the 7th in the Park, with a native guide of course, and got movie shots of several elephants, water buffalo, water bucks, and hippos. The female of a pair of elephants, which we were able to photo fairly close up, got too curious about us but was some slapped and pushed by the mate. I believe we have this bit on film for you. Here again, as at Hoyo we hated to leave. Gangala, Garamba Park, Mt. Hoyo, and Ishango are places to spend some time. Clean, but primitive, and down to earth.

Mutwanga is nice hotel type of place to vacation, but for us seemed to offer little except for the Mt. climbing. The big thing here is the ascent of Ruwenzori, a six day affair up and back. I'd be tempted to try it if I had nothing else to do. We did not see the mountain for clouds while at Mutwanga but it has a pretty setting and view among the foothills of the mts. proper.

The night of the 7th we slept in Beni, another indifferent place which I would skip another time except for a meal enroute in order to reach Butembo! However, Beni was the base for visiting the pygmy village not too far away. They seem (ran off side of tablet on this margin as you can see) happy enough, but appear to have more squalid surroundings

than many native villages. They put on a dance for us (tribal, I suppose) followed by a war dance, and an elephant dance; all three were filmed and sound recorded, successfully I hope. The women and children were happy enough with the candy and few trinkets I brought along, but the men and the chief wanted money, cigarettes, and/or salt. We gave the chief 100 francs for the visit and performances ($2.00) and he was satisfied as we had no smokes and were not told about salt until we were too far from Beni to turn back for it. But Butembo,--the guest houses (rather brick cottages there and main lodge)are about the ~~homeiest~~ homeiest places we've yet seen, lavish plantings of beautiful flowers, on a hilltop out-side of town, and overlooking the most orderly, clean, native settlement we have so far seen. The Belgian government is doing wonders in improving native standards of living and sanitation, and has had wonderful success in places such as Butembo. This, as a place of rest and comfort, is about the best so far. Our ~~y~~ traps here netted us nothing, but we collected 2 species of lizards about the brick cottages, and got more mites.

Now we've reached the morning of the 9th of May. We had oil pump trouble which we could not have remedied until this morning in Butembo. The night before the mechanic promised to be on the job at seven; but did not turn up until 8. Anyway a half day was lost, soinstead of getting to the next place, Ruindi Camp in the main section, of the Albert Park, in time for lunch, we did not arrive until after 4:30. From Butembo to Ruindi the road, now through the mountains is about the most tortuous I've ever been on. It was one of those you go back (in direction you came) two feet, for every three that you advance (in the direction you are going). But was beautiful, green hills, and mountain sides, cultivated slopes and valleys with native villages here

Bukavu mailing of 5/14/55, cont.

and there; we had almost air plane views of it all (at least the valleys) as we were running along at between 3-4000 to nearly 6000 ft. if I recall correctly. As we approached Ruindi, which lies in the vast plain/ forming this part of the Albert Park, we could see for miles from the lower end of Lake Edward in the north, to the far southward Kake Kivu. Coming down the mountain side we encountered numerous baboons digging in the steep slopes above and below the road for termites or other insects. A few photos were tried from the moving car. They did not let us come too close. On the way in we passed two large herds of elephants. Hope to get close ups of these and other Park animals on the morrow, the 10th.

May 10th.

We had wonderful luck with weather and picture taking all forenoon; unloaded truck and mounted cameras in it. Mr. Baert, director of this section of Park personally guided us about and for the first time were permitted to drive after some of the animals for better shots. Some at least should be good--water buffalo, water buck, antelope, and hippos. But the million dollar picture, like the proverbial big fish, got away. It was on the afternoon circuit of the area in the other direction that we encountered a herd of 20-30 elephants moving quietly along feeding, several large bulls, a number of females, and young of several sizes, down to little babies little more than a yr. old (judging from those we saw at Gangala). The herd moved and turned, posed as it were, first this side, then head on---but it all was too late in day and too dark and cloudy for more than a snap on fast

black and white film,--Impossible for color movie film. I could have wept. It was the picture of a life time, and I don't believe if we stayed a month would we get the same chance again with good lighting. Such is life,---Ruindi (spelled variously Ruindi or Rwindi) is as we say a must especially when you can get the privileges accorded us. We got some good hyena shots, and a hippo way up on land. They've taken to foraging ashore; there are so many in the water, there's not enough in way of water plants to go around and so they make use of the tall grass ashore. Still I want to see them eating it. We were told on good authority that they do. Everybody wanted another day here in Rwindi, I too, but we had a Watusi dance date coming up in Kisenyi on the 12th May and wanted to get some lava samples enroute from the 1953 eruption of Mt. Nyamuragira. The Congo lavas are different in chemical composition from those elsewhere in the world and the Museum geologist was anxious for specimens of them. To get them we needed a special permit, but this was awaiting us at the chief warden's office, arranged again by Dr. van Straelen from Brussels. He furnished us a native guide. Otherwise we would never have found the lava flow back in the woods a couple of miles, well off the main road. Several other lava flows the far side of Kisenyi we shall sample on the 13th on the way to Bukavu. This is being written on the morning of the 12th in the Bugoyi Guest House in Kisenyi, the first place for weeks where we have electric light available for 24 hrs. a day. Kisenyi and Goma near by are at the north end of Lake Kivu, in a valley ringed on the north with volcanoes. Last evening we drove to a near by hill top to see the firey crater of one of the active ones in the far distance.

Bukavu mailing of 5/14/55, cont.

Active as far as molten lava in the crater goes but not bubbling over, just simmering, but it does illumine the clouds ~~ø~~ above it, and the glow in the crater is like that of a blast furnace as the iron is being drawn.---

(Note: This page attached to Bukavu mailing of 5/14/55)

This is not page 25. I just won't be able to bring you down to date, because I want to mail you something from Bukavu and if I add more to the foregoing letter it won't get off. The research station folks here are coming for us at 7:30 to 8:00 a.m. and we just got time at 5:30 this afternoon, and had to clean up at a dinner at Mr. Thornton's house. He's the man who provided guide and auto. The guide speaks the two leading native languages Lingala and Swahili, Swedish, French, and English, and has proved an invaluable member of the party and most congenial.

Today is the 13th Friday in Bukavu we shall stay here till morning of 18th.

Mail could scarcely reach us before we leave, but we get to Entebbe, Uganda on the evening of the 26th pack gear on 27th for shipment home, and go to Juba, in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan on 28th Leave Juba by Nile boat for Cairo 5:30 a.m. Sunday May 29th.

In Entebbe we shall spend night of May 26th and 27th at the Lake Victoria Hotel, in Juba the night of May 28 at the Hotel Grand. Our address in Bukavu is c/o Dr. Louis van den Berghe, Director IRSAC, Bukavu, Belgian Congo.

From Entebbe we fly to Juba, but until we reach Entebbe we are still in the auto with "our" (the) truck with gear following us;

Hope to write you again in a few days. Think I can do better when we get aboard Nile boat, in fact want to get my notes brushed up then, too. Here's to prompt delivery to you, with kindest regards from your party and myself, Sincerely, Waldo

Wish you had been with us, and that you may yet, WLS We are due to arrive in Cairo on Tuesday June 14, 8 a.m. (Hotel Semiramis).

~~Typed 8/12/55~~

Started in Belgium, mailed Bruxelles May 24 '55

Dear Bruce and Mrs Bredin,

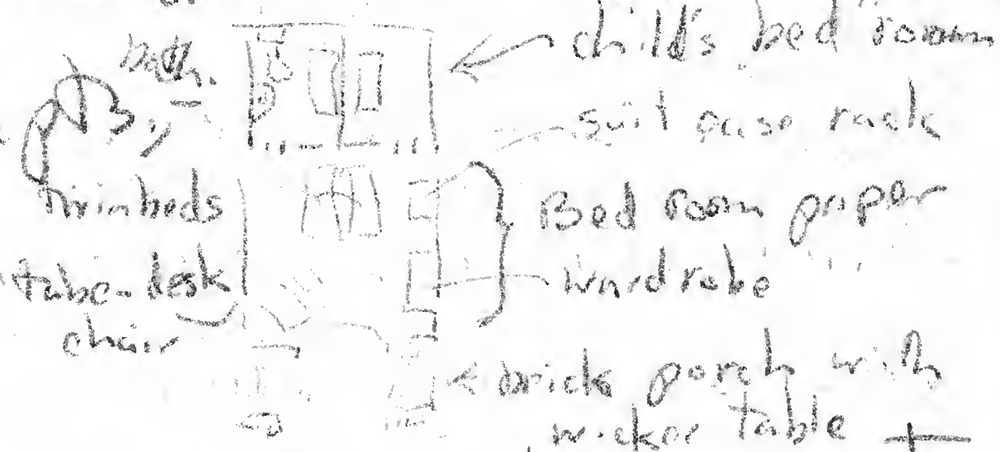
How Time flies; so fast it seems I shall never catch up with the letters I should be writing you. I am not unmindful of the many things I owe do you, but there just do not seem to be enough hours in the day to do all that should be done. I left you last time with our returning to Stanleyville to start on our cross country auto trip, with first stop at Nia-Nia or Nya Nya as it is variously spelled. The pronunciation is something else again, - a sort of contradiction when I try to reproduce it phonetically — the German yes, - and no, one after the other, "Nein-Yah" with I must confess, a nasal sound given the "Nein". On the road we had our first auto trouble; a spring shackle bolt gave way and then either as a result, or just happen stance, the left rear shock absorber had to come loose. We limped along for some miles (kilometers) and fortunately

Upon a filling station and repair shop way out in the sticks; 152 miles (245 kilometers) from Stanleyville. He did a weld job on the shock absorber and found a spring bolt of the right size, — a quite primitive, yet quite complete repair shop. There will be some pictures of this delay — Baker gathered mites from the roadside vegetation and I poked through the leave mould in the rear by woods (forest) while repairs were being made. They cramped our style for the day as we had to make Nia-Nia before dark lute in the day, as it was, it was close to 8 p.m. However, we did sample a few streams in passing, and with local native help got a crab and a few shrimps.

The hotel at Nia-Nia is old, how old I cannot say, but it certainly goes back to the "colonial" days of this country, at least the plumbing does. Baker and I room together, and the flush system didn't function, and as we have since found, the basin had only one spigot cold, as in about all the places we've stopped so far, except in Paulis the next place on our itinerary, and the Subena Guest House where we lived while in Stanleyville. This last was the newest and most

most modern in all respects, but strictly an overnite place for the plane (Sabena) passengers, - beds & tables, chairs, but just a rack with four attached coat hangers for clothes, no dressers or chest of drawers of any kind, - there was a low stand for a suitcase, - and shower and toilet, tiled, - all well lighted which few of the places have been. /// Dinner at Nia Nia was good, we were tired and hungry, the usual meal, soup, a cold fish course, meat and potatoes, and cheese for desert (sometimes one gets a pudding, small slice of cake (such as it is in some places) or a banana. The great problem everywhere is drinking water. Dr Sexton brought along some iodine tablets with which one can safely sterilize (for drinking purposes) even very polluted water, if allowed to sit for a half hour after the tablet has been dropped in, with an occassional shake, - I do agt. Have I written all this — Tetraglycine hydroperiodide - (Wallace & Tiernan Inc., Belleville 9, New Jersey)? Works like a charm; at very first you may notice a slight iodine taste but later not at all; it's just grand to have when you can't be sure of even the boiled water one finds in rooms and drinkable

We each carry a canteen; at meals one buys mineral "Soda" water; that's standard and safe. When I went to fill my canteen in the Nia-Nia hotel from the tap, everybody (the hotel personnel) was horrified and insisted that I take boiled water from kitchen or dining room table. They would not accept my explanation of how our tablets would render it fit to drink. We used mosquito nets over beds in Yanggimb, and here again. We also learned that lights or rather generator, goes off toward midnight until the following evening. The hotels up country as this one at Nia-Nia is, have limited ~~[illegible]~~ power plants. I forgot to say that the rooms are in a separate bldg, a row of about six little apts, quite a complete set up but yet primitive, furniture of such heavy wood that you can scarcely move it. There were two bldgs of apts, 6 each, and the main bldg, where we ate, have massive shuttered stone work, what I would call old Spanish type. ~~Meals were usual.~~ Everything according to Congo standards 2nd or possibly 3d class. Linens were clean & spotless as in about all places; table linens too. They are great on clean laundry; napkins usually large, pure white



and at times [illegible] as a board. Next morning headed for (5)
Paulis our principal objective on this hop. Knowing what
I know now, bet. better hotels make one long haul in-
stead of break at half way for some collecting. Do
this by radiating out on one or more days from the
better place. Paulis is typical of most of the "larger" places
(I have difficulty getting population figures), wide, dirt
streets, massive one story stone, cemented structures,
usually arcaded (with porches) and separate one from
another; real colonial reminiscent of Latin American
frontier towns. The hotel de Paulis, La Pontinerie, (props.
name, I understand) was really first class, running hot
& cold water, elect. light that went off at midnite tho
and fine clean appointments, furniture, linen & service.
However W.C.'s were in separate rooms, as was bath tub, with
hand shower, too. Nothing to complain of, continental
type of place. All help is black everywhere and mostly
barefooted; in hotels garbed in clean white cotton,
usually white robe, red sash and red fez, when head
gear is worn, — These are the waiters; the other help
room boys are usually non descript in dress, [illegible]
here in Paulis too. For perhaps 6 bed rooms
one tub but it & room were promptly policed &
put in shape, spick and span, and after a long auto
rid every body took a turn. Here we saw the
scheduled Manghetu dance. Though put on as re-

casion demands, the natives put it on with great zest and I believe, welcome the opportunity to go "native" once in a-while; young and old participate, greyhaired grandmothers and fathers, down to a few toddlers, singing, shouting, dancing, gyrating, with wild yet simple rythmic beating of drums horn tooting and what not. The orchestra was small but effective, the natives marched and danced in a large circle, inner and larger one of men, the warriors with paraphernalia, shields, bows and arrows spears; the outer one just a short line 30-40 women, segment of a circle, so for a time the white lot would gather to one side, either side of orchestra and individual dancers would strut their stuff, both the whole assemblage. We have, I believe, a superb time more of it all, sound recorded, that you will enjoy, as much as we did the performance. These natives in their way run to as many characters and types as you will meet on a New York street, jolly, serious, haughty, proud, happy-go-lucky, fat, thin, and crippled (the fewest of the latter). Though in costume they come mostly on bikes, some in autos, others afoot. The participating black population, several hundred it appeared, took the day off from work, went to dance place in costume scanty to be true, but colorful, like so many

Shriners & a Shrine convention parade, and in much the same spirit,- holiday getogether of the tribe and clan. The present chief is fat and portly, much like a colored Harlem politician, with horn rimmed glasses. We argued whether he wore them because he needed them, or as some badge of office, or something that put him in the "white" intellectual class; anyway the glasses looked out of place in a tribal dance of this sort. We shall assemble pictures at S.I (Smithsonian as soon after our return as possible, but it will be a little time yet. Hope you can be patient a while longer for some of the pictorial results.

The afternoon after the dance and lunch in Paulis headed for Niangara, stop on way to next main objective, Gangala-na-Bodio, the elephant training center. This was on afternoon of April 28th.

Niangara is smaller cheaper edition of Paulis, small country down as compared with larger center, and with one 5th rate hotel I should say. It was and is for all the world like a (way) back country, hotel, or lodging place in Brazil, and curiously enough here, run by a Portugese, and his family; everything was crude to say the least, ~~and~~ This would be another stop I should skip by to get on to next place (can be done, ~~and~~ would be worth doing.

Gangala-na-Bodia is well worth a visit, b.r you pioneer when you go. Though they a building a guest house to be finished I believe, next yaar, they are hardly prepared for visitors. We were given the run of a small house rather bare of everything including furniture, but enough chairs and beds including a couple of cots moved in. We had permission from headquarters, governor of colony and from National Parks head, van Straelen in Bruxelles, so we were given a friendly welcome within their "power" to put us up. The kitchen was a little house in the "back-yard" with black "boy" helper to cook, mit mus & make beds. But food? The man who arranged autos & hotel stops was supposed to see that this was provided, but failed to do so. Flour for bread they let us have at the Station, but except for some odds and ends in our car trunk that we carried for emergencies, Nescafe, etc, we had to depend on the native "cantina"; so they called it, though name is Spanish as can be. The black shop keeper had a misc. but limited lot of canned goods, crackers, toast in cans, "hot dogs" canned in Belgium, 4 cans Campbells soup from the States some of Libby's canned fruits, strawberry preserves

in glass, just two of them tho, 3 little cans of milk and also Nescafe, we about bought him out. He cans were old and in part rusty, dusty and battered. You punched the tops to be sure they were not "bloaters" and you ate and enjoyed the contents, we did and had a grand time eating in the half-dark, by the light of a Coleman lantern hung from a wire from the ceiling, in the next, front room. Yes, dishes of a sort were here, and had linens, clean & in plenty. As we have, since leaving Stanleyville, we slept under mosquito nets. They've been the rule since. As rough and ready as we found every thing, it was a treat and a lark, and you would have enjoyed roughing it for the two nights we spent here, as much as in a Wilderness area (by pack train) back home. Your youngsters would have enjoyed the 3 eighteen months old baby elephants: they were fun to watch & occassionaly wanted to shove you around too, just as funny as the little elephant in Kipling's "how the elephant got his ~~long nose.~~ "trunk" Here again you'll see what we saw in a movie. The elephants bathing, their grunts of satisfaction on coming out and the elephant song by the keeper, on the way

back to their feeding pens (for the smaller ones) and feeding stations (chained to posts for the larger ones). I believe some 26 elephants in the lot we saw. One of the babies was afraid of the water and scarcely got its feet wet the other two dumbled one another around in the water just as any two of your youngsters of about the same size would do at any bathing resort. The elephant song is used to quiet sick elephants when they must then be immobilized. I can't attempt a rendition here, but we also have it on a tape. Thanks to you and that you did to make this very wonderful trip possible. My conscience bothers me that I am here and you folks are not, especially when I think of the highlight of the whole trip — the day in the Garamba Nat'l Park 30th, not open to tourists but for which Dr. Van Straelen opened the "gates" for us. He is the top man in the Belgian Nat. Park Service and also the Director of the Royal Museum in Belgium. He wrote ahead and we were expected and received literally with open arms by the director of this park (and would like area) that runs all the way to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan border, a huge place of which we were able to see but a small part, in the day we were there. Believe it, or not we walked within 90 feet of a huge white

rhino, and Sexton for a snap shot with the director, to within 40 feet! When we got out of the auto he was standing under a tree, "fooling" around preparing to lie down when he got down, the director, Marc Michá, and native guide went up to within 40 feet, Sexton went up to them to photo it, while rest of us stayed little back with movie camera. Then Mischa went up closer and naked up the rhino and it lumbered off. not a gun in the party or in the auto which must have been 3-400 yds back of us in the road, two wheel tracks in the grass. Mischa knows his rhinos 'says they are perfectly harmless if not directly bothered or teased; has been among a group of them in his auto so close that his wife could touch them from the side of the jeep in which he took us into this restricted area. Hereinthese recent exciting looking pictures of a man photoing a rhino close up, in Life, of a white rhino? If so they had first to make it mad to stage what they did. Mischa says MacLeod chief game warden in Uganda bears him out on the general inoffensiveness of the white rhinos, but with the black rhino

they've had no experience and are unable to comment. The elephant, he says is the only dangerous animal and perhaps would not be except for the fact that natives do hunt them up on the Soudan border & the elephants have learned that man is an enemy. ~~And~~ On foot Micha says he doesn't like to encounter them. Yes, we should have some good photos here too, but no sound, we kept very quite through it all (ing talking (that is very little in whispers, or by signs). Seeing is believing.

Mr. Micha could not do too much for us. After the forenoon "exploring" for pictures of wild animals he took us home to lunch. The layout and architecture, especially interiors, of the home the Government builds for its administrators are worth a trip to the Congo alone, - fraught with ideas for interior decoration, and proportions of rooms, most of them most pleasing. This is one phase of the trip we've overlooked and not until I write this (to you) this late date do I think of it. Van Straelens name works magic in the government reservations and would do so again for you if you should come this way to see what we've have seen and shall try to reproduce for you pictorially. I'd love to have

to have lunch at Mishra's place and I know he and his wife would extend you the same hospitable welcome given us. Yes, this park and these people and their home was the highlight of the trip, not to forget walking (almost) with that white rhino. "look Ma no guns, either. I would that I could have made the same experience, yours. After another sleep under the mosquito nets at Gangala and a Coleman lantern lit breakfast at 5 am we hit out for Nicka, one of our longest daily hops — 300 miles, and no time for stops. Yes, I'm way ahead of myself. Rough much disappointed in the shrimp returns as such, we are making scientific hay, of course the omni-present mites will loom larges in our ultimate reports on results, — and these micro scopic organisms can be found in great variety and on most species of plants, wild and cultivated if not sprayed — and tropical plant mites have been virtually without attention up till now. In a considerable degree ~~your~~ Central Exped. thus is pioneering this field of study in Africa. Also we shall as we have time to sample this and that stream for its shrimp population without fine meshed dip nets and seine. We are a bit at wrong season for taking them, the waters are too high the natives say. We are at the tail end of the rainy season; its the dryer months that they c

centrate in the deeper "holes" of the water courses and can then be fished in quantity. So they say. We have practically no large shrimp, but small ones, a rather common well known Africa species from a number of streams, a few crabs, a number of small fish and insects. The best returns next to mites, and related to things, parasitic, have been with the small mammals, rats and mice and squirrels. The Belgian research lab at Bukavu (Costermansville) made available to us one of their best trained Congolese taxidermists, and he is a wonderfully helpful boy- Cheerful and hard working - speaks no English, and when he knows what's wanted needs no see and telling. Each night he puts out a line of small traps, which we brought along, each morning he gathers them in. Sometimes we get nothing, sometimes one, occassionally 2-3, if the ants haven't gotten at them, before he has. The Congo ants, especially the army ants make short work of everything edible, we also have an 8 gal tank pretty well filled with fish from Lake Albert, at Kasenyi, and Lake Edward at Ishango. At both these places there is a rather successful fresh-water fishery. Though we enjoyed a couple of meals of delicious fish at the latter place, including cold fried fish

fish for breakfast. It tasted better than you think. // We spent the night of May 1st and breakfast and lunch of May 2nd at Nioka, - also a model type of place - two rows of brick pavilions they call them here, and at the head, the dining hall, lounge, bar, and service facilities. The lodges, or little houses, had anteroom, bed room - bath, with toilet (most places the latter is apart and sometimes out of the back door). Meals are more generous as to variety and helpings the further youre away from the larger towns, it seems. Here in Nioka for the first time delicious ripe papayas for breakfast, - strawberries for desert at dinner. The hot water system though customary, as we have learned, struck us as unique - a small compact brick hearth (or furnace?) with an oil drum above. When heated good and hot, fireplace in the evening, it stays sufficiently warm till the morning for bath or shaving though the nights get coolish, or so they seem. At 70 or 72° the water stays warm enough for bath and shaving. Beside the hot water drum is one for cold water, both are piped to the SP'ggot inside house, and though tub (showers are rare) has hot and cold, the wash basin usually has cold tap only. It rained the afternoon, evening and night at Nioka clearing by morning for the run to Bunia where

were to have the cars (auto & truck serviced), but the Ford place, every busy one, was too busy to take us on. And since we've had a little oil pump trouble which will have to be attended to at first opportunity. Bunia was intermediate stop on our way to the Kaseny; fishery already mentioned above. We arrived in Bunia at 4:30 p.m. on the 2nd and left next morning for Kaseny. We here we got a good haul of fish as the fish boat had just come in, - later in the morning the fishermen hauled my little seine for me and netted a number of smaller fish, young and other than commercial species and a few shrimp. Most of our work here was done in the rainy - one of the few days so far that we've been a little inconvenienced by it. We spent the afternoon headed for Mont Hoyo and its famed (in Africa) gnat flies; - they are mentioned in the Guide I sent you.

The latter part of the road to Mt. Hoyo runs through dense dark forest. Crossing the road, in one place is a column of army ants swarming through rows of protecting warriors, were the workers. Even stepping over them had its minor risks. One or more of the warriors or soldier caste may get on your shoes and climb up. I got one bite in the back and Baker who tried collecting (scooping up) a [illegible] in a vial got nipped in the finger. [illegible]

dropping the vials, but for quick work on the part of
a native standing by we would have lost them (the ants in
the vial) and he got several nips before he got the lid on.
Plastic vials which we are carrying have little caps instead of
stoppers or corks. This matter of natives — you can shoot
nowhere, or scarcely ever, but two or three or a village
will collect about you. They are omnipresent, huts in
the woods and in the open every little stretch, near
or further from the road. Maybe their ears are
exceedingly sharp, their eyes keen. They must be, for they
always turn up. Often to be of some assistance, as
with those ants, or hauling our little seine, and even
giving you distances or directions — there are few
road signs in some parts of the Congo (more and better
in others though) and our driver between French and
English speaks at least two of the commoner native
languages of which Swahili is the principal one. One
time we had trouble with battery and starting and
the passing natives helped with a push. Also natives
are always travelling the road, with produce, fire wood,
jugs, jars, and gourds of water, bowls, pots and pans
and what not on their heads, taking things home, or
to market. Everything in the world, not too bulky or
heavy is head borne; yes, have seen sizeable dried drum
so carried, but the oddest is a single quart wine bottle
or is it a fifth here (like Pinkerton) and perfectly balanced as to the carrier
black head
which bearing along at a good clip. // At one point on the

on the Royo rd a giant tree had been felled. It 20
feet up must have been at least 3-4 feet in diameter and
in total length (I stepped off all or most of the sections
into which had been cut) some 135-140 or 150 feet high
if not more. Mt Royo is a striking place, a sort of
a Rocky Mt rustic camp; wide plank sided cabins
some double, some single, and not too many all told
with drum-tanks for water, hot and warm in tubs, but
with pitcher and basin, face washing facilities, and one
of the few places where there were no mosquitoes
was coolish here too. We had hoped to arrive for
lunch, but did get there ahead of dinner, after which
we visited with Coleman lanterns and black light one
of the caves, an eerie place in the dark. There
were only two other couples here, one with twin
babies in baby buggy and folding pen. This place
cannot accommodate very many (10) It is quite
picturesque, high up with view to west across
a valley, and over the forest from the clearing around
which the cabins sit. I'm sure you'd like this about
most of the places seen so far. After collecting
the caves or grottoes, I wished we'd planned at least
a week here. In a stream in one cave got a single
crab - I'd liked to have gotten more; some isopods (pill
bugs) and a host of roach-like, blind insects; an altogether
fruitful place from the animal side. Belgian expedition
have more completely worked these caves but these are
our first museum specimens from this place. There are
said to be at least six kinds of bats in all the

the caves taken together, but I doubt if we got more than 2 or 3 kinds. Must be able to tell till they are studied back home. The caves are extensive as was some our owens back home in the Yuo West Ka hills, have never been fully explored. ~~We take afternoon, the day before, the 4th day which bettered~~ 4th May proved a welcome break to the road work we'd been doing. We wanted to stay over another day, but were afraid we might not find room at Mutwanga if we passed up our reservations there. Sat army at 4 p.m. reached Mutwanga at 8 p.m. Here at Mutwanga we did get a (the 5th) day's rest from travel but spent it in reorganizing our gear, repacking and labelling collections and getting overhauled generally. No collections were attempted except by Buhr who examined the plantings about the hotel, and as usual never failed to turn up a lot of mites. Early a.m. on the 6th we took to the road again for Ishango in the northern sector of the Albert Nat'l Park, an area also closed to tourists, but to which Van Straelen gave us free and unhampered entry, guide and all facilities. As in Gangala-na-Bodio we had to bring along food enough for meals. Cook at house buy five an place and care for the guest houses at which there are two besides cook & dining buildings, and in which some 8 people can be put up. Kerosene lamps only lighted at night except for our Coleman and battery lamps. No tubs here, but showers with hot (from kitchen) and cold water. Cmfortable beds, but again no sheets, houses are screened though. Ishango is a really unspoiled place:

We visited the lake fishery (Lake Edward) and obtained more fish specimens, but they are like those of Lake Albert, as (Lake Ed
are connected by the Semliki river which after passing
through Lake Albert supply a considerable part of the water
flowing down the Nile. The river at Ishango must have
a herd(?) of 70-100 hippos in it right up in front
of the bluff on which the guesthouses sit. On a large end of
water birds on islets in the river, ashore, and perched
on the backs of some of the hippos. One of the latter
wander quite a ways on shore and up the hillside we
surprised me not four from our sleeping quarters.
We had the afternoon of the 6th and morning of the 7th
in the Park, with a native guide of course, and got
movie shots of several elephants, water buffalo, water
bucks, and hippos. The female of a pair of
elephants which we were able to photo fairly close up
got two curious about us but was soon slapped
and pushed by the mother. I believe we have this bit
on film for you. Here again as at Kaya we
hated to leave. Gangala, Garamba Park, Mokoto
and Ishango are places to spend sometime. Clean
but primitive, and damn hot.
nice hotel type at place to vacation, but for us seems
to offer little except for the Mt climbing. Mukunga is
here is the ascent of Mt Mukunga, a six day affair
up and back. I'd be tempted to try it if I had not
else to do. We did not seek the mountain for us

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while at Mubanga, but it has a pretty setting and view over the foothills of Ruwenzori proper. The night of the 21st we slept in Beni, another indifferent place which I would skip, neither time except for a meal enroute in order to reach Butembo. However Beni was the base for visiting Bwiti village (east side of Lake Edward) Pygmy village and Kurukuru. They seem happy enough, but appear to have more squalid surroundings than many native villages. They put on a dance for us (Tribal I suppose) followed by a war dance, and an elephant dance; all three were filmed and recorded successfully I hope. The women and children were happy enough with the candy and fags I brought along, but the men & the chief wanted money cigarettes, and/or salt. We gave the chief 100 francs for the visit and performances (£2.00) and he was satisfied also we killed two snakes, and were told about salt beyond, we were too far from Beni. So drive back to Butembo. The guest houses (rather brick cottages) Rhoda and main lodge are about the homes & places we've yet seen, lavish plantings of bougainvillea flowers on a hillside out-side of town, and overlooking the most orderly, clean native settlement we have so far seen. The Belgian government is doing wonders in improving native standards of living and sanitation, and has had wonderful success in places such as Butembo. This as a place at rest and comfort is about the best so far. Our traps here netted us nothing, but we collected 2 species of lizards about the brick outhouses, and got more of

(Ref. side of Lake Edward Pygmy village as you can see)

Now we've reached the morning of the 9th May. We had oil pump trouble which we could not have remedied until this morning in Butembo. The night before the mechanic promised to be on the job at seven, but did not turn up until 8. Anyway a half day was lost; so instead of getting to the next place, Ruindi Camp in the main section of the Albert Park, in time for lunch we did not arrive until after 4:30 From Butembo to Ruindi the road, now through the most populous we've ever been on. the most fabulous (those you go back (in direction you came) two feet, for every three that you advance (in the direction you are going). But was beautiful, green hill, and mountain sides, cultivated slopes and valleys with native villages here and there; we had almost airplane views of it all (at least the valleys) as we were running along at bet 3-4000 ft easily 6000 ft. If I recall correctly, As we approached Ruindi which lies in the rest plains surrounding the park at the Albert Park, we could see for miles from the lower end of Lake Edward in the north to the far south Edward Lake Kivu. Coming down the mountain side we encountered numerous baboons digging in the steep slopes above and below the road for termites or other insects. Again photos were dried from the moving car. They did not let us come close enough to get close ups of large herds of these and other Park animals in the morning the 10th

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May 10th. We had wonderful luck with weather and pict
duking all forenoon; unloaded truck and mounted cameras
in it. Mr. Baert, director of this section of park personally guided
us about and for the first time were permitted to drive
after some of the animals for better shots. Some at
least should be good — water buffalo, water buck, antelope
and hippos. But the million dollar picture, like the proverb
ial big fish, got away. It was on the afternoon circuit
of the area in the other direction that we encountered
a herd of 20-30 elephants moving quietly along feeding
several large bulls, a number of females, and young of
several sizes, down to little babies little more than a yr.
old (judging from those we saw at Gangala) the herd
moved and turned, posed as it were, first this side,
then head on — but it all was too late in day and
too cloudy for more than a snap on fast black and
white film, — impossible for color film. movie I could have
wept. It was the picture of a life time, and I doubt
believe if we stayed a month would we get the same
chance again with good lighting. Such is life, I.
Rwindi (spelled variously Ruindi or Rwindi) is as we
say a must especially when you can get the privileges
accorded us. We got some good hyenna shots, and
a hippo way up on land. They've taken to foraging
ashore; there are so many in the water, there's not
enough in way of water plants to go around and
so they make use of the tall grass ashore. Still I

I want to see them eating it. We were told on good authority that they do. Everybody wanted another day here in Rwindi, I too, but we had a headhunting dance date coming up in Kisenyi on the 12th May and wanted to get some lava samples exporte from the 1953 irruption of Mt. Nyamuragira. The Congo lavas are different in chemical composition from those elsewhere in the world and the Museum geologist was anxious for specimens of them. ~~Th~~ To get them we needed a special permit, but this was awaiting us at the chief Wardens office, arranged again by Dr. van Straelen from Brussels. He furnished us a native guide. Otherwise we would never have found the lava flow back in the woods a couple of miles, well off the main road. Several other lava flows the far side of Kisenyi ~~the~~ shall sample on the 13th on the way to Bukavu. This is being written on the morning of the 12th in the Bugoyi Guest House in Kisenyi, the first place for weeks where we have had electric light available for 24 hrs. a day. Kisenyi and Goma nearby are at the north end of Lake Kivu, in a valley ringed in the north with volcanoes. Last evening we drove to a nearby hill top to see the fiery crater of one of the active ones in the far distance. Active as far as molten lava in the crater goes but not billowing over just simmering but it does illuminate the clouds above it and the glow in the crater is like that of a blast furnace as the iron is being drawn.

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Put on sep sheet

Page
This is not page 25. I just must be able
to bring you dumm to date, because I must to
mail you something from Bukavu and if
I ~~write~~ add more to the foregoing letter it must
get off. The research station folks here are
coming for us at 7:30 to 8.00 a.m. and we
just got ~~this~~ at 5:30 this afternoon, and had to
clean up at a dinner at Mr Thorntons house.
Des Rebman who provided guide and auto

The guide speaks the two leading native languages
Lingala and ~~Stuhli~~ Swahili, Swedish, French
and English, and has proved an invaluable
member of the party and most congenial.

Today is the 13th Friday. in Bukavu
we shall stay here till morning of 14th.
Mail could scarcely reach us before we
leave, but we get to Entebbe, Uganda
on the evening of the 26th pack gear on
27th for shipment home, and go to Juba,
in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan on 28th Leave
Juba by Nile boat for Cairo 5:30 a.m.
Sunday May 29th

In Entebbe we shall spend night of May 26th
and 27th at the Lake Victoria Hotel; in
Juba the night of May 28 at the Hotel

Grand. Our address in Bukavu is
c/o Dr. Louis van den Berghe, Director IRSAC
Lwiro (Katana) D.S.
Bukavu, Belgian Congo

~~Kabale~~ From Entebbe we fly to Juba, but until we reach Entebbe we are still in the auto with "our" (the) truck with gear following us,

Hope to write you again in a few days. Think I can do better when we get aboard Nile boat, in fact must do get my notes brushed up then too. Here's to prompt delivery to you, With kindest regards from your party and myself,

Sincerely
Waldo.

Wish you had been with us, and that you may yet,
We are due to arrive in Cairo on Tuesday June 14, 8 a.m. (Hotel Semiramis) FB

Continuation of
May 14/55 letter

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin,

The last word in the letter mailed you from Bukavu was cut rather short. Thornton's place,like most of the more comfortable residences, is on the lake (Kivu) shore, has huge spacious rooms and strangely enough is not African in its appointments or arrangements, rather Oriental, chinese pictures and far Eastern things in general. I failed to inquire the whyfore but when I remarked upon the absence of things African Mrs. Thornton, a Belgian girl, I believe, remarked, "Oh, no, we have no African decorations." For cocktails, Thornton had in a Mr. Bredo, secretary of the "Scientific Council for Africa South of the Sahara, C.S.A. as it is abbreviated from the French. Bredo is in charge of the business of the organization in which all the governments and territories in this part of Africa take part thru duly appointed representatives. The Council was formed Nov. 1950. This body is largely advisory, but seeks to insure maximum cooperation among all scientific workers throughout the designated part of Africa. Annual meetings and symposia are held for exchange of information and ideas.

Bredo left after cocktails, but Dr. Vercammen-Grandjean, the only other guest present other than your party, Dr. Baker, the Sextons, and myself, stayed on for dinner. Vercammen is the mite specialist in this part of the world and enjoys a high reputation among zoologists and entomologists, even though a comparatively young man. He is, among other things, an accomplished scientific artist and turns out most accurate drawings of the species of African mites parasitizing animals.

Continuation of May 14/55 letter

Plant mites are a relatively new field of investigation in this part of the world. On that basis we stand to make some original contributions to Science when the material collected is worked up. Bredo in turn invited us to cocktails at his home for the evening of May 17 to meet others of the local scientific fraternity in Bukavu, and indeed from the research center at Lwiro, where Dr. van den Berghe is director. Only when I mention this do I realize how far behind I am in communicating with you.

After leaving Kisenyi on 13th May, we collected specimens of lava from the several dated lava flows (1912, 1938, 1948) between K. and Bukavu so now I have quite a chest full of rather heavy stuff. On the road we got a not too clear polaroid snap of the expeditionary party (enclosed), from left to right, the driver of the truck (or lorry as our chauffer-guide calls it), then Emanuel Kitwa, our taxidermist, on loan from the Lwiro (IRSAC) head quarters station,--Dr. Sexton, Oscar Lagerstroem, the "guide," myself and Ed. Baker. Dr. Sexton's son pushed the botton. In the background is Lake Kivu, of which this lava flow here forms part of the shore line.

On the side of the truck is a sign that Dr. Sexton painted so that we might identify our selves on film with and for you. We have stills as well as movie shots of this scene, far clearer I hope than the poor snap enclosed. None of these pictures will be released or given publicity until after we have consulted with you on our return.

Both cars, by the way, are Fords. Thornton, who provided them, says it's much easier to service Fords and secure parts for them than any other car (next best and popular is the Chevy) Certainly both cars have given us very little trouble in all--and we've only had one flat so far.

Continuation of May 14/55 letter

The next morning we went to the local research laboratory where Vercammen works and met his chief,a Dr. Jadin, with whom I had had some correspondence. regarding this trip. An important part of their work concerns the tsetse fly, the carrier of sleeping sickness and the scourge of many parts of Africa, and along our route to Uganda. After lunch we went to Lwiro which I thought was nearer to Bukavu proper than the hours run, mo e or less than it takes.

IRSAC (Institut pour la recherche scientifique en Afrique centrale) located at Lwiro, is growing to be a most important research center. New building are being added to an already large establishment. This is about covering all fields of science and research except in the field of agriculture, for which there is INEAC with stations ~~strategically~~ strategically placed throughout the country. At Yangambi you may recall we put up at the INEAC, headquarters. Here too at Lwiro we lived in very comfortable guest houses, the Sextons and I in two rooms of one, and Baker in another. These houses as the station proper are also on the shores of Lake Kivu which is a ~~considerable~~ considerable body of water, perhaps 75 miles long. It is the highest lake in Africa, lying at an altitude of something over 4700 feet. It certainly adds to the beauty of this part of the country.

The first may we encountered when we drove up to the Lwiro station in search of the director Dr. van den Berghe was Frank Lambrecht, a Belgian whom I met at Rutgers Univ. about 2 or 3 years ago. He was then studying serology under Dr. Alan Boyden and now is applying some of the things he learned in the study of the distribution of sleeping sickness by the tsetse fly. The serological examination of the blood

Continuation of May 14/55 letter

ingested permits the identification of the animals upon which the fly has fed. Its remarkable what can be told about a drop of blood. This approach is used in study of m_____ mosquitoes too. You cannot tell upon which man a particular blood feeder feasted, but you can tell man, and the different hosts of the fly or mosquito from the blood you find in them. We were shown over the station, laboratories and various lines of work. They even carry on studies of earthquakes and volcanoes, Biochemistry, nutrition, parasitology (animal) but they have no mite man that sort of thing is largely the concern of agriculture, and that is why Baker's visit is so timely and interesting to the people here. One thing that's been bothering us in our filming is getting photographs of living mites. To begin with the "things" are so very small. For the most part the plant mites are found on the underside of leaves where it is shady cooler; so when you put a bright light on them, the heat of it makes them run away. However, in the laboratories here at Lwiro we believe we've gotten what we wanted. I marvel at the completeness of the equipment. We are ? "poor relations" in the Smithsonian compared with what these Belgian laboratories have, both as regards buildings and equipment. Microscopes the like of which we don't even produce in the States, mostly German make, however.

Living on part of the reservation, across from van den Berghe, the director, is Dr. James P. Chapin, an old Congo hand who first explored in the Congo as a young man of 19 back in 1909. He probably knows this part of the world better than any one other man, having traveled far and wide over it. His specialty is birds, and He's never without his field glasses and seldom without his gun, because he's wanting to document his observations with specimens of the birds concerned. No, he doesn't

Continuation of May 14/55 letter

kill all the birds he studies for that would end that particular study. The Chapins, this time, have been here since '53. He serves as a consultant to Dr. van den Berghe, and according to the latter is the man who is responsible for the selection of the Lwiro site as headquarters and main research center for IRSAC. One here is in reach of more different types of country, from jungle to near desert, high mountains, and low lying plains than any other place in the Congo; by crossing the mountains to the West in a few hours you are in virgin jungle (rain forests). All one needs is the time to explore. I asked Chapin for a likely place off from things in general where one could spend several weeks in a relatively untouched land and forest among or near natives not too much influenced by the white man and he pointed to a mountain to the north and said there, there is a rest house in a forest reserve, which you could have use of on application and with a couple of native boys live there quite comfortably as long as you liked. There you would see (at least this part of) Africa in the original, Ruegege is the place, and it's located at an elevation of 8,000 feet and not too difficult of access, but restricted as to visitors, but from it as a base one could work out in all directions, a primitive and unspoiled place says Chapin, which it is a treat to visit. He recommends the drier months, July, August, and/or December, Jan. Feb. Sorry we did not have the time to go there for just a look around; it was a temptation, lying just over there,--before your eyes. At Chapin's we got the opportunity to photograph some pygmies who live over the hill from his place so ~~it's~~ to speak, they made fire for us, just

Continuation of May 14/55 letter

twirling a stick of harder wood in a softer piece underneath. It takes a little skill, but they produce a fire in no time. The farther one gets away from the cities the more real Africa you see. While we were here in Lwiro, from afternoon of the 14th through morning of the 16th we had the opportunity of sitting in on a lecture given by Alain Bombard, the Frenchman who crossed the Atlantic in a rubber life raft with scarcely seven x three feet of space in side it. Lived on planktonic animals and fish he caught with nets and hook and line. He had quite naturally very little in the way of ~~m~~ motion pictures but he did keep his audience,the station staff, and families, entertained for a couple of hours. I did not get much out of his discourse, but I had had a few words with him at lunch time earlier in the day. He speaks a very good English, and when I inquired for more real data on his exploit he said it had been typed out by the French government and that a copy was available in the French Embassy in Washington, gave me a card of introduction to the Naval attache there, to whom he wished to be remembered. He expects to attend a Navy conference in Washington in the Fall on survival at sea, and may go on a brief lecture tour at the time. On the 17th on our way back to Bukavu we stopped at Mulungu to see the INEAC station there. Mites on economic plants being our objective here. In fact the place proved so interesting under the guidance of the director, Dr. F. L. Hendrickx Baker wanted another day there.

Chapin came down from Lwiro for Bredo's cocktail party on the 17th from 6 p.m. till we went home to dinner near nine in the absence of the governor we met the acting governor. Everybody of consequence politically is down Leopoldville way to see the King of all the Belgians who landed there on the 16th. This was a colony wide holiday, even up here. I understand that he's going pretty much all over the Congo and will be up here in the near future.

Continuation of May 14/55 letter

The next day the 18th Baker and young Sexton went back to Mulungu. He also had come down for Bredo party, and Dr. Sexton and I went on with car and truck to Uvira at the head N. end of Lake Tanganyika to keep our date with Dr. Marlier, the fish-man (ichthyologist) to IRSAC and the director of its hydrobiological station there. Delayed in starting and by the roads which, though undergoing improvement, are in considerable part over and through the mountains one way up for a time and one way down for a time. The natives guarding the gates, a bamboo pole on uprights across the road signal from one station up or down the mountain by beating on an empty gasoline drum placed by their thatched shelter by the gateway. Works like a charm in absence of telephonic communication, and trucks and cars get up and down without too much delay. The road is narrow and winding but with some rewarding views. We go t to the head of the Lake and Uvira rather late around 8 p.m. and after dinner at the local hotel went to rooms furnished us on the second floor of the laboratory building. This is a former hotel, large and spacious that was started and never finished till the government took it over and ~~fin~~ finished it.as a Hydrobiological Station.

Please forgive (again) the abrupt ending. This is Sat. the 20th and we must go over this a.m. to Usumbura to pay respects to Gov. of Province,Jean Paul Harroy, as he leaves for an official trip at 11 a.m. I have the chance to mail this in Usumbura so here goes, hope to tell you of this lovely station and site in my next to you.

Sincerely,

WLS

This place Uvira is another highlight in trip several weeks on this Lake Tanganyika is rewarding and worth anyone's while. I can most highly recommend this station and accommodations, and ~~it~~ its young (38) director to anyone. WLS

My abrupt ending of the other day (about ~~May 00~~ May __) left us--you high and dry at the Uvira hydrobiological station at the head of Lake Tanganyika, in a comfortable spacious "old" hotel building. Did I mention that Marlier, the director, reminds me for all the world of Bob Lunz who was on the Joseph Conrad with us. Same build, thin, wiry, active, dark complected, black hair, and half French; both are in charge of biological stations and wives are both blondes. Marlier is just as interesting as Bob and loves his work just as much.

On the morning of the 19th we went through the lab. examined collections, and talked over problems, connected with the work, and people working along those lines elsewhere. That afternoon we worked down the Lake shore west, and south, but got very little--a few crabs. The rare shrimp here George (Georges Marlier) promises for another day. The next morning the 20th the 40 ft lab. boat was taken out on the lake and put through some of its paces--making a couple of dredge hauls,--one was mostly sand with few dead shells, the other little else than a few aquatic plants. The boat is here one needs just a week more to make the best use of it,--a drum of gas would get a lot of steaming and hauling done; I'd also like to come back with some

Continuation of May 14/55 letter

suitable traps for deep water work--not too deep, for they ~~s~~ say near the bottom there is a dearth of oxygen. There's an awful lot yet to be learned about this lake in spite of previous English and Belgian expeditions. The Belgians were the first to demonstrate the abundance of ~~s~~ish now found ~~i~~ in it. A delicious small smelt-like fish and very good eating, occurs in great quantity. Each night is fished (dipped up) using light lures; on dark nights a torch light attracts them, though with moonlight and daylight they shun the surface. In the height of the fishing season as many as a thousand dug out canoes will be out at night with their torches, although in these days Coleman (gasoline mantle) lights are used instead. Their brighter beam draws the fish better, with the result that fishermen using these lights have increased their catch 6 fold. These little fish, fried are most tasty and grand to serve with cocktails. The catch is practically all consumed locally and fresh. Would that I could have had some canned for you. They are cheap enough 5-6 cents a quart.

Every other week Marlier has a 600 ft. seine hauled on the ~~b~~ beach at night for purpose of sampling the local fish population; he records ~~kind~~ kind,number, weight, and the stomach contents of representative specimens, in order to check on kind of food sought. Between weeks, day light hauls are made but so that I could see and photo a day time haul we staged one the very next morning also, the 21st, and sure enough we got more fish, additional kinds as compared with the night haul. A couple of fish he said were rather rare. All but one of the latter, that Marlier wanted for the station collection were pickled for the National Museum. After the seine haul we ran over to Usumbura at the N. E. corner of the lake. Here resides the governor of the Belgian mandate-Ruandu-Urundi; the newly appointed governor is Jean

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Paul Harroy whom I've known by correspondence since 1939. He apologized for not asking us to lunch, but his wife was in a "state" getting the house ready for the King of the Belgians who was coming through just 10 days later. To tell the truth, the whole Belgian Congo is seeting with excitement. There are thousands of natives working on the roads. It's virtually clean-up week for the entire colony. Harroy also is the man that appointed Marlier to his present position. You yourself would have enjoyed this brief visit with Harroy. Harroy was a former National Parks director, at Garamba Park where Marc Michá now holds forth and first of all a zoologist. His present appointment and departure for Ruanda was a half day affair just two months ago, and was made, I'm convinced because they wanted a man of his personality and intelligence in charge here when the King arrives.

Sunday morning the 22nd we got away after packing up at 10:00 a.m. after having a last round of coffee with the Marliers. ~~I've I~~ I've imbibed enough coffee day by day to see me through the rest of life if I never touch another drop. We pushed right through to Astrida where Baker and young Sexton had gone from Mulungu and Bukavu. Overnighting in Astrida, we made ~~Gabri~~ Gabiro (the Kagera National Park) at 6:45 p.m. and darkness. Because of need for more time to get packed at Entebbe from which place the specimens and outfit are being sent home, rail to Mombassa, ship to New York, we had moved up our schedule a day. So it was we were not expected at Gabiro until the next day. Again, Dr. van Straelen's letters provided the open "sesame." Not only did the director of this Park, J. Haezaert, have us to cocktails twice and to dinner but his wife saw to it we were provided with a very complete luncheon for a next days all day tour (and photoing) of the Park.

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The director's house like the one at Garamba is out of this world, of stone, high on a hill top that over looks the park for miles, a unique and beautiful place and most tastefully furnished. Since visiting Harroy I get an inkling why these Park directors have such wonderful homes--- one never knows when the king might wish to visit this or that park, and they are ready from the house is built. This year, however, the king will not get to Kagera (Gabiro). The guest house accommodations are in progress, and at this writing as primitive as those we found at Gangala-na-Bodio, the elephant training center. One brings his own food but there's a boy to cook it, and cots and bedding are on hand. Plumbing is in but the water supply is as yet uncertain; we used buckets of water for flushing the first night. Electric light is promised for next year; kerosene lamps being the present order of the day.

Our supper of the night of the 23d was made up of several cans of Campbells soup, canned vegetables, and cut up canned sausages in one all purpose soup or stew,--as the saying goes, have I used it before, it had everything in it but the kitchen stove. Yes, we slept well, after cocktails up on the hill, a tummy full of this goulash and after the long days drive that preceded it. I forgot the bread and butter preserves and cheese, and the hot chocolate that topped off this elaborate "picnic" spread. After breakfast the morning of the twentyfourth,(concocted out of our provisions, and the cook's hot water for Nescafé) Mr. Huezaert came by with the lunch his wife prepared for the all day trip through the park; it takes just about a full day, the Park is so ~~large~~ large and the road so long, but it was a rewarding day. Impalas and zebras are the principal animals that we saw in large herds and droves;

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we also saw and poto'd at least two small groups of the dwarf antelopes, blue duikers as they call them here. These miniature antelopes are scarcely grass high and beautiful (cute) and graceful beyond words. I'd give most anything to have a pair for pets,--there were water bucks and buffalo, but again we were disappointed in not seeing a single one of the king of beasts. Yet Haezaert says two males staged a fight in his back yard, just outside the kitchen windowm one evening. They are more than generally appreciated and are best and most often seen in the early morning hours--but then there's not enough light for color photography. Our days trip through the park covered 120 kilometers, just about 75 miles; half way through design, or accident brought us to a bluff overlooking the valley through which the Gabiro river runs, and which in part forms the natural boundary between the English Tanganyika Terr. and Ruandu-Urundi, before us spread the river and several lakes, a little too far away to examine closely, one smaller lake teems with an otter species, the other has hundreds of crocodiles, and here and there in the reaches of the river are herds of hippos. The hippo seems to be about the commonest animal. You cannot examine any river without seeing a dozen or more. It is on this bluff that the park authorities are going to build a rest house with place to work and study, and on its site we wpread Mrs. Haezaert's lunch--meat, and cheese sandwiches, cold tea with lemon juice in it, 2 kinds of Portugese wine, a homemade spice cake that the lady of the house got up earlier that morning to make, and bananas for fruit, which is a partof every major meal in Africa.--I'm not sure we did not have hot coffee too, but it was an elaborate lundh--and we made the most of it. We did not get back until 5:30 and by the time we got up to the Haezaert home it was dark. They have three children blonde boy 1-1/2, girl 2-1/2 (dark haired), and boy 4 (blonde). Both boys are blue-eyed or brown, I don't

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remember and Flemish as is the father, but the girl is brown eyed, and very dark blonde Portugese type--the mother is a blonde Portugese from Coimbra but you wouldn't know it except for the little girl, a happy vivacious little thing; the boys are more stolid, and Germanic in appearance and behaviour. But all pleasant evenings have to end. It was close to eleven before we got back to our half lit rooms for an early ~~Yódá~~ loading of our truck. We'd used it through the park as a moving camera platform and now again on the 25th it had to haul our gear onward to Entebbe and the shipping point for home. We wanted away earlier but did not get away until 10 a.m. on the 25th (24th was spent in Park). This late start brought us into Entebbe (Uganda) well after dark, which had its drawbacks. Uganda is English as you know and has left hand driving; just the reverse of the Belgian Congo which has largely agented American cars, and driving practice. Our driver got the willeys almost, trying to drive as I would callit on the wrong side of the road. It was not so bad meeting approaching autos which had their headlights on, but the way the many bikes with blacks mounted on them would come flitting out of the dark ahead was nerve wracking. We barely were able to crawl into the Entebbe Hotel grounds (Lake Victoria Hotel), 7 p.m.

The next morning we were in for a shock. The little intermediate air-line which was to lift us to Juba (Hunting Llan) had never heard of us or our request for space even though it was put through last March! We checked and rechecked with them all the way to Nairobi, but no go. Then we priced car hire, Entebbe to Juba and charter plane for our. The charter plane was being overhauled and would not be ready for a week, though it was cheaper than a car for the 900 mile (±) ~~XXX~~ trip up and back.

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You have to pay for mileage of returning car as well as for the going. The first drivers car was too small but the second had a Ford"safari" station wagon that was just what we needed. Its owner is a retired English Army major, who undertook to drive us up,,and asked if we would object to his bringing ~~along~~ his wife along for his return trip. We did not; there was ample room for all hands and what luggage we had left. The night of the 26th was needed till 2:15 a.m. to finish the packing started in the afternoon; the forenoon was given over to making shipping arrangements out of Kampala the railway terminus. We prepaid rail freight Kampala to Mombassa. The Museum taking over the ship freight collect from Mombassa to New York and thence to Washington. We've got some nice specimens, mammals and fish and mites and a few very worthwhile crustacea, and much desired lava samples. The chest of soil samples is a gamble. I'd like to see a real discovery come out of it, but until each and every sample is properly cultured we'll never know. Hope it will be done soon.

In return for the ride, Mrs. Browne provided the first day's lunch. By the time we got things settled up in Entebbe, the freight shipment off to Kampala in the truck which then returned to its home base in Bukavu it was 10 a.m. But we found the Uganda roads better than expected and made excellent time. Lunch was a roadside affair, sandwiches, lemonade made from concentrate, and ice water added from the Brown's thermos bottles, hot coffee, cookies and a couple of chocolate bars. We got away at 10 a.m. between paying for car (Browne) and last minute packing. The roads were excellent as roads go here, better than most of Belgian Congo roads and contrary to reports we made better time than expected. A rain flurry during forenoon just laid

Continuation of May 14/55 letter

the dust nicely. Had the above described lunch by the road side. At 5 p.m. stopped for tea at Masindi at Browne's suggestion. They furnished it at local hotel run by East Indian (_____) a real English-type place, with several aloof English guests. It is a take-off place for visits to the Murchinson game reserve (Uganda) but according to a notice on the bulletin board the roads in that direction were at present time impassable; we did not tarry long as we wished to make the Gulu rest house, really a small country hotel maintained by Uganda government for parties caught on trips between major points with no place to sleep. Oil lamps were the source of illumination, but they did use a Coleman (mantle) light in the dining room. Meal (dinner) simple but adequate. We did not reach Gulu until 7:15 p.m. and left again next morning at 8:30. Bet. Masindi and Gulu we made our first crossing of the Nile by steel pontoon ferry, paddle wheel propelled. At far side a steamer, that I believe runs to Lake Albert, was tied up. Half way over Mrs. Browne gave us each a coin to throw into the river, an old custom (among the English or Egyptians) to propitiate the river god. Well, we've had good luck and good weather since. There were three native women at the landing place getting water. It always shocks me how the natives use the raw water for all purposes with water borne diseases, amoebic dysentery and bilharzi_____ so prevalent. The second woman helped the first get her huge aluminum pot of water up on her head; the third helped the second, but the third had to help herself. She had only a 5 gallon oil tin to lift up but a can like that full of water is no light affair. Before dipping up her water the first woman took several bunches of greenleaves out of the kettle, filled it, ~~washed~~ washed the leaves, and

X laid them on the water in her p pot. I asked what were they, food? Mrs. Browne said, "No, they keep the water from slopping over when walking along with kettle on head." And so they did! The other women did not use leaves and quite abit of water slopped out and over them as they moved up the bank. Leaving Gulu at 8:30 a.m. we stopped for lunch at a much more primitive rest house also gov't. maintained, a stone shelter, with screened porch and windows with a grand viewof the Nile valley; in distance was another Lake Albert steamer. Two blacks in near by thatched huts with their families are available for cooking and other chores. We ate Browne's lunch a second day although most of it was put up at the Gulu place. Picnic style we had inadvertently spread our ground cover, on which we attempted to sit, over the opening of a populous ants' nest. We moved without much ado or delay. To keep in the shade of the only tree casting any sizeable shadow at all, we finished our lunch standing. The ants had built their home in the shade of the same tree. Had our 3rd flat of the day; found that a 5 inch long iron nail had gone right through the outer casing, way out here on an African road, miles from civilization. Reached the Juba hotel at 2:15 p.m. in time for a second lunch (tea and dessert) as lunch hour ran till 3 p.m. Dinner hour 8:30 to 9:30, after which we went to bed for an early rise.

Draft typed 8/15/55

Really continuation of May 14/55 letter

Begins (25)

Dear Bruce and Mrs Bredin,

The last word in the letter mailed you from Bukavu was cut rather short. Thornton's place like most of the more comfortable residences is on the lake (Kivu) shore, has huge spacious rooms and strangely enough is not African in its appointments or arrangements, rather Oriental, chinese pictures and fine Eastern things in general I failed to enquire the why there, but when I remarked upon the absence of things African Mrs Thornton, a Belgian girl I believe remarked Oh no we have no African decorations. For cocktails, Thornton had in a Mr. Bredo, secretary of the "Scientific Council for Africa South of the Sahara, C.S.A as it is abbreviated from the French. Bredo is in charge of the business of the organization in which all the governments and territories in this part of Africa take part thru duly appointed representatives. The Council was formed Nov 1950. This body is largely advisory, but seeks to assure maximum cooperation among all scientific workers throughout the designated part of Africa thru meetings, and symposia are held for exchange of information and ideas. Bredo left after cocktails, but Dr Vercammen-Grandjean, the only other guest present other than your party, Dr. Baker, the Sextons and myself stayed on for dinner. Vercammen, is the mite specialist in this part of the world, enjoys a high reputation among zoologists and entomologists even though a comparatively young man. He is among other things an accomplished scientific artist and turns out most accurate drawings of the species of mites ~~Parasitizing~~ animals, plant mites are a relatively new field of investigation in this part of the world On that basis we stand to make some

original contributions of science
when the material collected is worked up. Dr. Mesmin in turn invited us to
cocktails at his home the next evening to meet others at the local
scientific fraternity in Bukavu, and indeed from the research
center at Lwiro, where Dr. van den Berghe is director. Only
when I mention this do I realized how far behind I am in
communicating with you. (on 13th May) (1912, 1938, 1948)

After leaving Kisenyi we collected specimens of lava from
the several dated lava flows between K. and Bukavu so now
I have quite a chest full of rather heavy stuff. On the road
we got a not too clear polaroid snap of the expeditionary party
(enclosed), from left to right, the driver of the truck (or lorry
as our chauffeur-guide calls it), then Emanuel Kitwa our
taxidermist, on loan from the Lwiro (IRSAC) headquarters
station — Dr. Sexton, Oscar Lagerstroem, the "guide", myself
and Ed. Baker Dr. Sexton's son pushed the button. In the
background is Lake Kivu, of which this lava flow here forms part
of the shore line. On the side of the
truck is a sign that Dr. Sexton painted so that we might
identify our selves on film with and for you. We have
stills as well as movie shots of this scene, for clearer I hope
than the poor snap enclosed. None of these pictures will be
released or given publicity until after we have consulted
with you on our return. Both cars by the way are Fords.
Thornton who provided them says it's much easier to service
Fords and secure parts for them than any other car (next
best and popular is the Chevy). Certainly both cars have
given us very little trouble in all — and we've only had one flat
so far. The next morning we went to the local research
laboratory where Vercammen works and met his chief a
Dr. Jadin, with whom I had had some correspondance

regarding this trip. An important part of their work concerns the tsetse fly, the carrier of sleeping sickness and the scourge of many parts of Africa, and along our route to Uganda. After lunch we went to Lwiro which I thought was nearer to Bukavu proper than the hours run, more or less than it takes.

IRSAC (Institut pour la recherche scientifique en Afrique centrale) located at Lwiro, is growing to be a most important research center. New buildings are being added to an already large establishment. This is about covering all fields of science and research except in the field of agriculture, for which there is INEAC with stations strategically placed throughout the country. At Yangambi you may recall we put up at the INEAC head quarters. Here too at Lwiro we lived in very comfortable guest houses the Sexton's and I in two rooms of one, and Baker in another. These houses as the station proper are also on the shores of Lake Kivu which is a considerable body of water, perhaps 75 miles long. It is the highest lake in Africa, with an altitude of something over 4700 feet. It certainly adds to the beauty of this part of the country. // One first may be encountered when we drove up to the Lwiro station in search of the director Dr. Vanden Berghe was Frank Lombrecht, a Belgian whom I met at Rutgers Univ. about 2 or 3 years ago. He was then studying serology under Dr Alan Boyden and now is applying some of the things he learned in the study of the distribution of sleeping sickness by the tsetse fly. The serological examination of the blood ingested permits the identification of the animals upon which the fly has fed. It is remarkable what can be told about a drop of blood. This approach is used in study of malaria

mosquitoes too. You remember tell[illegible] which-man a particular blood feeder feasted, but you can tell man, and the different hosts of the fly or mosquito from the blood you find in them.

We were shown over the station, laboratories and various lines of work. They even carry on studies of earthquakes and volcanoes, Biochemistry, nutrition, parasitology (animal) but they have no mite man that sort of thing is largely the concern of agriculture, and that is why Baker's visit is so timely and interesting to the people here. One thing that been bothering is in our filming is getting photographs of living mites. To begin with the "things" are so very small. For the most part the plant mites are found on the underside of leaves where it is shady & cool & when you put a bright light on them, the heat of it makes them run away. However in the laboratories here at Lwiro we believe we've gotten what we wanted. I marvel at the completness of the equipment. We are "poor relations" in the Smithsonian compared with what these Belgian laboratories have, both as regards buildings and equipment. Microscopes the like of which we don't even produce in the States, mostly German make however. // Living on part of the reservation, across from van den Berghe the director, is Dr. James P. Chapin, an old Congo hand who first explored in the Congo as a young man of 19 back in 1909. He probably knows this part of the world better than any other man, having travelled far and wide over it. His specialty is birds, and he's never without his field glasses and seldom without his gun, because he's

wanting to document his observations with specimens of the birds concerned. As he doesn't kill all the birds he studies for that would end that particular study. The Chapins this time have been here since '53. He serves as a consultant to Dr. van den Berghe, and according to the latter is the man who is responsible for the selection of the Lwiro site as headquarters and main research center for IRSAC. One here is in reach of more different types of country, from jungle to near desert, high mountains and low lying plains than any other place in the Congo - by crossing the mountains to the west in a few hours you are in virgin jungle (rain forests). All one needs is the time to explore. I asked Chapin for a likely place off from things in general where one could spend several weeks ~~among~~ relatively untouched land and forest among or near natives not too much influenced by the white man and he pointed to a mountain to the north and said there, there is a rest house in a forest reserve which you could have use of on application and with a couple of native boys live there quite comfortably as long as you liked. There you would see (at least this part of) Africa in the original; Rwegege is the place, and it's located at an elevation of 8,000 feet and not too difficult of access, but restricted as to visitors, but from it as a base one could work out in all directions, a primitive and unspoiled place says Chapin, which it is a treat to visit. He recommends the drier months, July August, and/or, December, Jan-Feb. Sorry we didn't have the time to go there for just a look around; it was

a temptation, lying just over there, - before your eyes At
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who live over the hill from his place so he spoke, they made
fire for us, just twirling a stick of harder wood in a
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from the cities the more real Africa you see. While we
were here in Kwiro, from ~~the~~ afternoon of the 14th
through morning of the 16th we had the opportunity of sitting
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till the government took it over and finished it.

as a Hydrobiological Station.

Please Excuse (again) the abrupt ending. This is Sat. the 20th and we must go over this a.m. to Usumbura to pay respects to Gov of Province Jean Paul Harroy as he leaves for an official trip at 11 a.m. I have the chance to mail this in Usumbura so here goes, hope to tell you of this lovely station & site in my next to you

Sincerely

Louis Sh C

This place Uvira is another highlight in this several weeks on this Lake Tanganyika is rewarding and worth anyones while. I can most highly recommend this station (38) for accommodations, and its young director to any one. JB

(about May) (2) ~~13~~

My abrupt ending of the other day left us - you high at dry at the Uvira hydrobiological station at the head of Lake Tanganyika, in ~~Bukavu~~ a comfortable spacious "old" hotel building. Did I mention that Marlier, the director, reminds me for all the world of Bob Lunz who was on the Joseph Conrad with us. Same build, thin, wiry, active, dark completed, black hair, and half French; both are incharge of biological stations and wives are both blondes. Marlier is just as interesting as Bob and loves his work just as much. On the morning of the 19th we went through the lab. examined collections and talked over problems, connected with the work, and people working along those lines else where. That afternoon we worked down the Lake shore west, and south, but got very little - a few crabs. The rare shrimp here George (Georges Marlier) promises for another day. The next morning the 20th the 40 ft lab. boat has taken out on the lake and put thro some of its paces → making a couple of dredge hauls, - one was mostly sand with few dead shells the other little else than a few aquatic plants. The boat is here one needs just a week more to make the best use of it, - a drum of gas would get a lot of steaming and hauling done; I'd also

would like to come back with some suitable traps for deep water work—not too deep, for they say near the bottom there is a dearth of oxygen. There's an awful lot yet to be learned about this lake inspite of previous English and Belgian expeditions. The Belgians were the first to demonstrate the abundance of fish now found in it. A delicious small smelt-like fish and ~~just as~~ good eating, occurs in great quantity and Each night is fished (dipped up) using light lures; on dark nights a torch light attracts them, though with moonlight and daylight they shun the surface. In the height of the fishing season as many as a thousand canoes will be out at night with their torches, although in these days Coleman (gasoline mantle) lights are used instead. Their brighter beam draws the fish better, with the result that fisherman using these lights have increased their catch 6 fold. These little fish, fried are most tasty and grand to serve with cocktails. The catch is practically all consumed locally and fresh. Would that I could have had some canned for you. They are cheap enough 5-6¢ a quart. Every other week Marlier has a 600 ft seine hauled on the beach at night for purpose of sampling the local fish population; he records kind, number, weight, and the

stomach contents of representative specimens in order to check on kind of food sought. Between weeks, day light hauls are made but so that I could see and photo a day time haul we staged one the very next morning also, (the 21st) and sure enought we got more fish, additional kinds as compared with the night haul. A couple of fish he said were rather rare. All but one of the latter, that Martier wanted for the education collection were pickled for the National Museum. After the seine haul we ran over to Usumbura at the N.E. corner of the lake. Here resides the governor of the Belgian mandate - Ruandu-Urundi; the newly appointed governor is Jean Paul Harroy whom I've known by correspondence since 1939. He apologized for not asking us to lunch, but his wife was in a "state" getting the house ready for the King of the Belgians who was coming through just 10 days later. To tell the truth, the whole Belgian Congo is seething with excitement. There are thousands of natives working on the roads. It's virtually cleanup week for the entire colony. Harroy also is the man that appointed Martier to his present position. You yourself would have enjoyed this brief visit with Harroy.

Parroy was a former National Parks director at Garamba Park where Marc Michá now holds forth and first of all a zoologist. His present appointment and departure for Ruanda was a half day affair just two months ago, and was made, I'm convinced because he wanted a man of his personality and intelligence in charge here when the King arrives. Sunday morning the 22nd we got away after packing up at 10 a.m. after having a last round of coffee with the Marlier's. I've imbibed enough coffee day by day to see me through the rest of life if I never touch another drop. We pushed right through to Astrida where Baker and ~~Young~~ Sexton had gone from Mulungu and Bukavu. Overnighting in Astrida, we made Gabiro (the Kagera National Park) at 6:45 p.m. and darkness. Because of need for more time to get packed at Entebbe from which place the specimens and outfit are being sent home, rail to Mombassa, ship to N.Y. we had moved up our schedule a day. So it was we were not expected at Gabiro until the next day. Again Dr. Van Straelen's letters provided the open "sesame". Not only did the director of this Park, J. Haezaert have us to cocktails twice and to dinner but his wife saw to it that we were provided

with a very complete luncheon for a next days all day tour (and photoing) of the Park.

The directors house like the one at Baramba is out of this world, of stone, high on a hill top that over looks the park for miles, a unique and beautiful place and most tastefully furnished. Since visiting Barroy I get an inkling why these Park directors have such wonderful homes — one never knows when the king might wish to visit this or that park, and they are ready from the time the house is built. This year however the king will not get to Kasera (Gabiro). The guest house accommodations are in progress, and at this writing as primitive as those we found at Sangala-na-Bodio, the elephant training center. One brings his own food but there's a boy to cook it, and cots and bedding are on hand. Plumbing is in but the water supply is as yet uncertain we used buckets of water for flushing the first night. Electric light is promised for next years' kerosine lamps being the present order of the day.

Our supper of the night of the 23d was made up of several cans of Campbells soup, canned vegetables, and cut up canned sausages in one

all purpose soup or stew, - as the saying goes, have I used it before, it had everything in it but the kitchen stove. Yes, we slept well, after cocktails up on the hill, a yummy dish of this goulash and after the long days drive that preceded it. I forgot the bread + butter preserves and cheese, and the hot chocolate that topped off this elaborate "picnic" spread. After breakfast the morning of the Thirsty Fourth (out of our provisions, and the cooks' hot water for Nescafe) Mr Brezaert came by with the lunch his wife prepared for the all day trip through the park; it takes just about a full day, the Park is so large and the road so long, but it was a rewarding day. Impalas and zebras are the principal animals that we saw in large herds and droves; we also saw and photo'd at least two small groups of the dwarf antelopes, blue duikers as they call them here. These miniature antelopes are scarcely grass high and beautiful (cute) and graceful beyond words. I'd give most anything to have a pair for pets, — there were water bucks and buffalo, but again we were disappointed in not seeing a single one of the king of beasts. Yet Brezaert says two males staged a fight in his back yard, just outside the kitchen window one evening. They are here

than generally appreciated and are best and most often seen in the early morning hours ~~and~~ but then there's not enough light for color photography. Our days drive through the park covered 120 kilometers, just about 75 miles; half way through by design, or accident brought us to a bluff overlooking the valley through which the Kabiro river runs, and which in part forms the natural boundry between the English Tanganyika Terr. and Ruanda-Urundi; before us spread the river and several lakes, a little too far away to examine closely, one smaller lake teems with an otter species, the other has hundreds of crocodiles, and here and there in the reaches of the river are herds(?) of hippos. The hippo seems to be about the commonest animal. You cannot examine any river without seeing a dozen or more. It is on this bluff that the park authorities are going to build a rest house with place to work and study, and on its site we ~~had~~ read Mrs Baezuerts lunch — meat & cheese sandwiches, cold Tea with lemon juice in it, 2 kinds of Portugese wine, a homemade spice cake that the lady of the house got up ~~at~~ 2am that morning to make, and bananas for fruit, which is a part

of every major meat in Africa, — I'm not sure we did not have hot coffee too, but it was an elaborate lunch — and we made the most of it. We did not get back until 5:30 and by the time we got up to the Buezaert home it was dark. They have three children boy 11½, girl 2½ (dark haired), and boy 4 (blond). Both boys are blue-eyed (2 or brown) and Flemish as is the father but the girl is brown eyed, and very dark blonde Portugese type — the mother is a blonde Portugese from Coimbra, but you wouldn't know it except for the little girl; a happy, vivacious little thing; the boys are more stolid, and Germanic in appearance and behaviour. But all pleasant evening have to end, and it was close to eleven before we got back to our half lit rooms for an early loading of our truck. We'd used it through the park as a moving camera platform and now again on the 25th it had to haul our gear on ward to Entebbe and the shipping point for home. We wanted away earlyer but did not get away until 10 a.m on the 25th (24th was spent in Park). This late start brought us into Entebbe (Uganda) well after dark, which had its drawbacks. Uganda is English as you know and has left to

driving is of the reverse from the Belgian Congo which has largely adopted American cars, and driving practice. Our driver got the willys almost driving to drive as I would call it on the wrong side of the road. It was not so bad meeting approaching autos which had their headlights on, but the many bikes with blacks mounted on them would come flitting out of the dark ahead was nerve wracking. We barely were able to crawl into the Entebbe Hotel Grounds (Lake Victoria Hotel), 7:00 pm

The next morning we were in for a shock. The little intermediate air-line which has to lift us to Juba (Hunting Llan) had never heard of us or our requests for space even though it was put thru last March. We checked and rechecked with them all the way to Nairobi, but no go. Then we priced our hire Entebbe to Juba and charter plane for four. The charter plane was being overhauled and would not be ready for a week, though it was cheaper than a car for the 900 mile (±) drip up and back. You have to pay for mileage of returning car as well as for the going. The first drivers car was too small but the second had a Ford "safari" station wagon. That was just what we needed, It's owner is a retired English Army major, who undertook to drive us up, and asked if we would object

This bring taking his wife for his return trip. We did not, there was ample room for all hands and what luggage we had left. The night of the 26th was needed till 2:15 a.m. to finish the packing started in the afternoon; the forenoon was given over to making shipping arrangements out of Kampala the railway terminus. We prepaid rail freight Kampala to Mombassa. The Museum taking over the ship freight collect from Mombassa to N.Y. and thence to Washington. We've got some nice specimens, mammals and fish and mites and a few very worthwhile crustacea, and much desired lava samples. The chest of soil samples is a gamble. I'd like to see a real discovery come out of it, but until each and every sample is properly cultured we'll never know. Hope it will be done soon.

In return for the ride, Mrs Browne provided the first day's lunch. By the time we got things settled up in Entebbe the freight shipment off to Kampala in the truck which then returned to its home base in Bukavu it was 10 p.m. But we found the Uganda roads better than expected and made excellent time. Lunch was a roadside affair sandwiches, lemonade made from concentrate, and ice water added from the Brown's thermos bottles hot coffee, cookies

and a couple of chocolate bars. We got away at 10 a.m. bet. paying for car (Browne) and last minute packing. The roads were excellent as roads go here, better than most of Belgian Congo roads and contrary to reports we made better time than expected. A rain slurry during forenoon just laid the dust nicely. Had the above described lunch by the road side. At 5 p.m. stopped for tea at Masindi at Brown's suggestion. They furnished (it) at local hotel run by East Indian (Hindu) a real English-type place, with several aloof English guests. It is a take-off place for visits to the Murchinsm game reserve (Uganda) but according to a notice on the bulletin board the roads in that direction were at present time impassable; we did not hurrying as we wished to make the Gulu rest house, really a small country hotel maintained by Ugand govt for parties caught on trips between major points with no place to sleep. Oil lamps were the source of illumination, but they did use a Coleman (mantle) light in the dining room. Meal (dinner) simple but adequate. We did not reach Gulu until 7:15 p.m. and left again

Next morning at 8.30. Bet, Masindi and Gulu
we made our first crossing of the Nile by steel pontoon
ferry, paddle wheel propelled. At far side a steamer
that I believe runs to Lake Albert was tied up.
Half way over Mrs. Browne gave us each a coin
to throw into the river, an old custom, (among
the English ~~to~~ or? Egyptians) to propitiate the
river god. Well, we've had good luck and good
weather since. There were three native women
at the landing place getting water. It always shocks me
how the natives use the ~~crude~~ raw water for all purposes
with water borne diseases, amoebic dysentery, bilharzia
so prevalent. The second helped the first get her
huge aluminum pot of water up on her head; the
third helped the second, but the third had to help
herself. She had only a 5 gallon oil tin to lift
up but a can like that full of water is no light
affair. Before dipping up her water the first woman
took several bunches of green leaves out of the
kettle, filled it, washed the leaves, and laid them
on the water in her pot. I asked what were
they, food? Mrs Browne said no, they keep
the water from slopping over when walking
along with kettle on head and so they did.
The other women did not use leaves and quite

a bit of water slopped out and over then as they moved up the bank. Leaving Gulu at 8:30 a.m. we stopped for lunch at a much more primitive rest house also govt maintained, a stone shelter, ~~s~~ with screened porch and windows with a grand view of the Nile valley, in distance was another Lake Albert steamer. Orb blacks in near by thatched huts with their families are available for cooking and other chores. We ate Brownie lunch a second day although most of it was put up at the Gulu place. Picnic style we had ~~the~~ inadvertently spread our ground cover, on which we attempted to sit, over the opening of a populous ants nest. We moved without muchado or delay. ~~In very short order~~ Ob keep in the shade of the only tree casting any sizeable shadow at all. We finished our lunch standing. The ants had built their home in the shade of the same tree. And our 3rd flat of the day; found that a 5 inch long iron nail had gone right through the outer casing, way out here on an African road, miles from civilization. Reached the Nyba hotel at 2:15 p.m. in time for a second lunch, tea and dessert, as lunch hour ran till 3 p.m. Dinner hour 8:30 to 9:30, after which we went to bed for an early rise.

Added in Yangambi
Apr. 24/55, early a.m. again

As I did not have time before shoving to mail the "effort" of the past two days I take this opportunity to apologize for the marginal ending. It was trying to keep within a limit of 8 pp. that brought it about. Without a postal scale in the guest house or among my belongings I had on my last trip to the P. O. ~~weighte weight~~ weighed a varying number of sheets and envelopes to know what postage to put on what, and so when the 8 pp. limit (my heaviest sample weighing) was reached I tried to finish on the last page. Pardon the result. This isn't much better. Also I'd forgotten that earlier in the letter I had promised some postals. I shall have to get the letter and enclosures ~~wi~~ weighed anyway and so the mailing will be still further delayed till Monday till I get back to Stanleyville. I'm sorry.

Enclosed also is the first sheet of the little local small town newspaper carrying a notice of the expedition. It is a French version of the little release that was prepared for Science, reworked by the American Consul in Leopoldville. It still bothers me that you folks are not prominently mentioned in it. I understood you to say over the phone at goodbye time that we should not play up your name to leave it out for the present and soft-pedal your participation until our return, when we can talk over the form that the publicity should take. I want to see credit given where it is so due. I hope I've done as you wished, but if not we can amply make amends when we do publish upon our results. I think of you folks often, and what you've made possible for the rest of us.

Yangambi nearer 120 than 150 miles down stream from Stanleyville, is a very complete agricultural experiment station. They have everything for testing, growing, crossbreeding, and improving native stock, and

endemic crop plants as well as introduced ones. The diseases to which they may be subject; the nature of the soil, physiology of plant, useful and harmful insects and about everything in the way of agriculturel science that you can think of the staff is not large, but it is made up of a lot of enthusiastic hard working young men. After Dr. Baker and the young man who has made a beginning with the local soil mites (yes, they are everywhere) Dr. Maldague got together, that's the last we saw of Baker. Dr. Baker started helping with him with his identifications and I do not know how late they stayed in the lab. We are each in a little individual guest house, each with double bed. Though I've seen no mosquitoes we were advised to sleep under the net with which each bed is provided.

The station grounds cover about 50,000 acres; we just had a quick tour of area ⌀ about the laboratories and guest houses not far from the landing place and yet spread over considerable territory. The site is a marvelous one, partly on a high bluff rising above the shore, with a view up and down the Congo; the site was chosen because it was at the meeting point of two diverse types of soil, two geologic formations coming together here. Though the guest houses overlook a portion of the river, the staff residences have the finest view it reminds me of that of Mt Vernon out over the Potomac, but here from river up everything is on a grander(scenic scale). You'll eventually see photos of this and all else that the Sexton's have taken for the expedition. They keep their cameras busy.--Motor boats are available; if one had time to take a trip you could visit the islands down the river a-ways where there is a family group of hippos. But for the palm trees and a few others, you could be back home looking down the Hudson or the Potomac from a commanding site, overlooking well forested shores.

Indeed, coming over by auto, through an "alley" cut through a grove of palm trees with pendant leaves, through half closed eyes you could see the hanging spanish moss of some of the Carolina roads.

The folks here have considerable material in the way of fish and insects, including mites which they wish identified, and I'm sure the Museum will profit much in the exchange of information, for sets of specimens. Though we may not bring back so much ourselves the contacts and returns from this expedition should be rewarding to all concerned with it.

Laryum Apr.__

So far as places and climate go in this part of the tropical world I would say that Yangambi is tops. It's one of the few places in the Congo and perhaps central Africa where one can go safely _____ in the streams and indeed the Congo Belf. Regr. ably we did not learn of it till late yesterday from the doctor in charge of the Station Hospital. The ass't. director received us at 11 a.m. and we had a pleasant hour with him and his wife on the porch of their home overlooking a bend in the river from atop a high (65 ft. ±) bluff the similarity and the beauty of the scene reminded me more than ever of Mt. Vernon, though the brick house is so very different. It is here that they have domesticated the wild Indian water?buffalo. The trainer and keeper now walks among them. Some distance from the Station proper is the Hydrobiological Station on the grounds of the fish hatchery. Pond culture is just one more of their many research projects and they must have some 70 rearing pools with running water brought from river in canals of which more were in process of being dug. Otherwise biological work in the fresh water life hereabouts is at a standstill, and the very wonderful collection of local fishes, of which there are a host of peculiar kinds, has been much neglected. There is a possibility that some of it may be obtained for our own National collections. I've tried to pave the way for an exchange or even gift of part of it. We have so poor a representation of African animals of all kinds in Washington. Of big game, yes. Many people have hunted it and brought back trophies and whole skins. Every Museum in our country of any size has an African Bird and Mammal Hall.

Each of us is quartered in a separate little guest house. Did I mention them above, a Ford station wagon car and chauffeur, black, of course, was put at our disposal for the 2 days that we are here. The dining or mess hall is about a mile from our sleeping quarters, and though breakfast is not served till 7 he stands outside from 6 a.m. on. Takes us around when not being looked after by one of the professional staff. Takes us home after dinner. For staff who are out for 2 yr. stints with 6 mos. vacation back in Belgium there are various recreational facilities. The night we arrived there was a movie show but we went straight to bed, ditto last night. That gives me an early start and a few more words to add here.

Though French is the official language and all natives speak a version of it (much as Haiitians have their version of French) a surprising number of the staff speak a very good English and nearly all a few words of it. The director himself was attending a conference in Stanleyville while we were visiting his Laboratories. Our paths crossed and are crossing in each direction. We leave at 8 a.m. He arrives afternoon. There's a remote possibility that we may meet on the road. Roads are dirt, though there's more gravel on the main road, but the more pleasant of all are the very minor ones, scarcely more than wagon trails but with virtually no bumps as on the more traveled highways which often have that corduroy "effect" or surface that about shakes your teeth loose. The trails on the other hand have had little attention, and much less travelled by heavy cars and trucks, they run here through cool, dank, and dark shady forests, more forests than jungles, though just as tangled, to seemingly drier than farther down the river & toward the coast. I like to think these trails are

worn smooth by the constant padding of bare feet. There is a steady but intermittent stream of natives going in both directions with everything on their heads from a heavy log of wood, to live stock, mostly chickens, and garden produce, and often a single small tin can or a wine bottle sitting upright on the head. How they do it beats me, upstairs and down, along the road, and wading through streams, everything goes, nothing falls or breaks; have yet to see it happen. There are an amazing number of bicycles, in every remote thatched hut village, one or more. Even our truck driver has his along on top of our boxes! All said it may yet come in handy if gas should give out though each auto carries a sizeable can of it in the trunk. When the autos come along the road the natives, whether on wheels or not, get over on the grass "shoulders" if they may be called that, rather edge of the jungle woods to let cars by. The road is too narrow (except main highways) for one to safely pass a human being at speed traveled frequently 35, sometimes better. The bikes get over in the rough too, andone black woman with another one sitting on (over) rear wheel mud guard spilled the latter, this noon as we went by. Yes, colored chauffeurs are just as fast and hard on their own kind when sitting in the dirver's seat. Country priests are on bikes, and black mothers with kids straddling their waists from behind and tightly bound on with mother's wrap-around are amusing sights. It's native the black world awheel.

I've been wanting to stop at the bottom of each page but keep rambling on. Had intended to fill back of Wagenia post cards with further notes that I have on those doughty fishing people but there's no time right here and now. Must pack for move back to Stanleyville, for tomorrow we head for Nia-Nia. Still wish you were along. Good luck to you both (and I hope for us).

Sincerely,

WLS

(Draft typed 8/12/55)

(17) I

As I did not have time before shoving off to mail the "effort" of the past two days I take this opportunity to apologize for the marginal ending. It was trying to keep within a limit of 8 pp. that brought it about. Without a postal scale in the house or among my belongings I had on my last trip to the P.O. weighed a varying number of sheets and envelopes to know what postage to put on wholly and so. When the 8 pp. limit (my heaviest sample weighing) was reached I tried to finish on the last page. Pardon. The result. This isn't much better. Also I'd forgotten that earlier in the letter I had promised some postals. I shall have to get the letter and enclosures weighed anyway and so the mailing will be still further delayed till Monday till I get back to Stanleyville. I'm sorry.

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Harold Stormansville according to your map. We are
expecting to be in Bukavu on May 13. Our address there
will be c/o Dr. Louis van den Berghe, Director
I.R.S.A.C. Lwiro (Katana) D.S. Bukavu, Belgian
Congo. (I.R.S.A.C. stands for Institut pour
la Recherche Scientifique en Afrique Centrale)
We have a mouthful, or handful if you are writing,
before we return from Fungambi on the 25th and for
the next few days pursue a slightly different itinerary
than the one you last received from me I believe.
Via Nia Nia on the 26th, Paulis on the 28th Nian-
gara on the 29th and 30th we shall be in Gamsula
Area Radio and the Garamba Natl Park. Gamsula
is the Elephant Domestication Center, the Park is
one which tourists are not generally admitted. We
then take Nimba on the first of May, our longest
single hail, 300 miles. From there on the itinerary
will be as you have it, except at the butt end (Congo
Uganda) itinerary we skip from the Gabiro Park stop to
near Entebbe in one day (250 miles) to gain a day
for packing our outfit for shipping out by rail
to Mombassa, and thence home by freighter.
On May 23rd we fly to Juba to begin the trip
down the Nile the next morning. Paulis and
Bukavu and Usumbura and Juba are air stops if
you should fly in on any of the dates in your or
in the above itinerary. I still regret that by that
time you could not make the Nile trip at least
Roo first to mid-Nile. Then (over)

Yangambi nearer 120 than 150 miles down stream from Stanleyville is a very ample de agricultural experiment station. They have everything for testing, growing, crossbreeding and improving native stock, and endemic crop plants as well as introduced ones. The diseases to which they may be subject; the nature of the soil, physiology of plant, useful and harmful insects and abo-t every thing in the way of agricultural science that you can think of. The staff is not large, but it is made up of a lot of enthusiastic hard working young men. Both Dr. Baker and the young man who has made a (beginning with the local soil mites (yes, they are everywhere), a Dr. Maldague got together, that's the last we saw of Baker. Dr. Baker started helping with him with his identifications and I do not know how late they stayed in the lab. We are each in a little individual guest house, each with double bed though I've seen no mosquitoes we were advised to sleep under the net with which each bed is provided. The station grounds cover about 50,000 acres; we just had a quick hour of area about the laboratories and guesthouses not far from the landing place. and yet spread over considerable territory. The site is a marvelous one, partly on a high bluff rising above the shore, with a

the same I try do stick do the bread coffee and milk. I thrived on it in France last year, and hope it works the same here; besides the heavier breakfasts are apt do spoil us for the more limited ones I expect when we get further back in the country but we shall see. In France the milk is generally not safe, here it's either canned, or made up from the dry powder, water generally is not fit to drink even though it's considered fairly safe in Leopoldville and Stanleyville; at meal times it's boiled carbonated water ("soda"), but we have canteens into which we drop an iodine table, I do the opt. Dr. Sexton brought and recommends them, will take care of all intestinal contamination (animal or parasitic) after a 10-20 minute period, so thoroughly he claims that the worst polluted water can be made sterile enough do drink of safely. Of course chemical pollution is another thing but "bugs" (bacteria, amoebas typhoid or what have you succumb do the iodine treatment more certainly than do boiling, or even the halazone tablets (a chlorine preparation) widely used in the war. We've been eating fish caught by the Congonia fishermen at this "motel" and it's good but I do not yet know how the different (larger) species they catch taste, we also see (have) fish from Lake Kivu on the shores of which Bukavu is situated, Bukavu

view up and down the Congo; the site was (11) chosen because it was at the meeting point of two diverse types of soil, two geologic formations coming together here. Though the guest houses overlook a portion of the river, the staff residences have the finest view it reminds me of that of Mt. Vernon out over the Potomac, but here from river up every thing is on a grander (scenic scale). You'll eventually see photos of this and all else that the Sextons have taken for the expedition. They keep their cameras busy. — Motor boats are available; if one had time to take a trip you could visit the islands down the river a ways where there is a family of hippos. But for the palm trees and a few others you could be back home looking down the Hudson or the Potomac from a commanding site, overlooking well forested shores. Indeed, coming over by auto, through an "alley" of natural bower cloth cut through a grove of palm trees with pendant leaves, through half closed eyes you could "see" the hanging Spanish moss at the Carolina roads. The folks here have considerable material in the way of fish and insects, including mites which they wish identified; and I'm sure the Museum will profit much in the exchange of information, for sets of specimens. Though we may not bring back so much ourselves the contacts and returns from this expedition should be rewarding to all concerned with it.

at a time - single track-minds. What they do they do well with attention to detail, but give them a different routine or training and the first is forgotten and they have to be trained to it again. You should see the "boys" (black as every where else) handle the fork lift-trucks on the river steamer docks. They are as good as any operaters in the States and seem to enjoy it more. They seem more alert than the waiters in the dining room here who seem to bring but one thing at a time most of the time. For breakfast for instance, cups and saucer, then dish of preserves, plate, maybe bread, the coffee is usually late, you often wait for it a considerable time, another of milk comes with it, as often as not, the little tray or saucer with the lump sugar when asked for or thought of. All meals are interminably long from our point of view. Breakfast doesn't take long after you get it all together, but get it together. It's continental style, rolls or bread, coffee (such as it is), jelly or jam, milk (if you can get it) and sugar. This is true of most places; but in this transient "guest house" (Chiefly for those who wait over for planes (the airport is across the street) they also serve you 2 eggs any style and a plate of cold cuts, a slice of bread-like loaf cheese (process cheese I should say) a slice of ham and a slice-loaf of bologna (ring

So far as places and climate go in this part of
the tropical world I would say that Yangambi is
tops. It's one of the few places in the Congo and
perhaps central Africa where one can go safely be
in the streams and indeed the Congo itself. Prob-
ably we did not learn of it till late yesterday from
doctor in charge of the Station Hospital. He ass'd di
or received us at 11 a.m. and we had a pleasant ho
with him and his wife on the porch of their home ov
looking a pond in the river from atop a high (65 ft ±) bluff the
similarity and the beauty of the scene reminded me
more than ever of Mt. Vernon, though the brick hous
is so very different. It (here) is here that they have dom
icated the wild Indian buffalo. The trainer and
keeper now walks among them. Some distance fr
the Station proper is the Hydrobiological Station ca
the grounds of the fish hatchery. Pond culture is ju
one more of their many research projects and the
must have some 70 rearing pools in the running
water brought from river in canals of which mos
were in process of being dug. Otherwise biological
work on the freshwater life hereabouts is at a st
still and the very wonderful collection of local
fishes, of which there are a host of peculiar kin
has been much neglected. There is a possibity
that some of it may be obtained for our own
National collections. I've tried to pave the way for

It would have saved us some time and several hea
aches" so to speak. Without our collecting gear, air (13)
travel is simple, with it your outfit goes by ship and
over here at least you have, we had trouble meeting it,
or rather it us. The bottle neck in the Belgian Congo
is the rail-road from Matadi. The amount of freight
it hauls past the lower falls of the Congo from
the sea port to the navigable stretch of the river
that runs from Leopoldville to the Stanleyville
fishery cataract at Stanleyville, is inconceivable
almost, one train (more or less European style)
after another all day and most of the night. Heavy
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which should have reached here before us, got
bogged down at Matadi and so came into Stanley
ville by river steamer after us, missing the preceding
steamer. All is straightened out now, though.

I mentioned the hotel boys; these blacks are
everywhere and perform all sorts of tasks. Male
male typists in banks and customs houses (shed on
dock and well as city offices; they run the adding
machines, and man the book keepers desks, clerk
the stores, and are permitted and encouraged to
perform any and all labor and tasks they can
master. What he learns and do they do well,
but every one tells us, and all tell us about the
same but these natives can only do one thi

an exchange or even a gift of part of it. We have so far got a representation of African animals of all kinds in Washington. Of big game yes. Many people have hunted it and brought back trophies and hides skins. Every Museum in our country of any size has an African Bird and Mammoth Hall. Each of us is quartered in a separate little guest house. The I mentioned them above, a Ford [illegible] and chauffeur black of course has put at our disposal for the days that we are here. The dining or mess hall is about a mile from the sleeping quarters, and through breakfast is served. Then we stands outside from 6 a.m. and Takes us around when not being looked after by one of the professional staff takes us home after dinner. For staff who are out for 2 yr stints, in 12 to 6 mos vacations back in Belgium there are various recreational things to do. The night we arrived there was a movie show but we went straight to bed, ditto last night. That gives me an early start and a few more words to add here. Though French is the official language and all natives speak a version of it (much as Indians have their version of English) a surprising number of the staff speak a very good English and nearly all a few words of it. The director himself was attending a conference in Stanley ville while we were visiting his Laboratories. Our paths crossed and are crossing in such directions We have at 8 am. He arrives afternoon. There's

is a blessing not only for rinsing nylons, shirts etc
~~[illegible]~~ but for refreshing by
showers; the warmer water seems to take off more
than cold one, leaves pores open and you cooler
than the reaction from a cold one. Here as in
the Palace Hotel in which we lived did not stint
the hot water. Inland and away from these
larger places it's different. The floors are tile
here as in Leo are tile, and scrubbed every day.
Help is cheap and plentiful, and mostly bare-
foot, very willing and always cheerful; swarthy
black clothed in cotton shirt and shorts mostly,
wholly so around this place, waiters white duck
uniform coats and trousers, though. Oh! the lights in
our room here as in Leo are ceiling high with
a smaller one over the basin, and a dimmer
bulb about 6 feet up on wall between beds, with
wall switch so high you have to get out of the low
bed to manipulate it. The lights are so high,
there are no table or desk lamps, so we had to
buy one for Baker to use with his microscope,
just a wire from with socket and short cord.
We have extension cord and bulbs with us, but
had to get this before the boxes in which they
were packed arrived Did I tell you before
You folks had the right idea coming by ship

Thare's a remote possibility that we may meet on the road. Roads are dirt, though there's more gravel on the main road, but the more pleasant of all are the very minor ones. Scarcely more than wagon trails but with virtually no bumps as on the more travelled highways which often have that corduroy "effect" or surface that about shakes your teeth loose. The trails on the other hand have had little attention, and much less travelled by heavy cars & trucks, they run here through cool dank and dark, shady forests, more forests than jungles, though just as tangled, to seemingly drier than further down the river towards the coast. I like to think these trails are worn smooth by the constant padding of bare feet. There is a steady but intermittent stream of natives going in both directions with every thing on their heads from a heavy log of wood, to live stock, mostly chickens, and garden produce, and often a single small tin can or a wine bottle sitting upright on the head how they do it beats me, up-stairs and down, along the road, and wading through streams, everything goes, nothing spills or breaks, have yet to see it happen. There are an amazing number of bicycles, in every remote thatched hut village, one or more. Even our truck driver has his along on top of our boxes! All said

Early am Apr 23/55 STL
Stanleyville

Except for one heavy rain in Leopoldville, I have not in this trip seen so heavy a down pour as starte just about the time the Sextons and Baker got Bud yesterday. Began with a drizzle, and then came down in torrents. At supper time, around 7pm by-the-way. Small. We ran in building, some covered with an awning to the dining room. It has not done so. I did as say with the water repellant half and rain coat I'd brought from home, an old light, top-coat I had waterproofed. The rain was cold and the wind felt malignant. The Belgians Guest House is much like the better class motels back home; the rooms are neatly furnish. It's all bounce mattresses We had a little scaring up on seconds trouble so the five of us Baker finds himself, should have work to share. There is no dresser, locker, or the like just a rack to drape stuff. No mirror-backed room with sink and shelf over it. The bedsare low lattice metal head & foot and very comfortable two chairs and two small benches (with shelf underneath for shoes I would say) in each of which you lay your suitcase with top or briefcase beside. Bathroom is down the shower and toilet in separate two windowed rooms, a simple but adequate

(2nd)

it may yet come in handy if gas should give out, (tho) each auto carries a sizeable can of it in the trunk.

When the autos come along, the road the natives "shoulders" if they may be called that, rather edges of the woods to let cars by. The road is dynamite (except main highways) for one to safely pass a human being at speed traveled frequently 35 sometimes better. The bikes get over in the rough to and one black woman with another sitting on (over) rear wheel ~~mud~~ mud guard ~~spilled~~ spilled the latter this noon as we went by. Yes a stored character are just as fast and hard on their arms kind when sitting in the drivers seat. Country priest are on bikes, and black mothers with kids straddling their waists from behind and tightly bound on with mother's wrap around are amusing sights. Its the black world a wheel.

I've been haunting, to stop at the bottom of each page but keep rambling on. Had intended to fill back of Nagenia postcards with further notes that I have on those doughty fishing people but there's no time right here and now. Must pack for move back to Stanleyville for tomorrow we head for Nia-Nia. Still wish you were along. Good luck to you both (and I hope for us) Sincerely Mailie Schmidt

of the mites has seen and collected. We even (k
brought along a Museum microscope in hopes of get
ting some of these dirty depredators on film. Its
an aside a mite which affects wheat in the mid-
west at home caused 17 million dollars in damage
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the mite part of this expedition of yours, all
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my shrimps, the fisheries man in Leopoldville
gave me a gloomy picture, but a missionary I met
in a store today said the natives in their vicinity
some miles north of here made quite an article
of diet of them. I've been in writing some
official letters and this note to you. Sexton and
Sun plotted the random, natives, and Bulger got
mites along shore. Monte we packed for Amura
the 25th we take off auto and truck for Nia-
Nia and points east and north of here. Its
too bad you can't see with your eyes some of
the things we are seeing. I want to write more
I care it to you but have to keep this short.
packed. In some ways I'm hand maiden to the
group but I want the utmost out of them for
the expeditions and the Smithsonians sake.

Stanleyville,Apr. 22,'55

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin,

Perhaps if I took to postcards I could keep you better posted. Letters I seem never to get at except those I must write officially to keep the ball rolling, and there have been plent y back and forth here to the American Consul, to Dr. Carmichael at the Smithsonian, and to Dr. van Straelen in Belgium. The last named had promised and arranged permits to wildlife areas from which tourists are excluded, permission to collect lava samples from the volcanoes of the eastern Congo, and the courtesy of spending a night or two at the elephant training camp at Gangala-na-Bodio. It seems minor officials hereabouts dread the Governor General, and long after (some days) after we left Leopoldville where the Governor resides we learned we also need additional permits from him. Happily a letter and a wire fixed things up. Van Straelen is yet to be heard from this second time around regarding the lava. We are most anxious for these samples because the lavas of central Africa differ strikingly from those in other parts of the world and are unrepresented in our Museum's collection of volcanic materials. The latest flow was 1953,and indeed there are a number of active volcanoes that yield beautiful pictures if caught at the right time.

But to go back a few steps. I cannot realize that I have let you have no word from me since April 11 in Leopoldville. It was the hottest day yet 96 in the shade, or have I already told you this. (88 degrees in our room at the same time 4 p.m. The most surprising thing about this equatorial land is the climate and at least in the "larger" cities the absence of insects and vermin. Dr. Baker,who is perhaps thinner blooded than I am,frequently reaches for a blanket before dawn, yet the low at night can go down (?) to 72 degrees. It's the steady cool

evening and early morning breeze that makes you feel cooler than the thermometer lets you think it is. This too is old stuff perhaps but I marvel at the weather, though we do feel the sun and perspire freely at midday.

On the 12th April in Leopoldville I got off one crate containing some unwanted gear, a few specimens of invertebrates, some of Baker's mite collections and these figurines I picked up for you. There will be some others as we get along. On the 13th we were taken over to Brazzaville in French Equatorial Africa, virtually a suburb of Leopoldville, the latter being the finer, more up to date, and more thriving business community. No end of workers (white collar a few) go back and forth daily on the little motor ferry boats, 20 minute run to the other side. Wish we might send you photos as they are ~~bi~~ being taken, but the pleasure of seeing at looking at them will have to await developing, assembling and labelling. Crossing the Congo at Leopoldville to Brazzaville is for all the world like crossing the Guayas River at Guayaquil, except for the language, French here, Spanish there--the mighty swiftly flowing river carrying a steady stream of flotsam and jetsam along, the result of frequent and strong up river floods and torrential rains, a steady procession of grass patches and other vegetation drift rapidly by morning, noon, and night, here and there the natives paddle by in dugouts, low hills back up the verdant shore line, and just back of the landing place a huge baobob tree just as at the Guayaquil, Ecuador river crossing and perhaps even transplanted from thence. Indeed the predominating agricultural staples raised in this land were originally found only in South America. Life in Brazzaville is less hurried and quieter the place seems to be under less pressure and push and go and maybe for all its comparative backwardness as compared

with Leopoldville an easier place to live in. The show place is a Catholic church of unique design described not so long ago in Time and there the natives sing a Congo Hymn or chant I'd give anything to hear. We did not have that good luck. On the 14th April Thursday we had (or were invited) to speak at the American Club, a luncheon group of some 40-60 English speaking people who meet once a month in the local zoo restaurant. Served one of the best meals I had in all Leopoldville except the two dinners given for us by the American Consul and later the vice consul in their respective homes. The dwellings are roomy and high ceilinged and correspondingly cool during the day. This residential architecture is inside quite different from what we have in the States. We did get around to do a little collecting in the local botanic garden, got some soil samples too,-expect in the course of the trip to amass quite a number,-yes, for future anti-biotics, if we'r lucky with our sampling. The 16th was "get-ready" day for the move by air to Stanleyville, said to be hotter and more humid than Leo. This was a marvelous flight high over the African Jungle Lands. At first much open country where farming and the gathering of wood had destroyed the forest but as we got up toward Coquilhatville the open spaces were fewer and the forest denser. Here and there a pillar of smoke where some native was clearing a bit of land in the wilderness, but otherwise endless miles of forest land, vast stretches of trees as far as the eye could see, and through it all winding back and forth, the mighty river stream, vast mud shoals of bright red (old Virginia clay like) soil. We landed in Stanleyville at 4 p.m. and were walked across the street to the Sabena Guest House where this is being written on the 20th. Believe it or not, our boxes shipped from New York a month earlier were still not here, and not due till the 20th, but from

Leopoldville we had film and some gear that we had to air freight over to keep us going. With this are a few post cards in lieu of some of your "own" (made possible) photos of the Wagenia fishermen. They are the most noted of the Congo fishing people with their wiers and cane nets stretched across the Congo just above the city on the fall side of the last or lower most of the seven cataracts forming the so called Stanley~~y~~ Falls. The Wagenians are hard working, industrious, people, fishing as did their ancestors before the white man came. (When I get back I shall try to run down the first report of this fishery that was ever made. The cards show the cone traps or nets, the scaffolding from which they are lowered and raised in the water and some of the people, the nets have the water pouring through them dan and night. They are raised twice a day and the hepless fish removed the force of the water carrier the fish in and they cannot make their way out again against it. I am moved to call the Wagenians, the Human King Fishers of the Congo, their unique rig it would seem, entitles them to some such title. Therefore we have endeavoured to show something of their mode of life, work, play, homes, and fish weir and traps. Everything used in the fishery they make themselves from wood, branches, and vines they bring in, in their canoes (dugouts) from the forests across or farther up the river. It's really remarkable what they can do without using anything pro_____ by the white man, rope, nails, or wire, and I much doubt if the white mans materials would hold up as well. The Wagenians in their fishery have neither a rust or supply problem the resources of the nearby jungles are seemingly limitless.

I hope the filming of these people and their activities is as good as I think it is. We did not get all we wanted of them, but there should be enough to make it worthwhile. We've revisited this "village" right on the outskirst of Stanleyville four times this week whenever we could get away from customs. The customs people want to tax all exposed film 25%, and we do not want to pay it but never we had to deposit 3,000 francs ($240.) to get them out of "hock" so to speak. The tax is supposed to be taken out (subtracted) when we send or take the exposed film with us. Naturally, we put up a sqwak not to these people but to the folks back home. I have written Dr. Carmichael and the American Consul. We hope that Dr. Carmichael can get through the State Department from the Belgian Government. Scientific expeditions get concessions the purely commercial ventures cannot, and that is why this/so "sudden" is so to speak. I had several talks with folks at the Belgian Embassy, one indeed to film quite a bit of the Congo, but no one gave us any warning of any restrictions on film. It's not too bad and won't cramp us too much, but it's the first time in many trips elsewhere that a scientific mission of this sort has been held up by this sort of thing. But we have everything now in the truck that follows the auto in which we shall be riding. Our deposit less tax on exposed film when we leave the Congo the end of May will be returned to us, the expedition. For the Egyptian part of the trip as planned we have film that will carry us through and be untaxed;-the Smithsonian is checking with all governments concerned, Uganda (British), Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and Egypt. I want no more red-tape such as we had in Leopoldville and here.

The Ponthierville trip out of Stanleyville we had to cancel for want of accommodations there; the time has not been wasted. The canoe trip by natives was made and filmed by the Sextons and sound recorded but this last did not amount to much, more native chattering than singing. You'll be hearing

rushing of the water over the rocks and through the nets at the Wagenia Falls. Today the 22nd was our second and last day at customs and we have come away to do as we list minus the money deposited. We hope to get it all back State Dept. and Belgian government willing. Saturday night and Sunday night we had planned to visit the Yangambi agricultural research station 150 miles down stream from here, but after we got here we received word that the folks there were sending a station wagon for us, leaving here at 8 a.m. We are packing tonite for that 2 nights at Yangambi trip. I really wish you were here to take it in. We flew over the place on the banks of the Congo in the heart of the forested area where they are trying out and improving the agricultural development of this part of the "dark continent"! Along with all this Dr. Baker, who went along several times to the Wagenia fishery found a little garden patch of sugar cane in one of the back yards (behind the house area) that was heavily infested with mites, so much so it was showing signs of wi___. Now at Yangambi we want to see what they have in healthy sugar cane, and what mites, if any, it carries there. The Might Mites is another film sequence we hope to get together if we get the breaks on filming Baker's work and some of the mites he's seen and collected. We even brought along a Museum microscope in hopes of getting

some of these tiny depredators on film. As an aside a mite which affects wheat in the midwest at home caused 17 million dollars in damage to the crop in one year. DDT spraying cured the trouble there. That's what's so wonderful about the mite part of this expedition of yours, all these mites we are gathering are potential enemies of plants and crops back home and the more we can learn about their whereabouts, the plants they affect, the better we can cope with them when trouble comes. I haven't been so lucky with my shrimps, the fisheries man in Leopoldville gave me a gloomy picture, but a missionary I met in a store today said the natives in their vicinity some miles north of here made quite an article of diet of them. I've been in writing some official letters and this note to you. Sexton and son photographed the canoing natives and Baker got mites along shore. Tonite we pack for tomorrow, the 25th we take off auto and truck for Nia-Nia and points east and north of here. It's too bad you can't see with your eyes some of the things we are seeing. I want to write more, I owe it to you but have to keep this outfit moving and packed. In some ways I'm hand maiden to the group but I want the utmost out of them for the expedition's and the Smithsonian's sake.

Early a. m. April. 23/55
Stanleyville

Except for one heavy rain in Leopoldville, I have not on this trip seen so heavy a down pour as started just about the time the Sextons and Baker got back yesterday. Began with a drizzle, and then came down in "bunches." At supper time, around 7 p.m. a boy from the main building came over with an oversized umbrella came over to escort us one by one to the dining room. It was not too bad so I did essay in water repellent hat and raincoat I'd brought from home, an old light, topcoat I had "waterproofed." The rain was cold and the coat felt welcome. The Sabena Guest House is much like the better class "motels" back home; the rooms are newly furnished it's all bare minimum. We had a time scaring up a second table so the two of us, Baker and myself, would have work space, there is no dresser, locker or the like, just a metal rack to one side of the ~~twin beds~~ twin-bedroom with four attached coat hangers. The beds are low, lattice metal, head and foot and very comfortable, two chairs and two little bedside tables and two small benches (with shelf under for shoes I would say) on top of which you lay your suit case, with grip or brief case beside, basin in room with shower and toilet in separate two windowed room,-ample hot water is a blessing not only for rinsing nylons, shirts, etc. but for refreshing showers; the warmer water seems to take off more than cole one, leaves pores open and you cooler than the reaction from a cold one. Here as in the Palace Hotel in which we lived did not stint the hot water. Inland and away from these larger places it's different. The floors are tile here as in Leo are tile, and scrubbed every day. Help is cheap and plentiful, and mostly bare-foot,-very willing and always cheerful, swarthy black, clothed in cotton shirt and shorts mostly, wholly so

around this place, waters white duck uniform coats and trousers, though? Oh! the lights in our room here as in Leo. are ceiling high with a smaller one over the basin, and a still dimmer bulb about 7 feet up on wall between beds, with wall switch so high you have to get out of the low bed to manipulate it. The lights are so high, there are no table or desk lamps, so we had to buy one for Baker to use with his microscope, just a wire from with socket and short cord. We have extension cord and bulbs with us, but had to get this before the boxes in which they were packed arrived. Did I tell you before? You folks had the right idea coming by ship? It would have saved us some time and several headaches so to speak. Without our collecting gear air travel is simple, with it your outfit goes by ship and over here at least you have, we had trouble meeting it or rather it us. The bottle neck in the Belgian Congo is the railroad from Matadi. The amount of freight it hauls past the lower falls of the Congo from the sea-port to the navigable stretch of the river, that runs from Leopoldville to the Wagenia fishery cataract at Stanleyville, is inconceiveable almost, one train (more or less European style) after another all day and most of the night. Heavy freight seems to take precedence. At least over boxes which should have reached here before us, yet bogged down at Matadi and so came into Stanleyville by river steamer after us, missing the preceding steamer. All is straightened out now, though.

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us about the same that these natives can only do one thing at a time--single track-minds. What they do they do well with attention to detail, but give them a different routine or training and the first is f_____ ten and they have to be trained to it ~~again~~ again. You should see the "boys" black as everywhere else) handle the fork lift-trucks on the river steamer docks. They are as good as any operators in the States and seem to enjoy it more. They seem more alert than the waiters in the dining room here, who seem to bring but one thing at a time most of the time. For breakfast for instance, cup and saucer, then dish of preserves, plate, maybe bread, the coffee is usually late, you often wait for it a considerable time, a pitcher of milk comes with it, as often as not, the little tray or saucer with the lump sugar when asked for or thought of. All meals are interminably long from our or is it just my American point of view. Breakfast doesn't take long after you get it all together, but get it together. It's continental style, rolls or bread, coffee (such as it is), jelly or jam, milk (if you want it) and sugar. This is true of most places, but in this transient "guest house" (chiefly for those who wait over for planes, the airport is across the street) they also serve you 2 eggs any style and a plate of cold cuts, a slice of Kraft-like loaf cheese (process cheese I should say) a slice of ham and a slice of bologna always the same. I try to stick to the bread, coffee, and milk. I thrived on it in France last year, and hope it works the same here, besides the heavier breakfasts are apt to spoil us for the more limited ones, I expect, when we get further back in the country but we shall see. In France the milk is generally not safe, here it's either canned, or made up from the dry powder, water generally is not fit to drink even though it's considered fairly safe in Leopoldville and Stanleyville, at meal times its bottled

carbonated water ("soda"), but we have canteens into which we drop an iodine tablet, 1 to the qt. Dr. Sexton brought and recommends them, will take care of all harmful contamination (animal or parasitic) after a 10-20 minute period, so thoroughly he claims that the worst polluted water can be made sterile enough to drink of safely, of course chemical pollution is another thing, but "bugs" (bacteria, amoebae, typhoid or what have you,)succumb to the iodine treatment more certainly than to boiling or even the halozone tablets (a chlorine preparation) widely used in t he war.

We've been eating fish caught by the Wagenia fishermen at this "motel," and it's good but I do not yet know how the different (larger) species they catch taste. We also see (have) fish from Lake Kivu on the shores of which Bukavu is ~~s~~ situated, Bukavu or Costermansville according to your map. We are due in Bukavu on May 13. Our address there will be c/o Dr. Louis van den Berghe, Director, IRSAC, Lwiro (Katana) D. S. Bukavu, Belgian Congo. (IRSAC stands for Institut pour Recherche Scientifique en Afrique (ẽntrale). Quite a mouthful or handful if you are writing. We return from Yangambi on the 25th and for the next few days pursue a slightly different itinerary than the one you last received from me I believe, Nia Nia on the 26th, Paulis on the 28th, Niangara on the 29th and 30th we shall be in Gangala Na Bodio and the Garamba Nat'l. Park. Gangala Na Bodio is the elephant Domestication Center, the Park is one to which tourists are not generally admitted. We make Nioka on the first of May, our longest single haul, 300 miles. From there on the itinerary is as you have it, except at the tail-end (Congo itinerary we skip from the Gabiro Park stop to Entebbe (Uganda) in one day (250 miles) to gain a day for packing our outfit for shipping out by rail to Mombassa, and thence home by freighter.

On May 28th we fly to Juba to begin the trip down the Nile the next morning. Paulis and Bukavu, and Usumbura and Juba are air stops if you should fly in on any of the dates in your or the above itinerary. I still regret that both of you could not make it. May the Nile trip at least prove as restful and as interesting as an ocean voyage. I feel a bit guilty going through with it after you had to change your plans. I hope the record of it, may make part of it up to you. I'll try to make the interval shorter. Sincerely,

WLS

Added in Yangambi
Apr. 24/55, early a.m.

As I did not have time before shoving to mail the "effort" of the past two days I take this opportunity to apologize for the marginal ending. It was trying to keep within a limit of 8 pp. that brought it about. Without a postal scale in the guest house or among my belongings I had on my last trip to the P. O. ~~weighte weight~~ weighed a varying number of sheets and envelopes to know what postage to put on what, and so when the 8 pp. limit (my heaviest sample weighing) was reached I tried to finish on the last page. Pardon the result. This isn't much better. Also I'd forgotten that earlier in the letter I had promised some postals. I shall have to get the letter and enclosures ~~wi~~ weighed anyway and so the mailing will be still further delayed till Monday till I get back to Stanleyville. I'm sorry.

Enclosed also is the first sheet of the little local small town newspaper carrying a notice of the expedition. It is a French version of the little release that was prepared for Science, reworked by the American Consul in Leopoldville. It still bothers me that you folks are not prominently mentioned in it. I understood you to say over the phone at goodbye time that we should not play up your name to leave it out for the present and soft-pedal your participation until our return, when we can talk over the form that the publicity should take. I want to see credit given where it is so due. I hope I've done as you wished, but if not we can apply make amends when we do publish upon our results. I think of you folks often, and what you've made possible for the rest of us.

Yangambi nearer 120 than 150 miles down stream from Stanleyville, is a very complete agricultural experiment station. They have everything for testing, growing, crossbreeding, and improving native stock, and

endemic crop plants as well as introduced ones. The diseases to which they may be subject; the nature of the soil, physiology of plant, useful and harmful insects and about everything in the way of agricultural science that you can think of the staff is not large, but it is made up of a lot of enthusiastic hard working young men. After Dr. Baker and the young man who has made a beginning with the local soil mites (yes, they are everywhere) Dr. Maldague got together, that's the last we saw of Baker. Dr. Baker started helping with him with his identifications and I do not know how late they stayed in the lab. We are each in a little individual guest house, each with double bed. Though I've seen no mosquitoes we were advised to sleep under the net with which each bed is provided.

The station grounds cover about 50,000 acres; we just had a quick tour of area ∅ about the laboratories and guest houses not far from the landing place and yet spread over considerable territory. The site is a marvelous one, partly on a high bluff rising above the shore, with a view up and down the Congo; the site was chosen because it was at the meeting point of two diverse types of soil, two geologic formations coming together here. Though the guest houses overlook a portion of the river, the staff residences have the finest view it reminds me of that of Mt Vernon out over the Potomac, but here from river up everything is on a grander(scenic scale). You'll eventually see photos of this and all else that the Sexton's have taken for the expedition. They keep their cameras busy.--Motor boats are available; if one had time to take a trip you could visit the islands down the river a-ways where there is a family group of hippos. Bur for the palm trees and a few others, you could be back home looking down the Hudson or the Potomac from a commanding site, overlooking well forested shores.

Indeed, coming over by auto, through an "alley" cut through a grove of palm trees with pendant leaves, through half closed eyes you could see the hanging spanish moss of some of the Carolina roads.

The folks here have considerable material in the way of fish and insects, including mites which they wish identified, and I'm sure the Museum will profit much in the exchange of information, for sets of specimens. Though we may not bring back so much ourselves the contacts and returns from this expedition should be rewarding to all concerned with it.

Laryum Apr.__

So far as places and climate go in this part of the tropical world I would say that Yangambi is tops. It's one of the few places in the Congo and perhaps central Africa where one can go safely _____ in the streams and indeed the Congo Belf. Regr. ably we did not learn of it till late yesterday from the doctor in charge of the Station Hospital. The ass't. director received us at 11 a.m. and we had a pleasant hour with him and his wife on the porch of their home overlooking a bend in the river from atop a high (65 ft. ±) bluff the similarity and the beauty of the scene reminded me more than ever of Mt. Vernon, though the brick house is so very different. It is here that they have domesticated the wild Indian water?buffalo. The trainer and keeper now walks among them. Some distance from the Station proper is the Hydrobiological Station on the grounds of the fish hatchery. Pond culture is just one more of their many research projects and they must have some 70 rearing pools with running water brought from river in canals of which more were in process of being dug. Otherwise biological work in the fresh water life hereabouts is at a standstill, and the very wonderful collection of local fishes, of which there are a host of peculiar kinds, has been much neglected. There is a possibility that some of it may be obtained for our own National collections. I've tried to pave the way for an exchange or even gift of part of it. We have so poor a representation of African animals of all kinds in Washington. Of big game, yes. Many people have hunted it and brought back trophies and whole skins. Every Museum in our country of any size has an African Bird and Mammal Hall.

Each of us is quartered in a separate little guest house. Did I mention them above, a Ford station wagon car and chauffeur, black, of course, was put at our disposal for the 2 days that we are here. The dining or mess hall is about a mile from our sleeping quarters, and though breakfast is not served till 7 he stands outside from 6 a.m. on. Takes us around when not being looked after by one of the professional staff. Takes us home after dinner. For staff who are out for 2 yr. stints with 6 mos. vacation back in Belgium there are various recreational facilities. The night we arrived there was a movie show but we went straight to bed, ditto last night. That gives me an early start and a few more words to add here.

Though French is the official language and all natives speak a version of it (much as Haiitians have their version of French) a surprising number of the staff speak a very good English and nearly all a few words of it. The director himself was attending a conference in Stanleyville while we were visiting his Laboratories. Our paths crossed and are crossing in each direction. We leave at 8 a.m. He arrives afternoon. There's a remote possibility that we may meet on the road. Roads are dirt, though there's more gravel on the main road, but the more pleasant of all are the very minor ones, scarcely more than wagon trails but with virtually no bumps as on the more traveled highways which often have that corduroy "effect" or surface that about shakes your teeth loose. The trails on the other hand have had little attention, and much less travelled by heavy cars and trucks, they run here through cool, dank, and dark shady forests, more forests than jungles, though just as tangled, to seemingly drier than farther down the river & toward the coast. I like to think these trails are

worn smooth by the constant padding of bare feet. There is a steady but intermittent stream of natives going in both directions with everything on their heads from a heavy log of wood, to live stock, mostly chickens, and garden produce, and often a single small tin can or a wine bottle sitting upright on the head. How they do it beats me, upstairs and down, along the road, and wading through streams, everything goes, nothing falls or breaks; have yet to see it happen. There are an amazing number of bicycles, in every remote thatched hut village, one or more. Even our truck ~~dri~~ driver has his along on top of our boxes! All said it may yet come in handy if gas should give out though each auto carries a sizeable can of it in the trunk. When the autos ~~come~~ come along the road the natives, whether on wheels or not, get over on the grass "shoulders" if they may be called that, rather edge of the woods to let cars by. The road is too narrow (except main highways) for one to safely pass a human being at speed traveled frequently 35, sometimes better. The bikes get over in the rough too, andone black woman with another one sitting on (over) rear wheel mud guard spilled the latter, this noon as we went by. Yes, colored chauffeurs are just as fast and hard on their own kind when sitting in the dirver's seat. Country priests are on bikes, and black mothers with ~~kid~~ kids straddling their waists from behind and tightly bound on with mother's wrap around are amusing sights. It's the black world awheel.

~~I~~ I've been wanting to stop at the bottom of each page but keep rambling on. Had intended to fill back of Wagenia post cards with further notes that I have on those doughty fishing people but there's no time right here and now. Must pack for move back to Stanleyville, for tomorrow.we head for Nia-Nia. Still wish you were along. Good luck to you both (and I hope for us).

Sincerely,

WLS

Draft typed Aug. 11, 1955

Stanleyville
Apr. 22/55

(1)

Dear Bruce and Mrs Bredin, Perhaps if I took to postcards I could keep you better posted. Letters I seem never to get at except those I must write officially to keep the ball rolling, and there have been plenty back and forth here to the American Consul, to Dr. Carmichael at the Smithsonian, and to Dr. van Straelen in Belgium. The last named had promised and arranged permits to wildlife areas from which tourists are excluded, permission to collect lava samples from the volcanoes of the eastern Congo, and the courtesy of spending a night or two at the elephant training camp at Gangala-na Bodio. It seems minor officials hereabouts dread the Governor General, and long after (some days) after we left Leopoldville where the Governor resides we learned we also needed additional permits from him. Happily a letter and a wire fixed things up. Van Straelen is yet to be heard from his second time around regarding the lava. We are most anxious for these samples because the lavas of central Africa differ strikingly from

those in other parts of the world and are unrepresented in our Museum's collection of volcanic materials. The latest flow was 1953, and indeed there are a number of active volcanoes that yield beautiful pictures if caught at the right time. But to go back a few steps. I cannot realize that I have let you have no word from me since April 11 in Leopoldville. It was the hottest day yet 96 in the shade, or have I already told you this. (88° in our room at the same time 4 p.m. The most surprising thing about this equatorial land is the climate and at least in the "larger" cities the absence of insects and vermin. Dr. Baker who is perhaps thinner blooded than I am frequently reaches for a blanket before dawn, yet the low at night can go down(?) to 72°. It is the steady cool evening and early morning breeze that makes you feel cooler than the thermometer ~~Lets~~ you think it is. This doo is old stuff perhaps but I marvel at the weather though we do feel the sun and perspire freely at midday. On the 12th April in Leopoldville I got off one crate containing some unwanted gear, a few specimens of invertebrates, some of Bakers mite collections

and those figurines I picked up for you. There will be some others as we get along. On the 13th we were taken over to Brazzaville in French Equatorial Africa, virtually a suburb of Leopoldville, the latter being the finer, more up to date, and more thriving business community. No end of workers (white collar a few) go back & forr daily on the little motor ferry boats, 20 minute run to the other side. Wish we might send you photos as they are being taken, but the pleasure of seeing at looking at them will have to await developing, assembling and labelling. Crossing the Congo at Leo. to Brazzaville is for all the world like crossing the Guayas River at Guayaquil, except for the language. French here, Spanish there— The mighty swiftly flowing river carrying a steady stream of flotsam and jetsam along, the result of frequent and strong up river floods and torrential rains, a steady progression of grass patches and other vegetation drift rapidly by morning noon and night, here and there the native paddle by in dugouts, low hills back up the verdant shore line, and just back of

the landing place a huge baobab tree just 4 (4)
as at the Guayaquil, Ecuador river crossing
and perhaps even transplanted from thence.
Indeed the predominating agricultural staples
raised in this land were originally found
only in South America. Life in Brazzaville
is less hurried and quieter the place seems
to be under less pressure and push and go
and maybe for all its comparative backward-
ness as compared with Leopoldville an earl-
ier day. The show place is a Catholic
Church of unique design described not so long
ago in Time and there the natives sign a
Congo Hymn or chant I'd give any thing
to hear. We did not have that good luck.
On the 14th April Thursday we had (or were in-
vited) to speak at the American Club, a luncheon
group of some 40-60 English speaking
people who meet once a month in the local
zoo restaurant. Served one of the best meals
I had in all Leopoldville except the two dinners
given for us by the American Consul and (
later the vice consul in their respective
homes. The dwellings are roomy and high
ceilinged and correspondingly cool during
the day. This residential architecture
is inside quite different from what we

have in the States. We did get around to doing some collecting in the local botanic garden, got some soil samples too, - expect in the course of the trip to amass quite a number - yes for future ant. biotics, if we're lucky with our sampling.
The 16th was "get-ready" day for the move by air to Stanleyville said to be hotter and more humid than Leo. This was a marvelous flight high over the African Jungle Land. At first much open country where farming and the gathering of wood had destroyed the forest but as we got up toward Coquilhatville the open spaces were fewer and the forest denser. Here and there a pillar of smoke where some native was clearing a bit of land in the wilderness, but otherwise endless miles of forest land, vast stretches of trees as far as the eye could see, and through it all winding back and forth, the mighty river streams, vast mud shoals of bright red (old Virgina clay like) soil.
We landed in Stanleyville at 4 p.m. and were walked across the street to the Sabena Guest House where this is being written on the 20th. Believe it or not, our boxes shipped (from N.Y.) a month earlier were still not here, and not due till the 20th, but from

Leopoldville we had film and some gear that we had to air freight over to keep us going. With this are a few post cards in lieu of some of your "own" (made possible) photos of the Wagenia fishermen. They are the most noted of the Congo fishing people with their wiers and cone nets stretched across the Congo just above the city on the tall side of the last or lower most of the seven cataracts forming the so called Stanley Falls. The Wagenians are hard working industrious people fishing as did their ancestors before the White man came (When I get back I shall try to run down the first report of this fishery that ~~I can find~~ ever made. The cards show the cone traps or nets, the scaffolding from which they are lowered and raised in the water. and some of the people. The nets have the water pouring through them day and night. They are raised twice a day and the haples fish removed the force of the water carries the fish in and they cannot make their way out against it. I am moved to call the Wagenians, the Human King Fishers of the Congo, their unique rig it would seem entitles them to some such title. Therefore we have endeavoured to show some

thing of their mode of life, work, play, hamock and fish weir and traps. Everything used in the fishery they make themselves from wood, branches and vines they bring in in their canoes (dugouts) from the forests acro or farther up the river. It really remarka what they can do without using anything pro by the White man, rope, nails, or wire, and I much doubt if the White mans materials would hold up as well The Wagenians in their fishery have neither a rust or supply problem the resources of the nearby jungles are seemingly limitless. I hope the filming of these people and their activities is as good as I think it is. We did not get all we wanted of them, but there should be enough to make it worthwhile. We've revisited his "village" right on the outskirts of Stanleyville four times this week whenever we could get away from customs. (customs people) They want to fix all exposed film 25%, and we do not want to pay it. However we had to deposit 3,000 francs ($240) to get them out of "hock", so to speak. The fix is supposed to be taken out (subtracted) when we send or take the exposed film with us. Naturally we put up a squawk not to these people but to the folks back home. I have written Dr. Carmichael and the American Consul. We hope that Dr. Carmichael can get through the

the State Department from the Belgian Government. (2) Scientific expeditions get concessions the purely commercial ventures cannot, and that is why this is so "sudden" so to speak. I had several talks with folks at the Belgian Embassy, one indeed who knows quite a bit of the Congo, but no one gave us any warning of any restrictions on film. It's not too bad and we'll try to arrange us do much, but it's the first time in many trips elsewhere that a scientific mission of this sort has been held up by this sort of thing. But we have everything now in the truck that follows the auto in which we shall be riding. Our deposit less tax on exposed film when we leave the Congo the end of May will be returned to us, the expedition. For the Egyptian part of the trip as planned we have film that will carry us through, be unboxed - the Smithsonian is checking with all governments concerned, Uganda (British) Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and Egypt. I mean no more red-tape such as we had in Leopoldville and here. The Panthier ville trip out of Stanleyville we had to cancel for want of accommodations there; the time has not been wasted. The canoes ~~Fide~~ by natives was made and filmed by the Sextons and Sound recorded but this last did not amount to much, more native chattering than singing. You'll be hear-

rushing of the water over the rocks and through the
nets at the Inagenia Falls. Today the 22nd
was our second and last day at customs and
we have come away to do as we list minus
money deposited we hope to get it all back
State Dept. & Belgian government willing.
Saturday night and Sunday night we had plann
to visit the Yangambi agricultural research
station 150 miles down stream from here, b
after we got here we received word that th
folks there were sending a station wagon for
us, leaving here at 8 a.m. we are packing down
for that 2 nights at Yangambi trip. I really
wish you were here to take it in. We flew ove
the place on the banks of the Congo in the
heart of the forested area where they are try
out and improving the agricultural developmen
of this part of the "dark Continent". Along wit
all this Dr. Baker who went along several times
to the Inagenia fishery found a little garden patch of
sugar cane in one of the back yards (behind
the house area) that was heavily infested with
mites, so much so it was showing signs of wilt
Now at Yangambi we want to see what they have
in healthy sugar cane, and what mites if any
it carries there. The Night Mites is another
film sequence we hope to get together if we get
the breaks on filming Bakers work, and

Draft
Typed 8/13/55

April 18. At three p.m more or less the Wagenia fishery was visited. The people are supposed to be most active about this time. Indeed they were, children everywhere the rate of human productivity must be immense and but for a considerable number of umbilical hernias and the usual native distented stomachs (? enlarge spleens) the kids were or seemed in most healthy condition and well fed, and happy. The women for most part were preparing the evening meal, fish were boiling away in pots, cooking plantains sitting nearby, great bowls full, while the house keepers were pounding manihot (cassava root) in wooden mortars with wooden pestles giving them a twist as the downward blow was given. Often two women participated in the pounding; in one case one had a half asleep (or half sick) infant lying in her lap; the pounding was being done from the sitting position; and the baby seemed not to mind. Indeed they seem to mind nothing, have in these couple of weeks in the Congo seen literally thousand of black babies and children and have seen but two crying, one no more than whimpering having stumbled and fallen on a rock at the wagenia fishery and the other playing boat in a box as Bobby often did, cried when I took an interest in him

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Often bare breasted, mere girls with buttocks exposed, mere pieces of cloth hung round waist, bare sweaty skin

and ran and hid behind his mother crying lustily she had to pick him up in arms to comfort him. (This so often happens to me with kids). About 50% were in their birthday clothes but all who had or could afford a pc. of garment had one on, some in shirts others shorts, or or wraparounds but none completely decked top or bottom, some long wraparounds from ankle to waist with big roll in front at waist to hold it in place others with short linen clothes or little torn shirts that reached no where and covered nothing. It was fantastic. The women all were well "garbed" in their wrappers, which in many many cases held little babies tightly to their backs. On one side of road dobie huts thatched roofs, on other one dug out next other a la Sumer, with roofs of palm leaves each with its day "stove" platform + fire and pot and wheel of wood burning at the hub, looked as good + stead if not as efficient but surely much cheaper than gas or electricity. In these long narrow dug outs whole families (or more) live, eat, sleep and spend their lives. Living in close proximity is one thing but wedged in a boat is another. Everything looked disorderly and filthy, but after all I doubt it. The women certainly knew what they were about, knew where to reach for what, and briskly prepared meals for large families; the children were busy, men young and old for most part engaged in some form of work, only the teenage girls were going around in groups, gossiping passing comments and posing like so many junior high-schools and highschoolers. The men there were all many dresses as or more gaudily and a little more "rakishly" than to say than their mothers putting out nets braces/ + props and liana guys: the

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Leopoldville

April 11, 1955

APR 1 1 1955

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin,

The getting started as it were has been a bit more delayed than expected. In clearing the collecting outfit we learned for the first time that film pays duty unless personally carried out of the country by him who brings it in,--this is at the local customs house. However, film "shot" in a humid climate such as this, should be developed forthwith and we can't take each batch of film out as it is exposed. It's a funny law, when exposed film spoils if not developed promptly, and is of nu use to anyone else (and so of no commercial value). Fortunately we have a very fine letter to the Governor General of the Colony from Van Straelen in Brussels, which the Consul says will do the trick. Our appointment with him to deliver the letter though is not till Wednesday, but that's soon coming up. The Sexton's father and son (his assistant,--his father has paid his round trip air fare) arrived at noon today so soon the picture taking will get underway. The weather has been warm, but not too warm today was the hottest so far 96 degrees outside in the shade,-88 degrees in the room where this was written. Took the temperature at 4 p.m. however. In the hotel you do not notice or mind it, because is the typical, tropic hotel, a bit on the Victorian side, huge rooms, way high and with glass double and also shutter doors at least 9 ft high not counting another 2 feet or more of transom above. These doors open on an easily 10-12 ft. wide porch the width of the room. Between the bathroom alcove and bedroom proper just curtains intervened. Tiled and clean, sort of old fashioned, the fixtures work but one of the pipes broke open and let out a torrent of

Some notes of Leopoldville

Apr. 9 #6 17½

As long as is wide

Rough heavily tiled, and scupulosly clean

the fixtures with

APR 1 1 1955

APR 11 1955

water which we stemmed with a towel first shower we tried after getting off the plane. The hotel had it fixed while we called on the American Consul here to get things out of customs and on their way. Part of the shipment goes on to Stanleyville, for which place we leave this coming Sunday morning. Up until recently one could buy authentic African native sculpture ivory and wood at the local museum of native art, an interesting though small collection. It is in the Congo Museum in Brussels where they have all the wonderful African carvings you hear about. The African natives are still as productive as formerly, and here in Leopoldville as elsewhere offer various things for sale in the open, and "sidewalk" markets. It's all authentic as native work, quite for tourist trade with modern steel tools, chisels an but is recently carved stuff. Still it has its charm or lure should I say, though none of it compares in size, or perhaps in originality with the "antiques" in museums.

APR 11 1955

Last evening in the "Arab" market as it is called I bought two small ivory carved huntsmen (natives on foot with spears) between 8 and 9 inches high including inch high wooden base,-also a wooden image of a native drummer about 14 inches high. This took my eye because it's done in the old style that we recognized as African. There was a sizeable head or face carving that I saw the night before but could not buy being without sufficient exchange it being Sunday. Monday today is also a holiday, but the hotel manager let me have some change but the native with the head I wanted did not show up. I hope he does for I want it for you. One can get these things somewhat under half the asking price or at least half, If you are native yourself, or an old time resident whom they recognized you may do better. The wooden image was 900 francs ($18.00) I got it for $9. you have to bargain, walk away, come back,

APR 11 1955

APR 1 1 1955

if the salesman, artist, or dealer as the case may be doesn't come after you. The ivory figures were held at 1100 and 1000 frs. but I finally got them for 450 each ($9.00). I shall pack these with several pcs of unwanted equipment and clothing I'm sending to the Museum by ship. Due course I'll get them into your hands okay, with what else of interest I can pick up. Staaleyville has similar "markets." This one is held every night between 6 or 7 and 9 or 10 p.m.

APR 1 1 1955

You had the right idea going by ship. Wish I'd held to it. The transition from cold to hot is too sudden for comfort by plane. You're loaded down with winter clothes, and have to take several hours getting through customs, even with a special passport. The Sextons suffered too on the hottest day of the week. But the nights are delightful remarkably cool and comfortable you often need a sheet and Baker occasionally has reached for a light blanket before morning. Stanleyville is said to be more humid but beyond it gets more temperate, and cooler. Everyone tells me that April and May are the best months for photography; you picked the ideal time, Tonight while writing at this we had our first heavy (tropical) rain, and before that just a half-day drizzle for which very few people put on raincoats. The vice consul said he who is about to ~~¢¢~~ doesn't own one, ~~but of course~~ drives an auto.

APR 1 1 1955

So far as shrimps go here I've drawn a blank but Dr. Baker has reaped a grand harvest of plant mites, many are undoubted new species, and others represent species and genera he knows but has never seen before in the flesh. He says we should have an important contribution describing the new mites out in say six months after our return. Every plant in town and out has its parasitic mites. Thus they are easy to

APR 1 1 1955

APR 1 1 1955

come by by picking branches and leaves, but the mites themselves are so small that Baker spends his noncollecting time over the microscope. We've also got a number of other insects including a few leaf hoppers that a specialist in the Museum promised to report on if we got any sizeable collection of them.

APR 1 1 1955

Forgive me for cutting this short but its way after 2 a.m.

I do hope everything is going well and comfortably with you folks, I'm sorry you missed seeing at least this place. I shall tell you about others when we ~~come~~ get to them, and more of the trip as we progress.

My best to you and yours,

Sincerely,

WLS

Note: On back of 5 and 6, hand printed pages 4:

"ville where we shall pick it up about the 23rd. We have about enough"

Draft typed 8/11/55

Apr. 11/55

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ville, for which place we leave this coming Sunday morning. Up until recently one could buy authentic African native sculpture ivory and wood at the local museum of native art, an interesting though small collection. It is in the Congo Museum in Brussels where they have all the wonderful African carvings you hear about. The African natives are still as productive as formerly, and here in Leopoldville as elsewhere offer various things for sale in the open, and "sidewalk" markets. Its all authentic as native work, but is recently carved stuff. Still it has its charm or lure should I say, though none of it compares in size, or perhaps in originality with the "antiques" in museums.

Last evening in the "Arab" market as it is called I bought two small ivory carved huntsmen (natives on foot with spears) between 8 and 9 inches high including 1inch high wooden base, — also a wooden image of a native drummer about 14 inches high. This took my

eye because its done in the old style that we recognized as African. There was a sizeable head or fure carving that I saw the night before but could not buy being without sufficient exchange it being Sunday. Monday today is also a holiday, but the hotel manager let me have some change but the native with the head I wanted did not show up. I hope he does for I want it for you. We get these things somewhat under half the asking price or at least half, if your native yourself or an old time resident whom they recognized you may do better The wooden image was 900 francs ($180.00) I got it for $45 you have to bargain, walk away, come back, if the salesman, artist or dealer as the case maybe doesn't come after you. The ivory figures were held at 1100 and 1000 frs. but I finally got them for 450 each (90.00). I shall pack these with several pcs of unwanted equipment and clothing I'm sending to the Museum by ship.

due course I'll get them into your hands alo
with what else of interest I can pick up.
Stanleyville has similar "markets". This me
is held every night between 6 or 7 and 9 or
10 p.m.

You had the right idea going
by ship. Wish Id held to it. The transitio
from cold to hot is too sudden for com-
fort by plane. Youre loaded down with
winter clothes, and have to take several
hours getting through customs, even with
a special passport. The Sextons suffered
too on the hotest day of the week. But
the nights are delightful remarkably cool
and comfortable you often need a sheet
and Baker ~~sometimes~~ occasionally has reached for a
light blanket before morning. Stanleyville
is said to be more humid but beyond it
gets more temporate and cooler. Every
one tells me that April and May are the
best months for photography; you picked
the ideal time, tonight while writing at
this we had our first heavy (tropical)
rain, and before that just a half-day
drizzle for which very few people put

ville where we shall pick it up about the 23d.
We have about enough

on raincoats. The vice consul said he doesn't own one, but of course he drives an auto.

So far as shrimps go here I've drawn a blank but Dr. Baker has reaped a grand harvest of plant mites, many are undoubted new species, and others represent species and genera he knows but has never seen before in the flesh. He says we should have an important contribution describing the new mites out in say six months after our return. Every plant in town and out has its parasitic mites. Thus they are easy to come by by picking branches and leaves, but the mites themselves are so small that Baker spends his non collecting time over the micro scope. We've also got a number of other insects including a few leaf hoppers that a specialist in the Museum promised to report on if we got any sizeable collection of them. /// Forgive me for cutting this short but it's two after 2 a.m. /// I do hope everything is going well and you'll write soon. With you folks, I'm sorry you missed seeing Tokyo, I tell you about the trip as we progress. I'm glad you liked the pictures. Best to you and yours Sincerely

when we closed the

ville where we shall pick it up about the 23d.
We have about enough

March 7, 1955

Mr. J. Bruce Bredin
P. O. Box 87
Wilmington 99, Delaware

Dear Mr. Bredin:

Dr. Waldo Schmitt has told me of the very sad news that it is not going to be possible for you and Mrs. Bredin to accompany the Smithsonian Institution expedition to Africa that you have most generously financed. It was very kind of you to direct that the expedition is to proceed as planned, and I certainly hope that the scientific results will be of lasting value. I trust that it will be possible for you to join the expedition before it returns.

On behalf of the Smithsonian Institution may I take this opportunity to thank you again for your very great generosity in making this field trip possible.

Sincerely yours,

LC.

Leonard Carmichael
Secretary

Bredin, Bruce

Africa!

2/16/'55

Dear Bruce, and Mrs.

I shall be getting final figures on the trip in Africa and transportation to and from tomorrow morning; was by to hasten matters this morning. Shall write again tomorrow but have been stymied by many things including that 2 wks in California.

Sexton has kept you posted on "shots". The type of travel film he mentions is in the minds of all of us and will be worked out well in advance of our leaving. We all want your advice and suggestions; hope to title it "Congo Low Life" because we shall be taking so much of it properly magnified. It will be something neither the average traveller or explorer in Africa never sees. Along with it all we shall be getting into a national park closed to ordinary visitors by special government permission, and shall stop in guest houses of several of the Belgian research Laboratories, also by advance permission. We shall also be getting movies of natives and of the striking wild life, and of the mother of civilization Egypt on the way. The movie as you suggested in the first place and as Sexton sees it too will be a most worthwhile feature of the entire expedition. I'm sending this along today, perhaps only a day ahead of the estimates because I know you are as anxious as are we all to get down to "brass tacks" and definite figures and dates. This much we do know freighter ship leaves N.Y. Mar. 26 arrives in Matadi 9 or 10th; we should be in Leopoldville by the 11th (or 12th?). Dr. Wharton has had to drop out. Had two resignations from his faculty, but we have his collaborator and coworker who knows mites and ticks as well as Wharton ready to take his place. The Dept. of Agriculture where he is employed as entomologist, has indicated that they will make him available when wanted.

Dr. Sexton has raised a point ~~mention~~ that I may as well mention here as in tomorrow's letter. Instead of looking for a photographic assistant in Africa that we use his son also an experienced photographer with the Army's medical research unit at Walter Reed Hospital here in town. Sexton will pay his son's transportation round trip to Africa, and once there we can take him along for expenses of travel (auto & interior plane) subsistence and lodging. I had not anticipated this, but I can recommend it heartily. Hiring assistants on the ground in Leopoldville we had planned for anyway and if young Sexton is on the ground, it's better to hire a white instead of a black assistant. The Army, as does the Smithsonian with us and Agriculture with Baker, would take care of his pay or salary.

I hope you will approve, but we shall leave that open until we see how the definitive estimate stacks up tomorrow.

Baker can accompany us on the freighter which Wharton was unable to do. You will find Ed Baker as congenial and as pleasant a travelling companion as Wharton.

Have this day paid down by S.I. check $1900 covering four steamship passages, 2 double rooms, New York to Matadi, leaving Mar. 26.

More tomorrow, or the very next day if I can't get it written or "composed" before.

Hope you are having the time of your life in Florida it's very nice, so was California. I was in San Francisco, Berkeley, Palo Alto, L. A., and San Diego, It was cold in the mornings from 30 to 39, -- and 70 to 80 by midday. As nice as it was I like my old East as well.

Good luck,

Sincerely

Waldo L. Schmitt.

I feel foolish sticking the folks in Delaware for air mail, but from here out, at such a short distance it often actuallyslows down delivery.

WLS

January 21, 1955

Mr. Bruce Bredin
Greenville, Delaware

Dear Bruce and Mrs. Bredin:

At long last, after several consultations with Dr. Coustry at the Belgian Embassy, I worked out a reasonable and workable Congo itinerary on a 45 day and a 30 day basis. The alternatives are so arranged that we should have sufficient time to collect scientifically worthwhile specimens of the plant and animal life of the region (no large animals, birds or game) and also opportunities for picture taking. Even though Dr. Coustry said he wished to consult a Belgian friend of his who had just returned from the Congo, he did not anticipate that any changes would be needed in this itinerary because it seemed to cover the ground quite well and at not too fast a pace. The rough draft that I am sending you herewith will keep you abreast of developments, so to speak. As soon as I get further word from Coustry I will write you another line or two. When he gives final approval I shall be able to get definite costs for auto hire, services of a guide like Thornton, sleeping accommodations and the like, on the order of the AAA itinerary that I have already sent you. Their itinerary was far too strenuous, taking in too much ground and leaving vittually no time for scientific work or pictures.

As planned, it is: steamer from New York to Matadi, as you wished; airplane Leopoldville to Stanleyville; thence by auto over the route given on this revised itinerary. We end up in Costermansville (Bukavu) and then go by air to catch the Nile boat at Juba on May 15 (for the 30 day tour) or on May 29 (45 day tour). Flying from Leopoldville to Stanleyville will necessitate sending our gear and some of the photographic supplies from Washington at least a month ahead of time so that they will be in Stanleyville when we need them. From Juba on the Nile trip will be as set forth in the AAA itinerary, except that one or two days should be added to permit visiting Luxor and vicinity. I was surprised that this outstanding bit of sightsceing was not included in the AAA itinerary.

From Dr. Chapin in the Congo I learned that the AAA was in touch with Eric Thornton and I expect to continue working through them with him. He is the man who knows the country and the natives well. I just hope that his services will be available to us. I am writing him forthwith.

The thing that is holding us up right now, or rather giving both you and me some anxiety, is the lack of an actual sailing date for the New York to Matadi freighter, especially as we have the two May dates for the Nile boats. They leave Juba every two weeks. We are all hoping that the freighter will leave close to April 1. Every day after that date would shorten the Congo trip just that much because we cannot upset the bi-weekly departures from Juba. You were hoping for a full 45 days in the Congo. This would bring us to Juba on or about May 29th, adding 20 to 21 days to this for the Nile, including Luxor, and would land us in Cairo on or about June 17 or 18. The AAA Nile itinerary occupied 19 days. Is it feasible or practicable for you to start home at so late a date? Can you spare the time? The Museum will grant me as much leave as is necessary and Sexton, too, hopes that he can make the Nile trip with us.

I hope that Mrs. Bredin will continue on through the whole expedition, for from what Hoogstraal said she should find the Nile trip rewarding. It will be certainly restful and surely highly interesting. If Mrs. Bredin has never been to Egypt she should not miss it.

The way I am breezing along here does not mean that I am unmindful of the marvelous opportunity you folks are giving us museum people of seeing something of a very intriguing part of the world. It is one from which the U.S.N.M. has so little in the way of natural history material and a region where we shall be able to make some significant discoveries in the way of invertebrate and other small animal life. This expedition is also a grand opportunity for making a film that neither the Museum nor the rest of us could otherwise make.

I am hoping that you can give the time needed for the 45 day tour in the Congo, plus the 20 days or so that the Nile, Juba to Cairo to New York trip will require. If you must be in New York before that we may have to cut down the tour to 30 days to make the May 15 Nile boat or else fly from Costermansville to Khartoum, taking the boat and/or train down river from that point. I hesitate even to mention the possibility of flying Sabena to Leopoldville by way of Brussels. This is their regular route to the Congo but I feel that Mrs. Bredin's heart is set on that freighter to Matadi and she should have it. It will be very nice if you can put off your return to New York until June 19 or 20. Wharton would have to fly home from Costermansville because he must be back at the University the first week in June.

I shall have all costs totaled by the time I get back from this unavoidable California trip, January 24 through February 7. Immediately thereafter I shall move along the collecting gear or such things that need to be delivered to Stanleyville. Also, after I hear from you about return dates I shall make the necessary plane reservations, Leopoldville to Stanleyville; Costermansville to Juba; and Cairo to New York; for Wharton and Sexton, New York to Leopoldville; and for Wharton alone, Costermansville on by way of Paris, Brussels, and London, with a night in each place so that he will have a full day to consult with the mite specialists in the national museums in each of these countries. I recommend Sabena for Wharton, at least, because they regularly go to New York by way of Brussels and do all or most of the Congo flying. The result would be a round trip ticket with stop over privileges in the Congo for Wharton.

We shall get off in good season with all that we need to take or send. Passport information will be sent you shortly by my secretary and if Dr. Sexton hasn't sent you the injections or vaccinations schedule I will get after him when I call him today.

Best ever to you and the family,

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

Enc.
WLS:vb

November 23, 1954

Mr. Bruce Bredin
Greenville, Delaware

Dear Bruce:

I was a bit crowded Friday as I was trying to get things in shape for a quick trip to Miami over Saturday. This did not come off as flights out of Washington were canceled that evening from about 8 p.m. on. I believe all airports up your way were closed on account of the heavy weather too.

Along the rether extended itinerary sent you, I had intended making a few more remarks about the collecting planned. At overnight stops live traps are to be set for the small animal life occurring in the area. These will be gathered in the following morning. At luncheon stops the "bushes are to be beaten" for insect life, specimens of the plants attacked or infested by insects, and any land crabs or terrestrial crustacea that may be turned up. At the native fisheries, and there are many of them throughout the well-watered Congo, specimens of shrimps, and fish, in part, will be secured. The photographer, throughout, will take pictures of collecting operations, of specimens obtained, local scenery, natives, and animal life as appropriate and practicable.

The itinerary sent you, so far as I have been able to work it out, averages around 190 miles per day of actual travel. This can be cut from time to time by longer runs which would permit longer interim stops, and, as previously suggested, by cutting out the Elizabethville trip we would gain about twelve days. The places noted as possible additional visits on the enclosed summary are for the most part on the direct route to the next place in line. Adjustments can also be made,as the expédition progresses, in order to allow more time for especially favorable localities. I've added such mileages as I could get from maps at hand.

As soon as I can get a proper map, and hear from Drs. Chapin and Vercammen-Grandjean in the Congo, I'll write again.

If you think you can make it down this way on December 2, won't you let us know via the enclosed card which requires no postage.

Sincerely yours,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

Enclosure
WLSchmitt:vb

P. S. Just today a friend called my attention to a lecture on Central Africa that will be given here by the National Geographic Society on December 3. It will feature a part of the Congo that we shall be visiting and also the Elizabethville end which I have suggested omitting. I expect to have several tickets for the evening showing at 8:30. Would you be free to go? Friday, I believe is a bad day for you. The lecture is also given at 4:30 the same day and I am sure that I could also get tickets for that afternoon showing if it would be more convenient for you.

If you can't come Friday I am hoping that we will see you on Thursday the second, anyway.

November 19, 1954

Mr. Bruce Bredin
Greenville, Delaware

Dear Bruce:

I believe you mentioned that you would be away until the 22nd, so this letter should need you on your return.

Things are moving along with your Congo expedition but more slowly, perhaps, than you might wish. There are a number of angles which need to be ironed out. Not formidable, however. I am awaiting a letter from Dr. James C. Chapin who has spent the better part of his life in the Congo. He now lives on the shores of Lake Kivu, where he is one of the chief resident conservation officers for the Belgian government. Until I get answers to questions I have raised with him we should hold further planning in abeyance. In the Congo we need minimu two assistants, one to serve the photographer with his gear so that we can get the utmost out of the picture taking; the other one to help with collecting and preservation of specimens, especially the hosts of mites and ticks. Plants too, are often seriously infested with mitex and other parasites. Host plants will also be collected for further study. Dr. Chapin is in a position to recommend qualified individuals. Meanwhile Dr. Wharton has made similar inquiries of Dr. Vercammen-Grandjean of the government research laboratory at Costermansville (Bukavu). Between Chapin and V-Grandjean we should be able to obtain the services of the best available people. With two assistants, photo and collecting gear, a second auto will be necessary.

In order to get a line on what might be done in the Congo travelling by autc, I got what might be called a basic itinerary from the AAA. It gives us at least a point of departure. As mapped out it rather completely covers the whole of the colony. Unless you wish it otherwise, I believe the Elizabethville part of the tour should be omitted. This would gain the expedition twelve days that could be given over to more time at other important stops, i. e., Costermansville, the headquarters of the Belgian scientific research work in the Congo, and for photography in the wild-life areas, of native village scenes, of collecting operations enroute and at the principal native fisheries.

The alternative auto route at the end of the typed itinerary should be substituted for the Congo River trip. You thought the latter much too long and I agree. In autos we could make better use of our time. The AAA tour was quoted at about $3000. per person, using one car. I have since asked for an estimate for a trip of similar duration and distance based on the use

of two cars but without a hard and fast itinerary. Thus we could go where we wished, even to the places suggested, and stay as long as we like (within the overall time limit). Regarding the ocean voyage, so far as I have been able to learn there would be no great saving of time in flying to London and taking a freighter south from there. The time required would about equal the two weeks that it would take to get to Matadi direct with Belgian freighter from New York. It looks as though we might just as well stay with the Belgian line reservations.

Do let me know when you will again be free to come to Washington. I want to bring you, Dr. Sexton, and Dr. Wharton together. Perhaps this next week, which includes Thanksgiving Day, is too soon. What about the week of the 29th, Thursday, Dec. 2? It looks good from this end. We could have lunch at the Club and then have about an hour to see some of Sexton's motion pictures before you would have to leave for the 3 o'clock train.

Is the journey down the Nile by boat (train around the Cataracts) longer than you expected? It would certainly be a rewarding end and deserved rest to what may prove to be a busy month or six weeks in the Congo. With automobiles at your service by the month and by the week, after the first thirty days the expedition would retain in its hands the flexibility and maneuverability that you probably prefer.

I have to go to Miami for an all day conference Saturday but shall be back on the job Monday morning.

Hope you had a grand time in Havana.

Regards to you all,

Sincerely yours,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Dept. of Zoology

WLS:vb

October 28, 1954

Mr. Bruce Bredin
Greenville
Delaware

Dear Bruce:

Another ad interim note; I hope it will be the last of them! I am getting more enthusiastic about the trip every minute, because we shall soon be down to brass tacks. By Monday or Tuesday, Wednesday at the latest, I think I should have a very close estimate of what the trip will require in the way of financial backing, except for certain incidentals, which would include, so far as my thoughts have run in that direction at the present moment, a proper tape recorder or two. Nothing enhances movies of out-of-the-way places so much as a little native background music, or cries of animals if they come within range.

Also, I wish to be equipped with a couple of cartons of toy airplanes--a better grade for presentation to tribal chieftains, and a smaller model or pattern for the lesser lights. Nothing impresses natives of the lesser civilized parts of the world more than modern airplanes. They see the "man bird" overhead, and are entranced to have a small replica of one at hand.

I hope that nothing intervenes to keep us from carrying through the expedition as you have outlined it to me. I am thrilled with the thought of going to some of the so-called type localities from which African crustacea were described. I did a paper on the shrimps of the Lang-Chapin Expedition of a good many years ago. That same Dr. Chapin is travelling in the Congo at this very moment. He is employed as a scientific advisor to the Belgian Government on matters of conservation and natural history in the Belgian Congo. He has a home in the neighborhood of Lake Kivu, and we certainly can expect to see him there. At present I am unable to communicate with him because he is travelling about the country.

Good luck and good health to both of you. I am looking forward to a trip of which you and the Smithsonian may well be proud.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:LMc

October 27, 1954

Mr. Bruce Bredin
Greenville
Delaware

Dear Bruce:

I was unable to raise your office by long distance this afternoon, but it would have made little difference, because I have been unable to get the further details I expected today. I hope to have them by next mid-week. As I go along, I have been revising my tentative estimates downward somewhat. The figure I mentioned over the phone the other day, $30,000, may be a bit on the liberal side, because I believe in being on the safe side when undertaking an exploring expedition. Working with a shoestring doesn't pay.

I believe our present urgency for information concerns the preliminary deposit you wish to make this calendar year, with a view to adding to it if necessary next year. What amount did you have in mind for the current year? Something on the order of $20,000 or less? If you wish to put down no more than two-thirds or half this amount, well and good, but we can definitely make a start upon the expedition, leaving the final formulation of the itinerary for a later date. As I told you, I have requested reservations on the Belgian line steamer, New York to Matadi, for April 1 or the sailing nearest that date. I have asked for two double cabins for you and Mrs. Bredin, the photographer, and myself. Dr. Wharton is confident that he will be available when the time comes for him to join us via air in Matadi.

Regrettably the word I have just received from the National Geographic Society is not so good. Their three available staff photographers are committed for the period for which we wanted one of them. They have offered to submit names of a few men known to them as soon as they have checked with their staff. I had hoped that they would contribute some one from their payroll. If we have to pay the salary of a photographer we may need to go back to the higher figure I quoted you. I can take fair stills, as you no doubt can yourself. With this word from the Geographic Society our hands are free now to inquire among our friends. Among mine there is a local physician who is an expert motion picture man, but I shall make no commitments with him until I have heard further from you. I believe you thought that you might locate a competent man yourself should I be unsuccessful at this end.

Any word that I get from Dr. Van Straelen, of the Royal Museum in Brussels will be more on itinerary than on cost of the expedition.

Whenever you feel ready to make a first deposit we shall set up a Smithsonian-Bredin Expeditionary Fund in the Institution's disbursing office. I shall be communicating with you just as soon as I have pertinent information to pass along.

I think you have picked a good time of the year and it should contribute to the success of the expedition. All good wishes to you and yours.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

WLS:LMc

P.S. I would like to personally present you to the Secretary. Should you wish to come down to make an initial contribution to the Smithsonian-Bredin expedition fund, a little advance notice would be helpful. Dr. Carmichael will be in town through the 9th of November, after which he has to fulfill several speaking engagements and will be away until later in the month.

We shall certainly be able to show you the Congo highlights and at the same time make some really worthwhile scientific collections.

WLS

October 21, 1954

Mr. Bruce Bredin
Greenville
Delaware

Dear Bruce:

Since you were here I suffered the loss of my mother, who died in her 95th year Sunday morning. To us she was a wonderful mother and one on whom we leaned in spite of her age. It was a slight stroke, which did not mend, and she was ill just two weeks.

Today is the first opportunity that I have had to begin to line up things for your contemplated Congo Expedition, and what I report to you now is but tentative. However, it will give you some idea of what I have in mind, so that you can make such changes as you may desire.

This is the way things stack up at the moment. You can go from New York to the mouth of the Congo to the port of Matadi by freighter. A Belgian line, which goes direct, makes the trip in 15 days. One or two other lines take nearer a month for the trip, but they stop in at some very interesting ports--Dakar, Liberia, the Gold Coast, and one or two others. These stops are what lengthen out the freighter trip.

From Matadi to Leopoldville it is recommended that we go by train, though one can go by steamer. From Leopoldville to Stanleyville by steamer takes 7 days. However, it might be worth while to break the trip at Coquilhatville, where one can spend a few days. There are frequent steamers up the river at all times. South of Stanleyville there is extremely interesting and little-visited country about the town of Ponthierville.

All this I get from Baron Dhanis, who is the attaché at the Belgian Embassy for Congo affairs. His father was a former governor in the Congo and was the man, I understand, who routed out the vicious Arab slave traders who gave the Congo such a bad name in the early days. Baron Dhanis promises me a number of helpful letters, both to a person on the governor's staff in Leopoldville, who spent some time in America, and to the resident agent in the village of Biondo south of Ponthierville. At Biondo the native fishermen, who are most wonderful boatmen, stage a shooting of the Lualaba rapids that is something that has seldom, if ever, been photographed, and is one of the most thrilling, albeit one of the most dangerous "rides" that one can take. We can have a canoe race staged there, canoes that have 60 paddlers in them, that is out of this world. The Baron was most enthusiastic about it. He has shot the rapids himself, and knows the chief there, Mongamba, who would put his tribesmen through their paces for us.

Beyond Ponthierville lies Costermansville, where we must go in any event, both to see something of the national parks and take the road to Cairo. The trip from Stanleyville to Costermansville by auto without much more than an overnight stop takes two days.

At this moment I cannot give you the cost of the trip from Watadi to Stanleyville. The auto trip from Stanleyville to Costermansville is $110 per person, which includes the night's lodging and meals. On that basis I would figure that it will cost about $65 per person per day of auto travel, with a party of five in one auto. If we have any gear a second auto would be needed, but of course it should be cheaper than a carload of people. That I will learn later, too.

From Costermansville, time permitting, one could run down to Elisabethville in the far southeast corner of the Congo. I do not know that it is necessary or desirable to go that far unless there is some particular reason for it. From Costermansville it is recommended that we get over into Ruanda-Urundi, if only for a visit of a day or two. It is rather remarkable country about which I will not go into detail at this time, but it borders the lake region and the national park area. At Costermansville, which goes by the native name of Bukavu, is located the provincial medical laboratory, which we should visit for a variety of reasons.

The primary reason for such a visit is that the other scientific member of your party should be a Dr. George Wharton, who was a professor of zoology at Duke University and is now head of the Department of Zoology at the University of Maryland. He is a well known parasitologist, a specialist in his line, who is in correspondence with the Belgian authorities in the Congo. He is a friend of long standing, a man of most congenial personality. If he can get leave from the University, as I anticipate, there is one little hitch about his accompanying the trip to the mouth of the Congo, coming as it will be just at the close of the school year. You would probably have to fly him over so that he could meet us at Leopoldville and save the several weeks of time the steamer trip would take, but from there out home he could accompany the expedition throughout.

In passing up through the lake region we should cut over to Mombasa to a little town just beyond called Epulu, where lives a Mrs. Anne Eisner Putnam, who apparently runs a camp from which expeditions into the back country take off. The Baron has promised me a strong letter to her, too. From there we would cut north to Juba, and go beyond, along the headwaters of the Nile, by auto to Khartoum. From there out one can fly to Cairo, go down the river by vessel, or else travel by auto. From Cairo I believe you anticipate flying home.

Air from New York to Leopoldville/(Dr. Wharton) is $720. first class Air from Cairo to New York, first class, is $650.40.

This may strike you as rather sketchy at this time, but it is offered you as a starter for discussion. Perhaps we should make steamer reservations at this time as you recommended, but I can give you more in detail about available steamers by next Monday or Tuesday I hope. I shall move things along as rapidly as I can.

There is one other thing. I believe I understood you to say you are not particularly interested in hunting game or securing specimens of the larger animals or birds. As I mentioned, those zoological fields have been pretty well covered by many people who have preceded us to the Congo. I would expect to concentrate on the smaller invertebrate animal life and also the fishes, shrimps, and crabs living in the various streams that we have time to examine.

Your best photography of animal and native life would be at Biondo, which, as I say, is seldom visited; in the national parks along the lake region; and out of Upulu. I think it is either in the latter region or closer to Stanleyville that we could visit the pygmy country. Throughout there will be many other opportunities of getting striking photographs.

At the moment I can say nothing about a photographer. I have yet to see Mr. Anthony Stewart, whom I mentioned to you.

As I wish to get this letter in tonight's mail, I'll cut it short here. More in the next few days. My best to you and Mrs. Bredin.

Sincerely,

Waldo L. Schmitt
Head Curator
Department of Zoology

P.S. The Smithsonian is most happy to go along with your project. I shall take it up formally with the Secretary as soon as we get things more definitely lined up.

Bredo, Mr.
Filed: Belgian Congo

2/28/55

Mr. Bredo, Secretaire-Général
B. P. 5175
Bukavu, Congo Belge

Dear Mr. Bredo:

Enclosed is a letter addressed to M. Matagne which is largely self explanatory.

We write to enlist your cooperation in the objectives of the Smithsonian-Bredin Expedition. Inasmuch as it is concerned largely with the smaller animal life of the region, we hope that there will be no difficulty with either permission to travel through the Congo or to make the desired collecting.

The Smithsonian Institution will be most grateful to you for any assistance that you and other Belgian officials may be able to render this expedition.

Cordially yours,

Leonard Carmichael
Secretary

Enc. Lett. to M. Matagne
cc: M. Matagne

M.Schmitt:vb
2:28:55

State of New Jersey
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
AT NEWARK

July 8, 1958

Dr. Schmidt
U. S. National Museum
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Dr. Schmidt:

Thank you very much for your very nice letter of July 2nd. I am glad the July 15th date suits you better than our original date and I shall be looking forward to seeing you then.

I will be sure to recheck about the projector and if I find ours is not the right kind I shall locate one that is magnetic from one of the other schools.

Please feel free to bring some friends to the showing. Rather than being an all male group it is quite the opposite there being four men and about fifty women! With these odds a few of your men friends will help us hold our own a little better.

We are holding our metting in a small theater and have lots of room and a good P.A. system. On our end we may be bringing in a few extra people to hear your talk and see the film as some of the Institute's graduates will be on Campus for a coffee hour and may stay over.

As to arrival time, I have checked the Pennsylvania Railroad from Washington and by that line the only good train leaves Washington 7:00 A.M. and arrives in Newark at 10:35. That would mean a very early rising for you and I hate to even suggest it. Maybe a bus does better. I know they do the trip in about the same number of hours but they might leave a little later. If you will drop me a line telling me where and when you are arriving I will meet you. We are near Elizabeth, N.J. but most through trains and buses don't stop there but continue on to Newark. However, that is only a twenty minute ride from the Campus so it is no trouble.

I shall be looking forward to seeing you,

Sincerely,
Hugh C. Brooks
Hugh C. Brooks

State of New Jersey

NEWARK STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

MORRIS AVENUE, UNION, NEW JERSEY

July 1, 1958

Dr. Schmidt
U.S. National Museum
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Dr. Schmidt:

Thank you very much for your letter of June 24th. I certainly appreciate your giving your time and energy to address our African Institute and I am sure they will find it very rewarding. I certainly understand your reluctance to let your film out of your hands.

The school will gladly pay your transportation costs to Union. However, as this is a State College (Civil Service) I wonder if you could purchase your ticket and then we can reimburse you when you arrive here. Our Finance Office says that is the best way to handle this type of travel voucher.

The school just unpacked two new Bell & Howell projectors last week and we have a full-time operator so I don't think the film will be jeopardized in any way. In any case, you and I will be on hand to supervise the setting up of the film.

Since you personally are coming I wonder if Tuesday, July 15 would be just as convenient? I hate to switch dates on you but on going over my schedule I find the later date would make it possible for me to build more of a program around your film and talk. However, if the 10th is more convenient for you we will still have lots of time for your lecture. Please don't prepare any formal speech - the type you gave at the Club would be perfect for this group.

If you would let me know which date is better for you and what time you will arrive in either Newark or Elizabeth I will make arrangements to meet you and bring you to the campus.

Thanking you again for your interest and looking forward to seeing you, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Hugh C. Brooks

Hugh C. Brooks